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March 18, 1950

Why I Was Fired—By Admir

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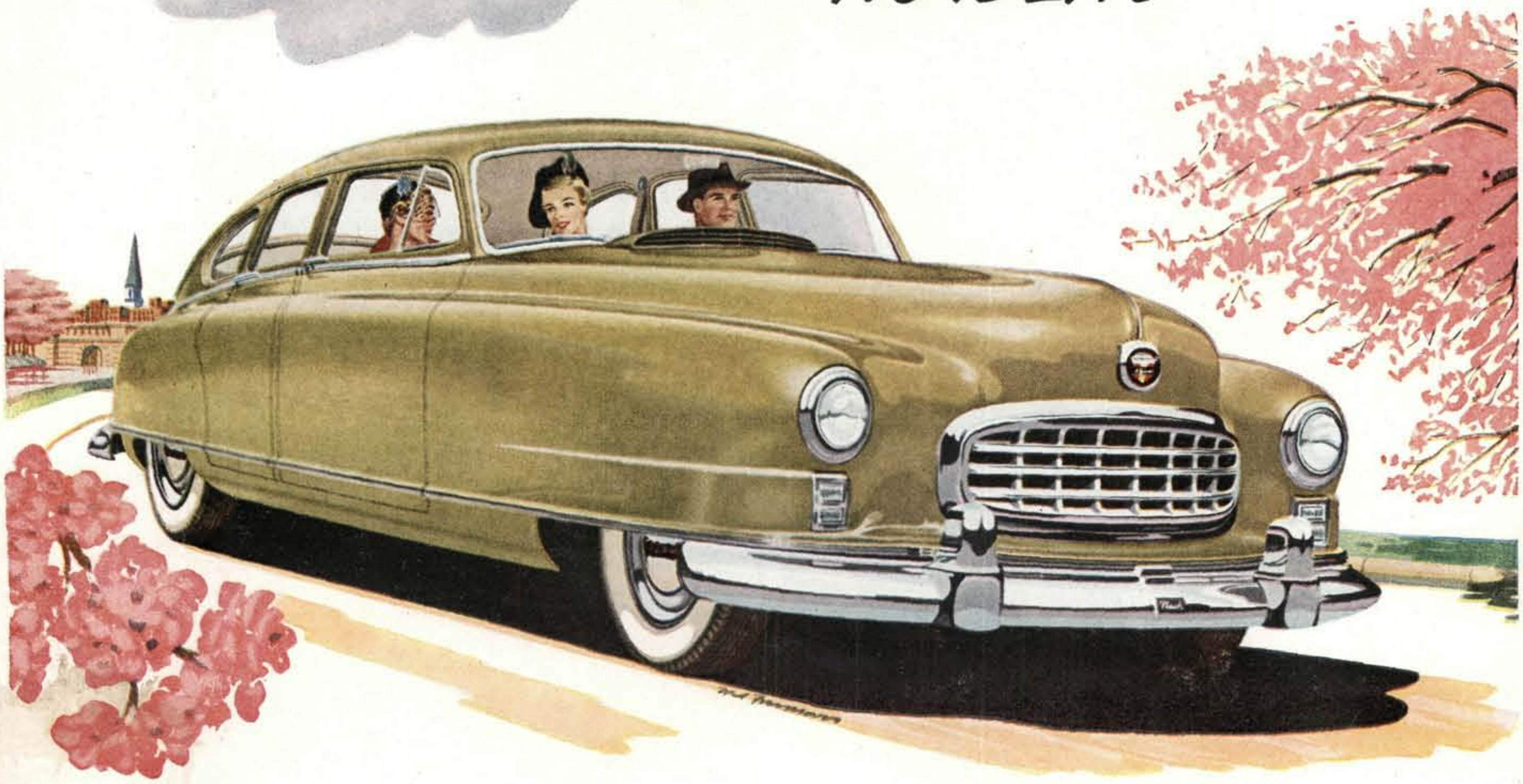
DIFFERENT??? YOU HAVE NO IDEA!



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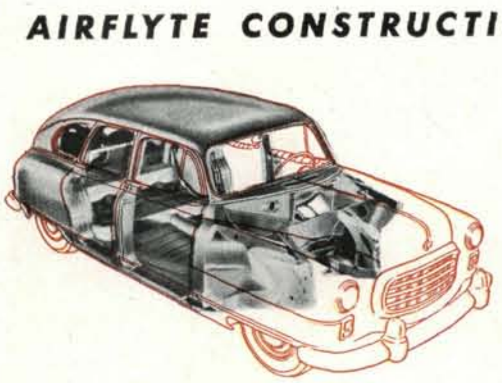

In Nash alone, the entire frame and body, floor, roof, pillars are built as a single, rigid, welded unit—squeak-free, rattleproof. With 1½ to 2½ times the torsional strength of ordinary construction, Airflyte Construction gives new economy, new safety, makes possible a softer, smoother ride—stays new years longer, adds to resale value.

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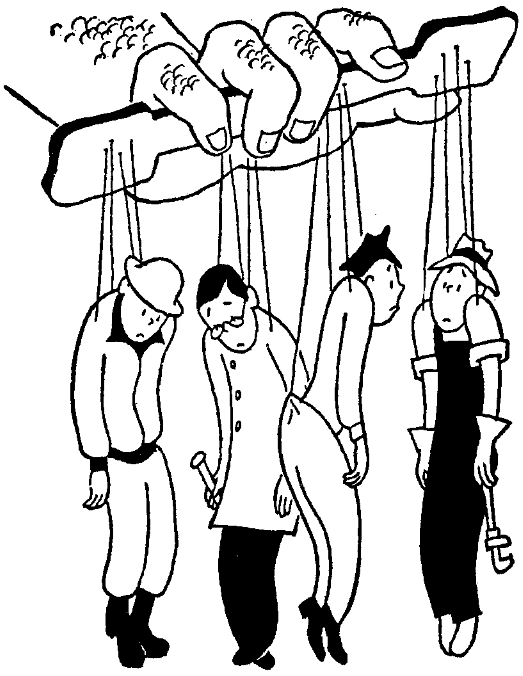
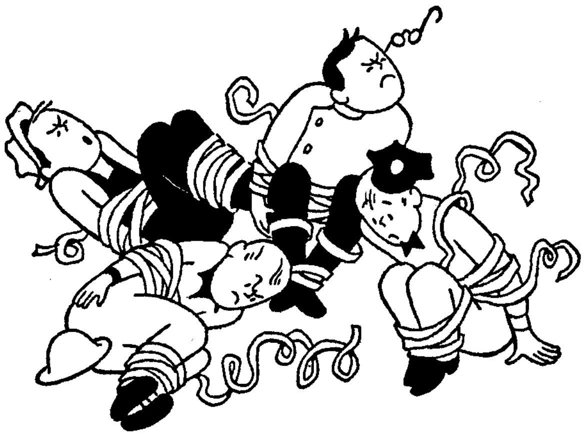
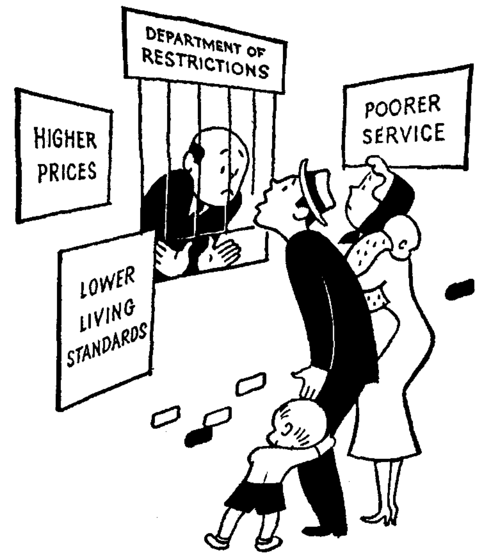


Put strings on free men...



tie them up in red tape...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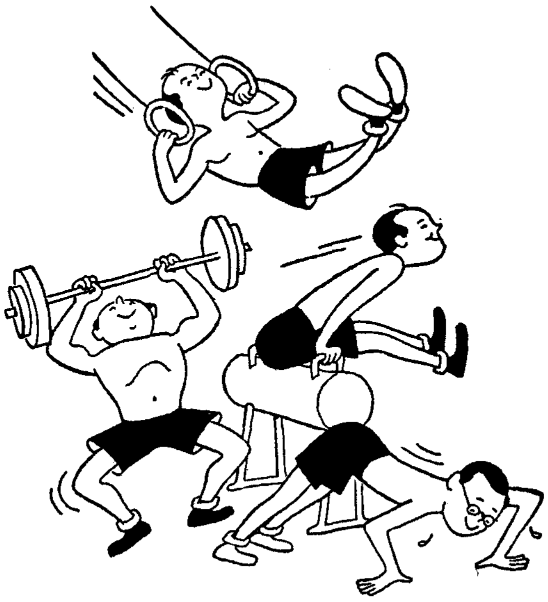
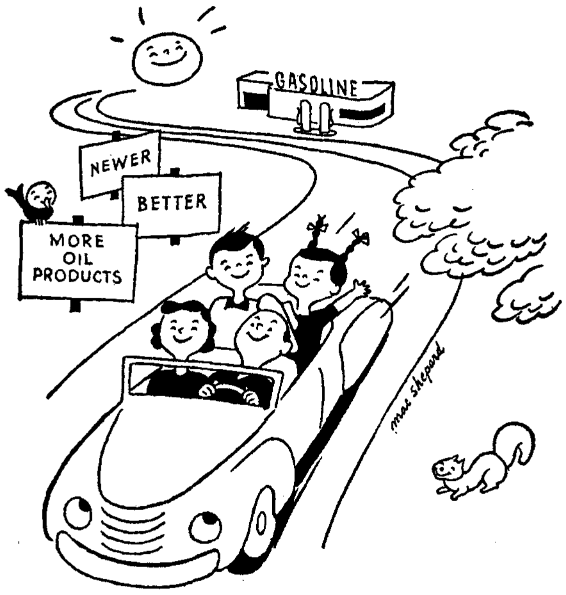


Keep them free to develop...

to invent, produce, compete...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MORE OIL PRODUCTS
mac shepard

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A LARGE PART OF THE WORLD today is laboring under the strictest kind of government regulation. Handicapped by regimentation and red tape, it's no wonder other countries lag far behind our American record of progress.

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Remove competition and much of this country's progress would come to a halt. Without this rivalry among companies in all branches of the industry there would be little reason to rush the development of better oil products—and the creation of new ones—for you. The ceaseless drive to win your favor with finer fuels and lubricants—to keep prices down—to improve service—would slow down for lack of competition. When there's only one runner in a race it's no contest.

Competition and self-management have helped the American oil business chalk up a record of progress the whole world envies.

Thousands of oil companies mean competition...
competition means progress...
progress means better living for everyone

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March 18, 1950

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COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 125, No. 11. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

On the 800-acre farm of Henry Uihlein, near Lake Placid, New York, Photographer Ozzie Sweet found these men gathering maple sap. Each spring they hang about 2,200 buckets in which they have collected as much as 7,000 gallons a day. In "gathering tanks" the sap is sledded to a sugarhouse where it is reduced by boiling to maple sirup for shipment all over the world. The season closes with "sugaring off" parties, which are as much a part of American folklore as Adirondack Mountain barn-raising or old-time quilting bees.

Week's Mail

Saving Our Colleges

EDITOR: In regard to Mr. Benjamin Fine's article, Are We Going to Junk Our Colleges? (Jan. 28th), I would like to propose the following as a partial solution of the problem of lack of funds for higher education.

It would be possible to grant state or federal scholarships to the individual high-school graduate who is deemed worthy on the basis of ability, need and past scholastic performance. If the choice of a college were to be left to the student, then the "strings of the state," which Mr. Fine is sensibly worried about, would be reduced to a minimum.

With this plan, aid also could be extended to the student who has, as in the case mentioned by Mr. Fine, already completed part of his higher education and merely needs enough to finish. Direct cash loans could also be granted by the state.

However, the above proposals would not be complete in themselves, since there is a matter of concepts which enters into the picture. Mr. Fine quotes a mother as saying: "Doesn't my boy have as much *right* to go to college as anyone else?" May I say that a college education, although not a luxury, is not a right in the mother's sense of the word.

I, as an individual, have the *right* to a Cadillac, but that does not mean that the state should feel it its bounden duty to give me one—gratis. A right is not, decidedly not, an I.O.U. to be waved about in the hopes of cash payments or free services.

JOHN BELCK II, Boston, Mass.

. . . There are many students in college today who are from middle-income groups, and who are managing to go through school without the aid of the G.I. Bill or scholarships. I speak from personal experience, and from acquaintance with many other students who are doing just that.

It isn't easy. It means cutting expenses, forgoing expensive events, and going without many of the "advantages" of college life. It also means working part-time to help defray expenses. But the end result is worth the sacrifice and the student comes out of college better prepared to face the world if he has not had his education handed to him on a plush cushion.

ELWOOD R. MILLIKEN,
Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

. . . To help the poor boys and girls to acquire a college education I recommend that the colleges themselves, or private capital, erect factories near the colleges to give employment to needy students only. These factories might be run on a six-hour day at standard hourly wages, and at such hours as not to interfere with the college's curriculum, the students' rest, and study periods.

J. O. OUELLET, Paramount, Cal.

. . . Mr. Fine's provocative article presents a disturbing picture of the implacable barrier between higher education and insufficient income. It also highlights the critical

CANCER
...a progress report

Medical science is now waging its greatest fight against cancer

As the research attack on cancer progresses, discoveries are constantly being made that offer hope of further gains against this disease.

Today, *if diagnosed early and treated promptly and correctly*, authorities say that seventy-five per cent of cancers of the breast, eighty per cent of cancers of the mouth, and over ninety-five per cent of cancers of the skin are curable. Cancer of other parts of the body also is being treated with greater success.

Progress in new treatments

Doctors and other scientists are steadily working on the major aspects of cancer. At present, efforts are being made to perfect a simple, quick test to detect the disease early. One such test was recently announced. It is based upon the discovery that the blood serum of persons with cancer has different properties than that of normal persons.

Studies are continuing on the use of radioactive isotopes in the hope that ways will be found to destroy cancer cells without harming normal cells.

Research on the use of specific drugs is progressing. Some drugs have shown such promise as cancer weapons, that authorities have predicted that the chemical control of the disease may be possible.

The part played by the body's chemical hormones in causing cancer is more clearly understood than ever before. This may make possible new and more effective treatments for some types of the disease.

Equally encouraging are the improvements in surgical techniques. Operations that were once considered too hazardous may now be performed safely.

The 7 "danger signals" that you should know

DANGER
SIGNALS

1. Any lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Noticeable changes in the color or size of a wart or mole.
5. Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
6. Any persistent hoarseness, cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any persistent change in normal elimination.

Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer

Future progress in the fight against cancer depends not only upon continuing scientific research but also upon growing public awareness of the necessity for early detection and treatment.

Your part in fighting cancer

In view of the progress being made by medical science, annual physical examinations are more important than ever in safeguarding against cancer, especially for those over thirty-five years of age.

Authorities urge everyone to learn the "danger signals" of cancer that are listed at the left. Fortunately, in the majority of cases, they turn out to be symptoms of conditions other than cancer. However, it's always wise to seek prompt medical attention should any of them occur.

There are still no "quick cures" for cancer. The only proved weapons which medical science now has against this disease are X-rays, radium, and surgery—which may be used singly or in combination.

As medicine's knowledge of cancer increases, there is hope that the time may not be too far off when the disease will yield its secrets and thus cease to be a major threat to life. Meanwhile, with today's weapons—promptly and properly used—authorities predict that an ever increasing number of cancer victims may be saved.

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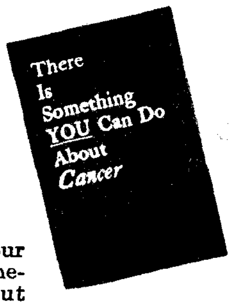

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situation which faces the private Negro colleges and universities and their inability to help the many deserving applicants for admission. This is the problem which has concerned the United Negro College Fund and its 32 member organizations.

Confronted with increased enrollment demands, limited endowment funds, the inability of the average Negro student to pay anything but a modest tuition fee, and a shrinkage in significant gifts made by the philanthropists of years past, the private accredited Negro colleges came together six years ago in a program of co-operative financing. Through the assistance of the United Negro College Fund they are enabled to balance their minimum operating budgets.

The member colleges, located in 13 states from Pennsylvania to Texas, have a current enrollment of some 25,000 Negro men and women. From them comes a large proportion of the leaders—nurses, teachers, social workers, physicians, lawyers and ministers—who serve not only the nation's nearly 15,000,000 Negro citizens, but also the community at large. THOMAS I. PARKINSON, President, The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, New York City

. . . Who says a student has to spend $1,500 to $2,000 on yearly college expenses? While "Goucher College in Baltimore has acquired a half interest in a commercial shopping center project" and "Florida Southern College has invested in apartment houses and orange groves" in order to keep going, we at Blackburn have acquired a wholehearted interest in our college because it has invested *us* with the keys to the campus.

There are over 300 students here and we not only must work but enjoy working as college janitors, waitresses, cooks and electricians. The Blackburn requirement of 15 work-hours per week results in no maintenance salaries for the college, plus a yearly cost to the student of $500 for tuition and room and board. ELSE RUSCH, PHILLIP GALER, Carlinville, Ill.

Miss Lil

EDITOR: I have never enjoyed an article about the South more than We're Mighty Fond of Our Miss Lil, by Sam Grafton (Jan. 28th). He has clearly seen through the psychology of the true South and the Southerner. He is among the first to realize that the racial problems to the South are real, while to the North they are, as he calls them, mechanical.

The South is making magnificent strides to solve its problems in its own way, but if the racial issue is forced, they will accept it in the same way they have accepted Miss Lil. LUCILLE MEADOW, Bradenton, Fla.

. . . The implication throughout the article that Miss Lil stands alone and with her back to the wall in the fight she has had the courage to begin, first in Strange Fruit and later in Killers of the Dream, is entirely without foundation.

There are thousands of Southern gentlewomen, reared under the same conditions and environments as Miss Lil, who have watched the progress of the Negroes in the South—progress in spite of poverty, suppression and antagonism—and wished they had been as courageous. There are many such women in Rabun County.

The article attempts to put the entire South on a level with the late Bilbo and Talmadge and other rabble rousers who wave flags for white supremacy and keep alive a hate that the thinking South is gradually overcoming. While perhaps not calculated to increase animosity between the races in the South, Mr. Grafton's article certainly indicates to the Negro that Miss Smith is the only friend he has.

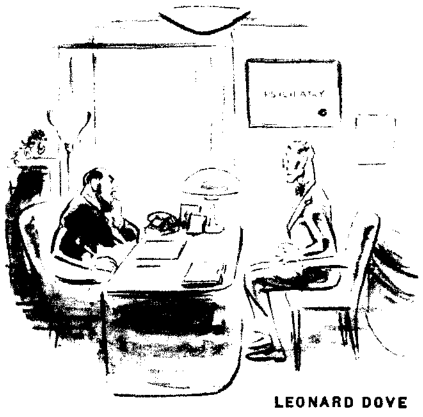
Miss Lil's books fight courageously for an ideal, and she has my vote of thanks for lancing a sore which has been festering too long. MRS. E. L. HOLLIS, Clayton, Ga.

. . . We of the Pilot Club of Clayton feel that an injustice was done to the ladies of Clayton in your recent article concerning Miss Lillian Smith, who is a part-time resident of Clayton.

In this article emphasis was given to the fact that the Music and Literary Club of Clayton held a meeting featuring a program on "Georgia Authors" and that Miss Lil's name was omitted. No mention was made of the meeting at which Miss Lil was the featured guest and at which she gave the entire program relating to her crusade for Negroes.

We of Clayton may not be entirely affable or prepared when Miss Lil presents her ideas, but we *do not* "simply blank her out." MRS. ANN DONALDSON, Corresponding Secretary, Pilot Club of Clayton, Ga.

Abnormal Psychology



"My trouble is, I'm from Texas and I'm ashamed of it"

EDITOR: This letter is to Mr. Leonard Dove, whose cartoon appeared in your Feb. 4th issue.

Mr. Dove: Oh, how could you! There *isn't* any such thing as a Texan who is ashamed of the fact that he is from Texas—Heaven forbid!

Why, if a Texan so much as had such a gruesome thought (which, I assure you, not one ever has had), we would give him the supreme punishment—banishment to California. ANITA SMITH, Brownwood, Texas

Those Soviet Snapshots

EDITOR: I have read with great interest the article entitled Secret Photos: Russian War Maneuvers (Jan. 28th). However, the reference made to Pakistan as ". . . the Mohammedan section of India lying nearest European Russia . . ." does not correspond to actual facts.

The two territories which compose the dominion are western Pakistan in the northwest of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent, and eastern Pakistan, situated north of the Bay of Bengal in the northeast section. More than 55 per cent of the people of Pakistan live in the eastern part which produces, among other things, 75 per cent of the world's supply of jute. The total population of Pakistan is more than 80,000,000.

The political division of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent was also completely disregarded in the map on page 18, where the name Pakistan figures all right, but is placed in such a way that it points to Nepal. A. GURWITCH, New York, N. Y.

. . . In his very fine article, Garrett Underhill says: "These pictures may actually confirm some strategists' hunches that Stalin isn't so anxious to take over . . . western Europe."

This presumption that the expansion aims of the Russian Communists are or may be limited in scope has been making suckers out of our so-called statesmen for the past 20 years.

The Communists, Stalin included, have always made it terrifyingly clear that they intend to take over not merely western Europe, or Turkey, or China or the Dardanelles, but the entire world. The only question is what parts of it they will try to take first.

S. OMAR BARKER, Sapello, N. M.

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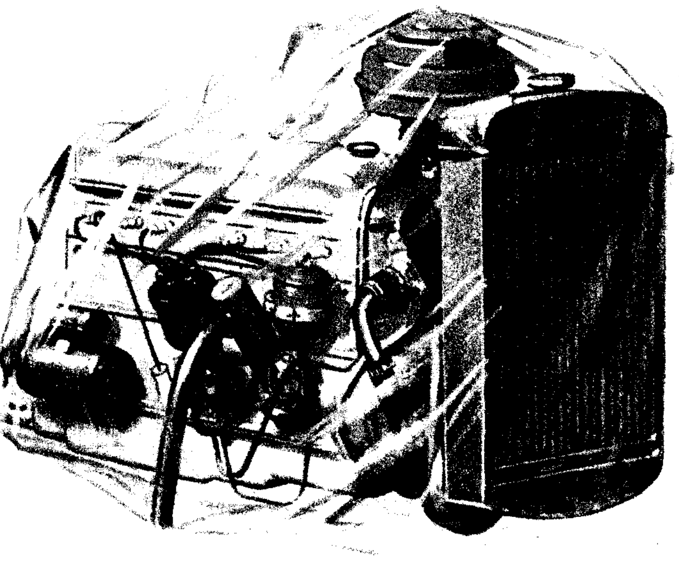

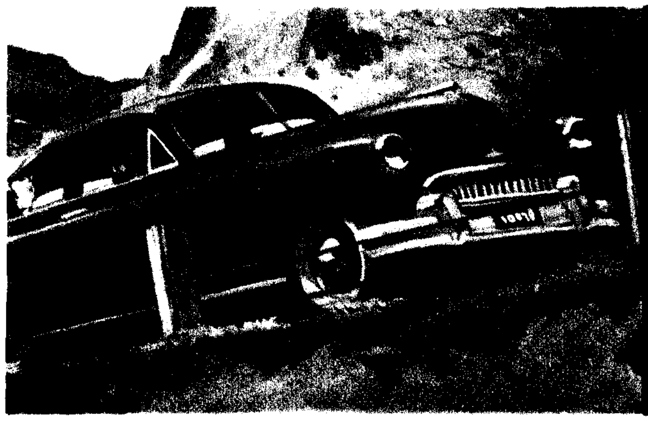

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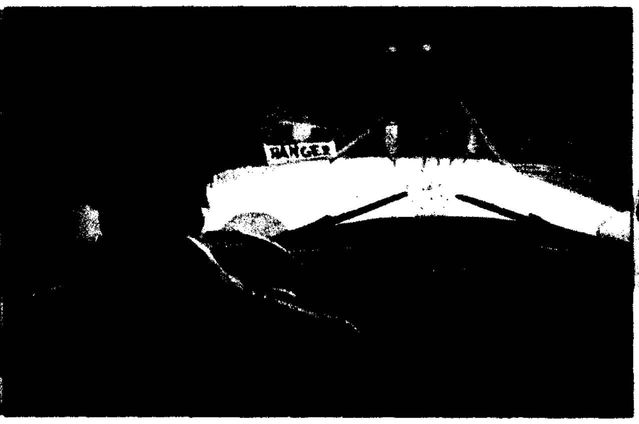

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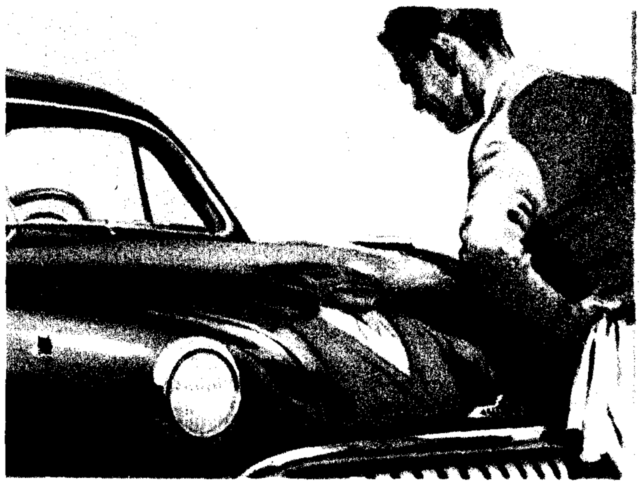

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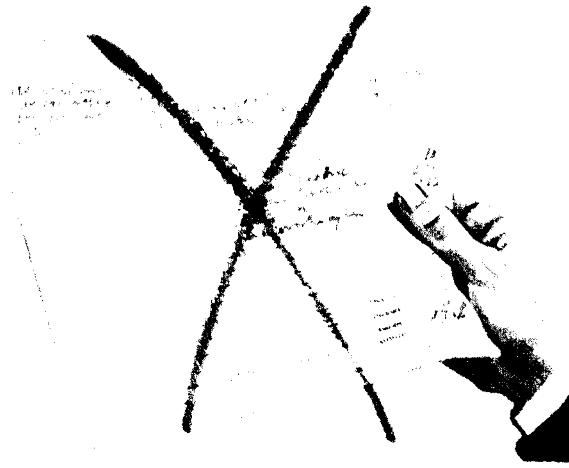

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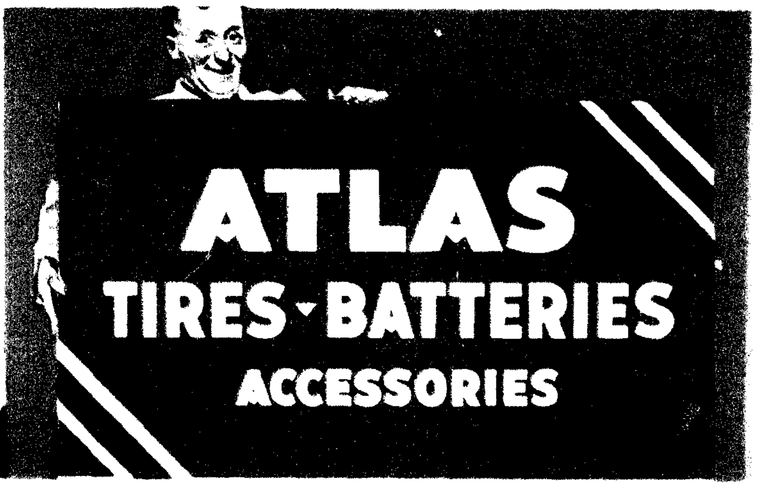
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Barbasol

Avoid Athletic Aroma
use **BARZ**
Lotion Deodorant

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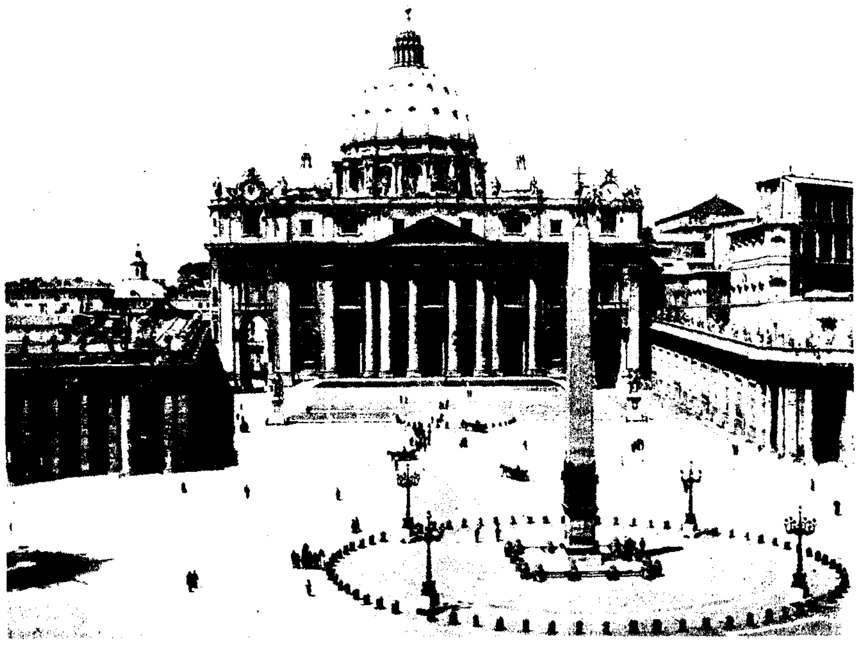
BY FRELING FOSTER



A sailor saved St. Peter's obelisk from toppling 361 years ago

The erection of the great Egyptian obelisk in St. Peter's Square in Rome in 1589 was marked by a unique incident. To prevent the thousands of spectators from cheering and distracting the workmen, Pope Sixtus V ordered all to remain silent until the monolith was set up. As it neared its perpendicular position, however, the ropes began to stretch and the shaft began to slip backward. Then a sailor named Bresca shouted, "Water the ropes!" which was quickly done, causing them to tighten and pull the obelisk into place. Instead of having the man put to death, the penalty for disobeying the command for silence, the Pope rewarded him with the perpetual right to supply palms to St. Peter's on Palm Sunday. And Bresca's descendants still enjoy this privilege—after 361 years.

Millions who went to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 also visited the 21-story Masonic Temple on State Street because, at the time, it was the highest building that had ever been erected. While there, many a yokel was "taken" by swindlers who would tell him that the structure revolved and that, for his special benefit, they could get the engineer to turn it around for $5.

In Japan, masses are held by Buddhist priests from time to time for the souls of departed animals and "dead" objects. They have included oysters that have been eaten, dolls that have been smashed, ships that have been sunk and needles that have been broken. In the early 1930s, one of these masses was held in Hiroshima for the souls of oxen; and among the invited guests at the ceremony were 100 gaily garlanded oxen accompanied by their masters.

The fire that occurred in 1925 in Madame Tussaud's wax museum in London destroyed several irreplaceable objects, the most famous being the actual guillotine that was employed by the public executioner in Paris during the French Revolution (1789–1793). But the knife itself was salvaged and is still on exhibition in the museum's Chamber of Horrors. This blade is the greatest single instrument of execution in history because, in those four years alone, it was used to behead some 19,000 persons.

Transparent dice may be weighted in invisible ways and made just as crooked as opaque dice; yet few people ever think of such cubes as being loaded, because it is possible to look through them.

In June, 1931, in Düsseldorf, Germany, a madman who had killed eight and had tried to kill 16 others within 20 months was finally caught through a strange incident. Most of his victims were women whom he found strolling alone in lonely spots after dark; and he attacked them with a long scissors blade, solely to satisfy his lust for blood. During his reign of terror, the police published a full description of the maniac, questioned 9,000 persons and even had women decoys walk through the parks at night. But all these efforts were futile. Then one day, a housewife received and read by mistake a letter written to a neighbor by a young lady who had just come to the city. In it, the girl mentioned that she had met and accompanied a man to his flat for a cup of cocoa and that, afterward in the street, she had sensed he was dangerous and had run away from him. Given the letter by the suspicious housewife, the police found the girl and, with her aid, located the flat and at last captured Peter Kurten, the Monster of Düsseldorf.

Trial marriage or a similar custom which enables single persons to determine the suitability of a prospective mate was openly practiced throughout a considerable part of the world until the twentieth century. As late as 1910, for instance, half of the legal marriages that took place in Paris were known to have been preceded by such experimental unions.

READER'S DIGEST

reports clinical proof that it's

ANAHIST for COLDS

ANAHIST
TRADE MARK

is the only drug proved CLINICALLY EFFECTIVE for Colds in the rigidly controlled tests described in the READER'S DIGEST

ANAHIST CAN STOP COLD SYMPTOMS IN A SINGLE DAY!

"Here's the best Health News of the Year," says Reader's Digest

Thus Reader's Digest, December issue, begins its exciting account of the development, testing and clinical proof of the revolutionary new drug discovery—ANAHIST.

Clinical tests show that, by taking ANAHIST upon exposure or at the first sign of a cold, the great majority of people can now eliminate cold symptoms in a single day. This means goodbye to sneezing, coughing, watering eyes, running nose and other early cold discomfort.

What's more—by taking ANAHIST immediately upon contact with anyone who has a cold—you can check its spread. So, a cold need no longer pass from one to another in a family, if all take ANAHIST promptly.

Thus, with ANAHIST, it is now entirely possible to avoid bad colds and their complications all year 'round . . . and also avoid passing colds on to your family and to others.

All antihistamines are not alike! ANAHIST'S 25 mg. antihistamine tablets provide the CLINICALLY-PROVED EFFECTIVE dosage for colds, now available without a prescription.

ANAHIST offers prompt, efficient relief for hay fever, too. ANAHIST — new miracle drug discovery — is the exclusive trademark of ANAHIST CO., INC., Yonkers 2, New York.

THE ANTIHISTAMINE RECOMMENDED FOR FAMILY USE

ANAHIST
TRADE MARK

Q. *Is* ANAHIST *SAFE?*

A. Yes. ANAHIST is SAFE for both adults and children, when taken as directed on package. Children over 6 may be given the same dosage as adults. For children under 6, consult your physician for proper dosage.

Q. *Are all antihistamines equally effective?*

A. No. Because they differ as chemical compounds, they vary greatly in performance and effectiveness. ANAHIST is the CLINICALLY-PROVED EFFECTIVE antihistamine which you can buy *with confidence* for family use.

Q. *If a cold has already run three or four days, will the use of* ANAHIST *furnish relief?*

A. This drug, which has so much value when taken upon exposure to colds or during the early phases of a cold, gradually loses its effectiveness if its administration is delayed. However, there is clinical evidence that, in any phase of the common cold, ANAHIST may reduce the complications and reduce the severity, even after there has been invasion of the mucous membrane by secondary invaders.

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AVAILABLE AT YOUR DRUGSTORE

40 Tablets 25 mg
ANAHIST
(Thonzylamine)
FOR SYMPTOMATIC RELIEF OF COLDS & HAY FEVER
COMMENDED
PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Take ANAHIST *immediately* upon contact with anyone who sneezes, coughs or shows other cold symptoms . . . or, if you begin to catch cold yourself, take ANAHIST within the first 24 hours . . . then continue with one ANAHIST tablet after each meal and before retiring—for 72 hours. ANAHIST is now available in the large, family-size bottle of 40 tablets—also, pocket-size bottles of 15.

Families Everywhere Say Goodbye to Colds with

ANAHIST
TRADE MARK

Byron Caran family, 306 East 50th St., New York, N. Y. Mrs. Caran writes: "When Arthur caught a cold at school, we *all* started taking ANAHIST. Next day his cold was gone and the rest of us never caught it."

Richard Hesselgrave family, 2076 Palace Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. Mrs. Hesselgrave writes: "I read about ANAHIST in Reader's Digest, so, when I felt a cold coming, I started taking ANAHIST. Next morning—no sign of a cold!"

John J. Roach family, 84 Fremont St., Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Roach writes: "I woke up sneezing—I started ANAHIST—and after 4 tablets all signs of a cold were gone. From now on, it's ANAHIST for the whole family!"

R. H. Michael family, 1508 Riverside Heights, Verona, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Michael writes: "I can't afford colds—and ANAHIST solves that problem!" Mrs. Michael adds: "Since we discovered ANAHIST, we can 'nip' colds in the bud!"

PORTO-PED
Air Cushion Shoes

THE MACRAE
Model 2300
Smart New Cuff Tip—Rich Brown Calf

Rich styling... plus cushioned comfort

Men everywhere go for the smart styling of Porto-Ped Shoes. But their really big claim to fame lies in the *extra comfort* their patented, resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift give you. Step out in style and comfort—in Porto-Peds! See your Porto-Ped dealer—or write us for his name.

$12.95 to $15.95. Slightly Higher West of the Rockies

PORTO-PED Air Cushion
★ Yields with every step
★ Absorbs shocks, jars
★ Keeps you foot-fresh
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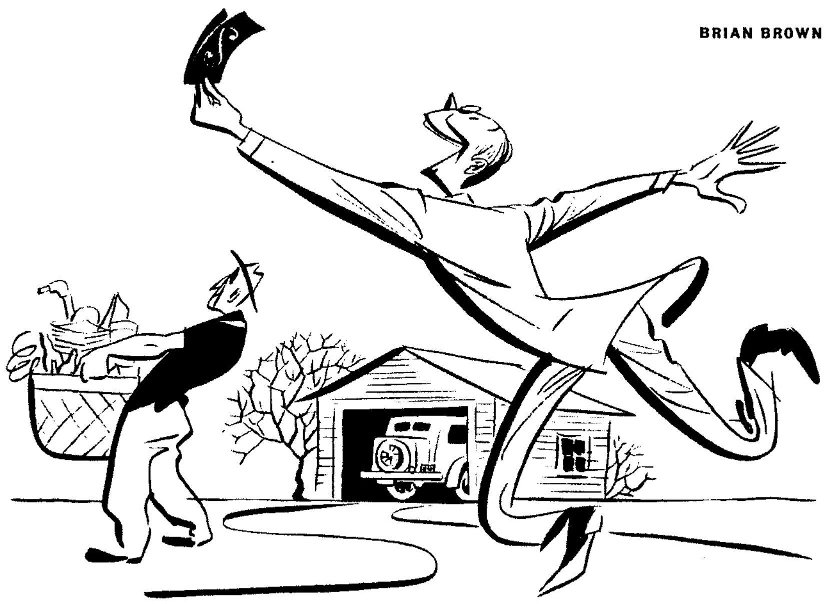


BRIAN BROWN

"We're rich!"

Yes, We Have a Bonanza

By RON BROOM

HERE is nothing like a little lucky money to balance the budget of the average household. Just a little. It doesn't take much. Let me explain:

The other day a personable young junkman offered me $40 in cash for some stuff in my garage, not including the car. It was like finding the money. I rushed through the house with the news, yelping, "We're rich! Let's go to the races!"

"Don't be asinine," said Mrs. B. prudently. "Haven't we been absolutely longing for that $55 chair at Morrison's? This will practically cover it."

So we got the chair. Just like that. Easy.

Two or three days later I chanced to wander past the intriguing windows of the Snappywear Shop for Men. You should have seen that suit. But it was $62.50, which I couldn't spare.

Couldn't I, though? Hadn't 40 extra chips tumbled into my lap just the other day? That would almost cover it. Oh, there was that chair deal to remember, yes. But a purchase of a thing like furniture should by rights come out of regular income channels. I stepped inside. . . .

When I got home, Mrs. B. was sitting in the new chair. She also was sitting in a nest of fine feathers I'd never seen before—an afternoon creation in aqua silk crepe or something, with what she assured me was the very newest neckline.

"I couldn't resist it," she explained. "I didn't have a thought in the world of—but then I remembered that $40 and—well, once in a while—especially when it's like money you found—"

"I know, darling. Believe me, I know. Forget it."

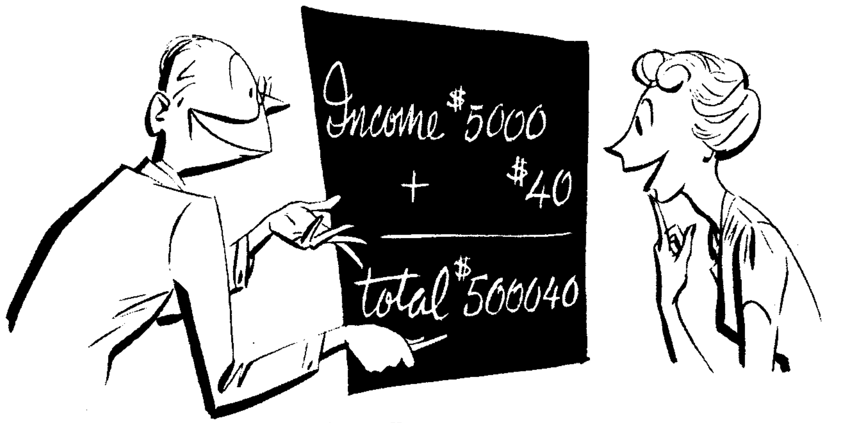
In the confusion I neglected to mention the suit.

Thursday of that week, she met me at the door with a worried look. "The roof job ran $47 over the estimate," she reported. "But—" I looked at her, and she looked at me, and we nodded. The forty bucks. No worries. Good new roof all bought and paid for.

Well, in the next two weeks that $40 got us new seat covers for the car, a marine painting, a day at the races, new drapes in the den, eight cocktail forks in our sterling, a cocker spaniel of purest blood, and many other items—sheer extras, things we couldn't have had if we hadn't practically found the money to pay for them.

Altogether, the $40 now has done the work of some $740 of ordinary, or earned, income. It's really amazing.

All we need now is another little windfall, say $37.50, and we're going to retire and spend the rest of our lives using it up. THE END



It's really amazing

ELDON BEERBOWER
After 8 Weeks

ELDON BEERBOWER
Gets First Haircut

ELDON BEERBOWER
Crew Cut Now

This IS the Same Boy!

Yes, you see above three pictures of Eldon Beerbower, who lives at 2905 N. Portland Blvd., Portland, Oregon. Eldon lost all of his hair at the age of 12. He tried many forms of treatment without success, and thought he was doomed to permanent total baldness. After three years of baldness, Eldon began to use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Today, Eldon gets "crew" haircuts and lives a happy, normal life again.

What This Wonderful Story Means to You

This heart-warming story is of real interest to men and women everywhere who are bald or who are losing their hair. For this is also the story of Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon, who has solved some of the problems of baldness.

Eldon's is only one of the thousands of "success stories" of people who have used Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Carl Brandenfels has received more than 14,000 letters of praise for his convenient home course.

Successful Users Everywhere

These result letters come from every state and from almost every city in the nation. Some are from men and women who were totally bald . . . others are from people who had just begun to notice excessive loss of hair. All ages and all walks of life are represented . . . elderly men and women who have been bald for years . . . and young business people anxious to preserve their youthful appearance.

These are not just a few isolated letters. **By certified count**, Carl Brandenfels has received 14,237 letters from men and women who report from one to all of the following results after using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage:

- ✓ **Renewed Hair Growth**
- ✓ **No More Excessive Falling Hair**
- ✓ **Relief From Dandruff Scale**
- ✓ **Improved Scalp Conditions**

Doctors Observe Results C. P. A.'s Verify Testimonials

Carl Brandenfels is conducting extensive research on his product. For more than a year a large group of men and women have been using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation, and on this page are pictures of three of these test cases. The authenticity of these pictures and of all pictures of people included in the medical tests are documented by affidavits from competent medical personnel.

In addition, the result letters which Carl Brandenfels receives from his users are authenticated by an impartial audit by a recognized firm of certified public accountants.

Carl's Principles of Hair Growth

Scientists state that hair will continue to grow as long as the hair follicle remains healthy and a sufficient blood supply is fed to the hair follicles. **Carl Brandenfels believes that in many bald or partially bald people, the hair follicles are still alive even though no hair is growing from them.**

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair-growers." He does not guarantee that it will promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. He does believe—on the basis of documented results—that his home course has brought hope and happiness to thousands of users of his formulas and massage.

Carl's two formulas together with his unique pressure massage are designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp, and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area. **Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his formulas and massage may, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.**

Only Course of Its Kind

Carl Brandenfels' home course consists of two secret formulas **and** the Brandenfels' Pressure Massage. Each of these is a vital link in the chain to better hair health. One of the formulas contains, among other ingredients, lanolin, which has long been recognized as an important agent in the care of the scalp and hair. The other formula contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide, which has been called the "wonder drug of the half-century."

The Brandenfels' pressure massage is completely different from the rubbing and scraping to which many people have subjected their scalps for many years. All three of these steps must be taken in order to achieve maximum effectiveness. These formulas are not sticky and will not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens. Easy to use in your own home.

Results Verified by Medical Observation

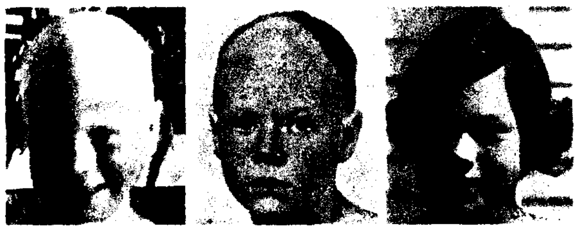
BEFORE AFTER 41 WEEKS TODAY

"I had almost no hair left on the top of my head," reports **Mr. E. "Al" Liefson**, 7019 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wash. "I have been using Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage under medical observation and I am thrilled to have hair again."

JAN. 22, 1949 JUNE 19, 1949 TODAY

"My hair became so thin I had to wear a hair-piece," states **Mrs. F. M. Harris**, 1317 Boren Ave., Seattle, Wash. "Doctors told me it was 'male-type' baldness, like millions of men and women suffer from. I am one of the group using Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage under medical observation, and I am happy to report that now my hair has grown back and has regained its softness and beautiful color."

New Chance for Happiness



"OUR LITTLE NANCY HAS HAIR AGAIN," writes **"Smoky Joe" Martin, former big-league baseball star** of 817 Jennings Ave., Santa Barbara, Calif. "We were heartbroken when Nancy lost all her hair when she was two years old. We did everything we could for more than three years, but nothing helped until we used Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Words cannot express our happiness, and we are pleased to recommend your formulas and massage."

Enthusiastic Users

NAGLE NULTON JONES

Left—**Former Army Sgt. D. B. Nagle**, 8609 34th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Wash. (Included in medical test group): "New hair coming gradually . . . hair filling in where hair has been sparse for more than eight years."

Center—**Businessman O. K. Nulton**, Olympia, Wn. Age 65: "Hair was falling rapidly. Now my head is almost covered with hair."

Right—**Navy Veteran Howard Jones**, St. Helens, Ore., lost most of the hair on the front third of his head while in the Service. Today, this area is almost covered with light, fine hair.

ACT NOW

AT THE FIRST SIGNS OF RECEDING HAIR—OR ANY OF THE BALDNESS DANGER SIGNALS—USE BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE. IN MANY CASES, EARLY USE HAS SAVED HAIR!

Above, left, Carl Brandenfels before using his home course. Right, Carl as he looks today.

Look for These Danger Signs

1. **Dry brittle hair**
2. **Excessive falling hair**
3. **Ugly dandruff scale**
4. **Thinning on crown or temple**
5. **Tight, itching or aching scalp**
6. **Excessively oily scalp and hair**

Any of these danger signals can be the first sign of oncoming baldness. Begin NOW to use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage.

THE ONLY APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE OF THEIR KIND IN THE WORLD—MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
CARL BRANDENFELS, ST. HELENS, OREGON

DO A FRIEND A FAVOR—If you know a friend who has this problem, pass this important message on to him.

MAIL THIS TODAY!

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon C318

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of **Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage** with directions for use in my own home.

☐ Cash—I enclose $15 plus 20% Fed. tax ($3), total $18. (Will be shipped prepaid.)

☐ C. O. D.—I agree to pay postman $18 plus postal charges.

Name ....

Address ....

Town .... Zone .... State ....

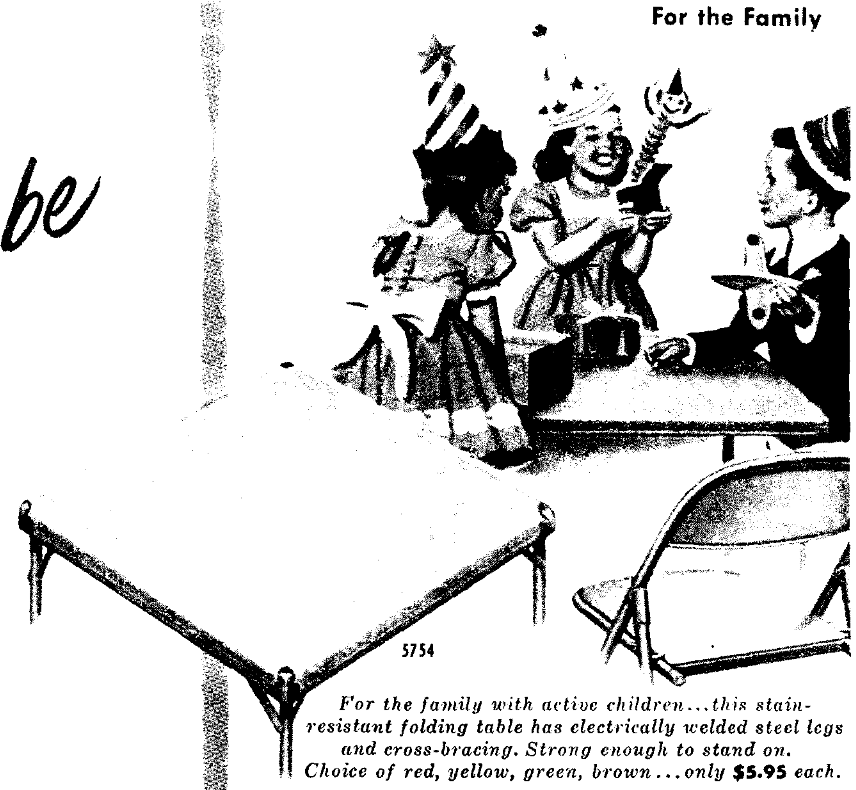
Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C. O. D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the formulas become available. PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Gifts for the "Going" home and the home that's Going-to-be

Samson

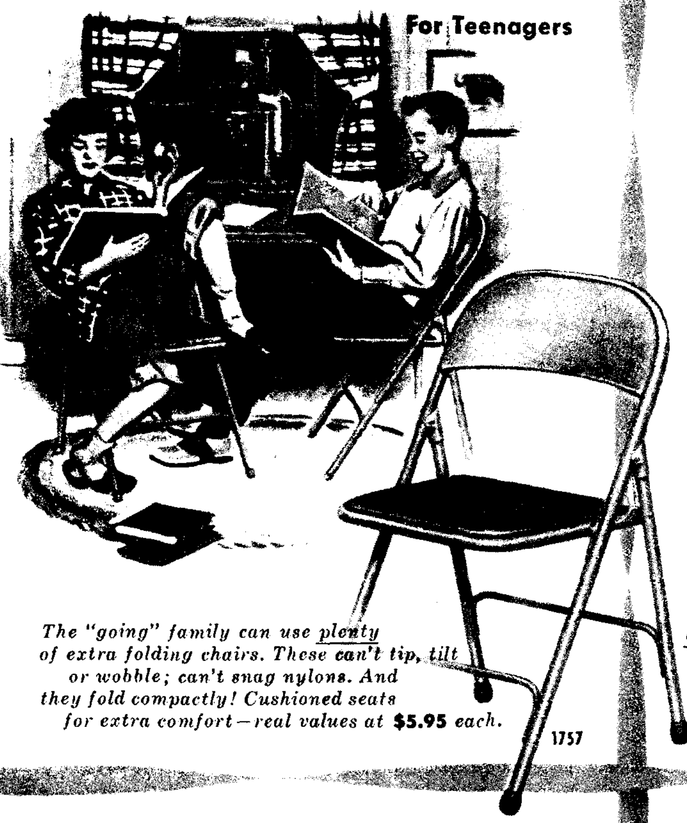
folding tables and chairs

For the Family



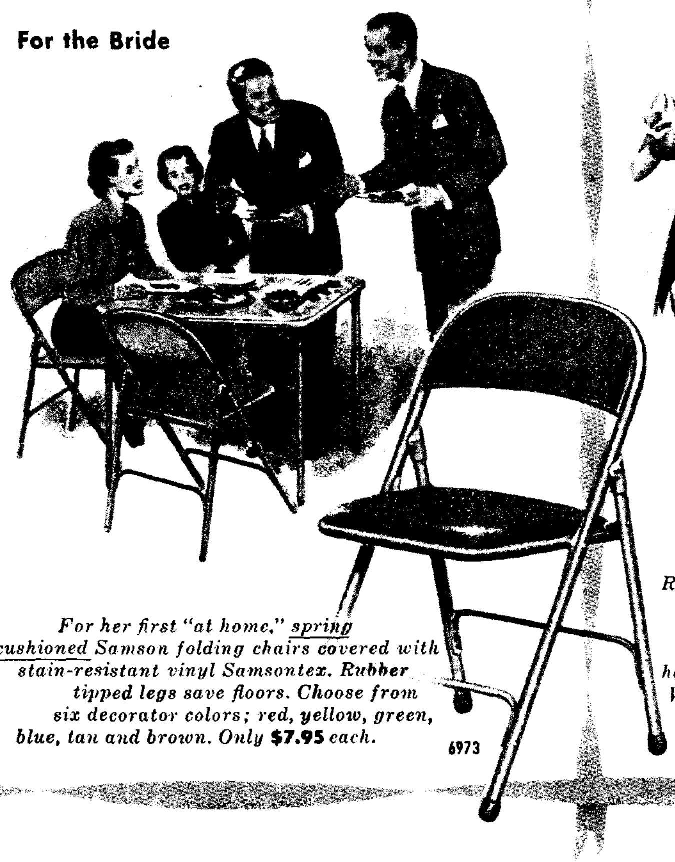
For the family with active children...this stain-resistant folding table has electrically welded steel legs and cross-bracing. Strong enough to stand on. Choice of red, yellow, green, brown...only **$5.95** *each.*

For Teenagers



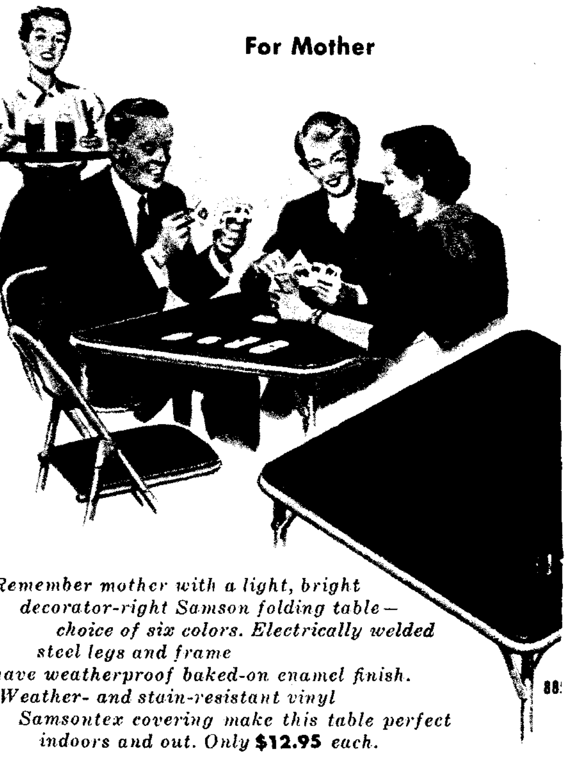
The "going" family can use plenty of extra folding chairs. These can't tip, tilt or wobble; can't snag nylons. And they fold compactly! Cushioned seats for extra comfort—real values at **$5.95** *each.*

For the Bride



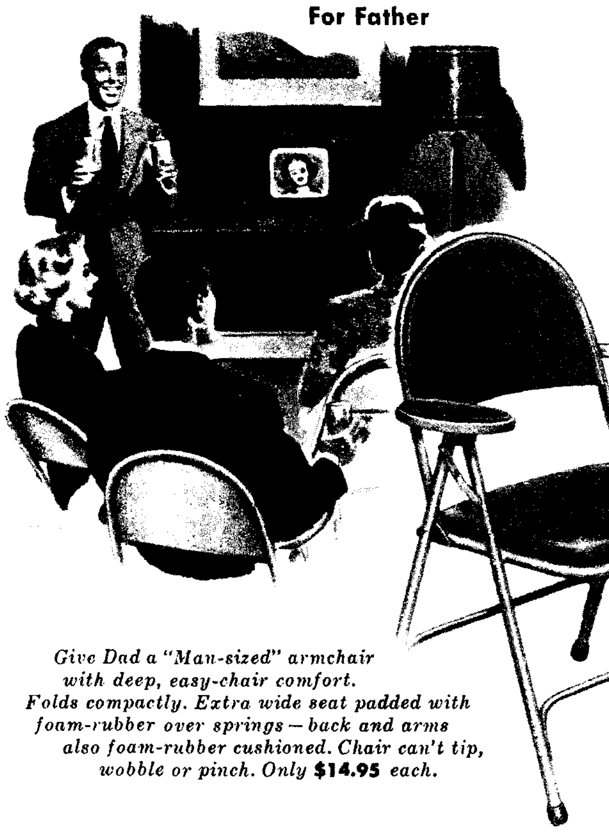
For her first "at home," spring cushioned Samson folding chairs covered with stain-resistant vinyl Samsontex. Rubber tipped legs save floors. Choose from six decorator colors; red, yellow, green, blue, tan and brown. Only **$7.95** *each.*

For Mother



Remember mother with a light, bright decorator-right Samson folding table—choice of six colors. Electrically welded steel legs and frame have weatherproof baked-on enamel finish. Weather- and stain-resistant vinyl Samsontex covering make this table perfect indoors and out. Only **$12.95** *each.*

For Father



Give Dad a "Man-sized" armchair with deep, easy-chair comfort. Folds compactly. Extra wide seat padded with foam-rubber over springs—back and arms also foam-rubber cushioned. Chair can't tip, wobble or pinch. Only **$14.95** *each.*

For the bride . . . for mother . . . for grandmother . . . for dad too . . . these wonderful, practical Samson folding tables and chairs are ideal gifts! Every woman loves their smart decorator colors; their simple, go-with-everything, classic lines. Samson tables are enjoyed because they endure, despite infants, toddlers, teenagers. And they're so sturdy for work, so smart for entertaining. If you're looking for the perfect remembrance, choose a table for $5.95 or a whole set for only $29.75. Your favorite furniture or department store has a wide selection of Samson folding furniture.

P. S. While you're there, remember to treat yourself to a set, too.

Strong enough to stand on!

Samson

ALL-PURPOSE
FOLDING FURNITUR

SHWAYDER BROS., INC. • *Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Michigan*
Also makers of Samsonite Luggage • Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colo.

There's a Samson institutional chair for every public seating need. *For special quantity prices, ask your public seating distributor. Or write Shwayder Bros. direct for the name of your nearest dealer.*

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KANSAS

Reprisal

WHY I WAS FIRED

BY ADMIRAL LOUIS E. DENFELD

EX-CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

I WAS the first victim of the reprisal visited upon naval witnesses whose testimony before a Congressional committee last October offended Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson and Secretary of the Navy Francis P. Matthews. I had realized that I would be the first target, but I had not expected the contemptuous treatment accorded me in my summary dismissal as Chief of Naval Operations. Never in my 41 years in the Navy have I seen even the most culpable seaman given the disdainful treatment that I received.

It is a tradition in the Navy, as it has been in the Army, that loyalty works both ways or not at all. An understanding of this principle is not confined to the uniformed personnel, for I have seen it epitomized in Frank Knox, James Forrestal and many other Secretaries.

A superior cannot expect loyalty from his subordinates unless he gives it in full measure. And one essential of loyalty, no matter how strict the discipline, is the demonstration of the accepted decencies of human relationship—in other words, common everyday politeness.

To be allowed to learn of my removal from a news announcement—even as the Navy learned of the cancellation of its flush-deck carrier from the newspapers, without recourse to the Secretary of Defense—is entirely foreign to the American tradition. Perhaps I did make history of a wry sort in being the first Chief of Naval Operations to be summarily fired.

I am unimportant, but what happened to me, and the manner of its happening, are of the greatest moment to the nation. It means that national defense—next to the national economy in importance to our country's welfare—is to be rigidly controlled by political appointees as distinguished from the Congress. If it goes unchallenged, it may mean the passing of civilian control of government from the hands of the responsible, elected representatives of the people.

The chairman of the House Armed Services Committee,

The opinions expressed in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as reflecting the official views of the Navy Department or the naval service.

Representative Carl Vinson, warned Secretary Matthews publicly that the committee would not permit or tolerate any reprisal against any witness or any shepherding of the testimony being presented. Mr. Matthews assured the committee that naval officers whom it had called to testify on topics which it had specified would be "completely free to testify." He added, "There has been no censorship. There will be none." Several weeks earlier, Secretary Johnson had specifically assured the committee that military witnesses need not fear or suffer any reprisal.

Representative Dewey Short, ranking minority member of the committee, summed it up this way for the record: "The Secretary of Defense, in direct answer to two or three questions—and I repeated the questions and he repeated his answers—said that every member of any branch of the armed forces will be perfectly free to testify frankly and fully without any fear of reprisals or punishment."

The members of Congress, as representatives of the people, embodying the very essence of that "civilian control" which the Navy's witnesses have been accused of defying, have the unquestioned right of ascertaining the facts as the experts see them. And the experts in this case are American citizens first and naval officers second.

Despite those assurances that the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of Defense would do nothing to prevent Congress from exercising its rights, or to deprive American citizens of their constitutional privilege of free speech, swift vengeance was taken upon those whose testimony offended the secretariat.

Vice-Admiral John Dale Price, Vice-Chief of Naval Operations, entered my office at the Pentagon late on the afternoon of October 27th, just two weeks after my testimony. His expression was tense. "I caught part of a sentence over the radio just now," he told me. "It said that the President had put you out as Chief of Naval Operations." In a few minutes a yeoman brought in a tear sheet from the news ticker confirming the report. The President had made public a letter from Secretary Matthews alleging that on October 4th "events had taken such a course" that he had then frankly stated to me that he feared my usefulness as CNO had terminated.

That was my notification that, after 41 years' service, I was being removed from the Navy's top command position. I heard nothing official until the next day, October 28th, when Secretary Matthews called me in.

I went into the Secretary's office alone. He was seated at his desk. Without any ceremony he said, "I presume you have heard the news about your being removed?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "Admiral Price heard it on the radio yesterday and told me about it."

Offered the European Command

He offered no explanation of my cavalier treatment, but went on, tight-lipped, to say he wished I would order Vice-Admiral Forrest P. Sherman to report to him at once. He said he would like me to take the European command, and that the President and the Secretary of Defense had approved this assignment for me, but that if I preferred, he would consider me for any other four-star job in the Navy. I told him I couldn't make the decision offhand, that it was all a little sudden, and that I would like to take 60 days' accumulated leave. In this period I would decide whether to retire or to stay in the Navy.

It seems that the Secretary had tried for two days to communicate with Admiral Sherman without letting me know, but Sherman was at sea on his flagship and could have been reached only by employing Naval Communications, which Mr. Matthews apparently was loath to use, for reasons I can only guess at. Accordingly, I sent the dispatch to Forrest ordering him home. He became my successor.

The doctrine of removal for opinions has apparently become official Navy policy. On January 12th Secretary Matthews told the Senate Armed Services Committee that if an officer was not in sympathy with his policies and openly denounced them he should be transferred from the chain of command. He piously disclaimed, however, any intent at punishment or reprisal.

Mr. Matthews went even further; Senator Knowland pressed him to know whether it made any difference whether the expression was in a magazine article, in a speech before a club, or before a Congressional committee. "You apparently group the three things together," he said, "and if a person in executive session responds to questions from a member of the committee and happens in doing that to state his honest opinion, which may differ with your opinion, that, therefore, he is on notice that he may be transferred?"

"It is not a matter, in my judgment," answered Secretary Matthews, "as to whether he expresses that opinion. The important thing is that he entertains that conviction in opposition to his superior officer."

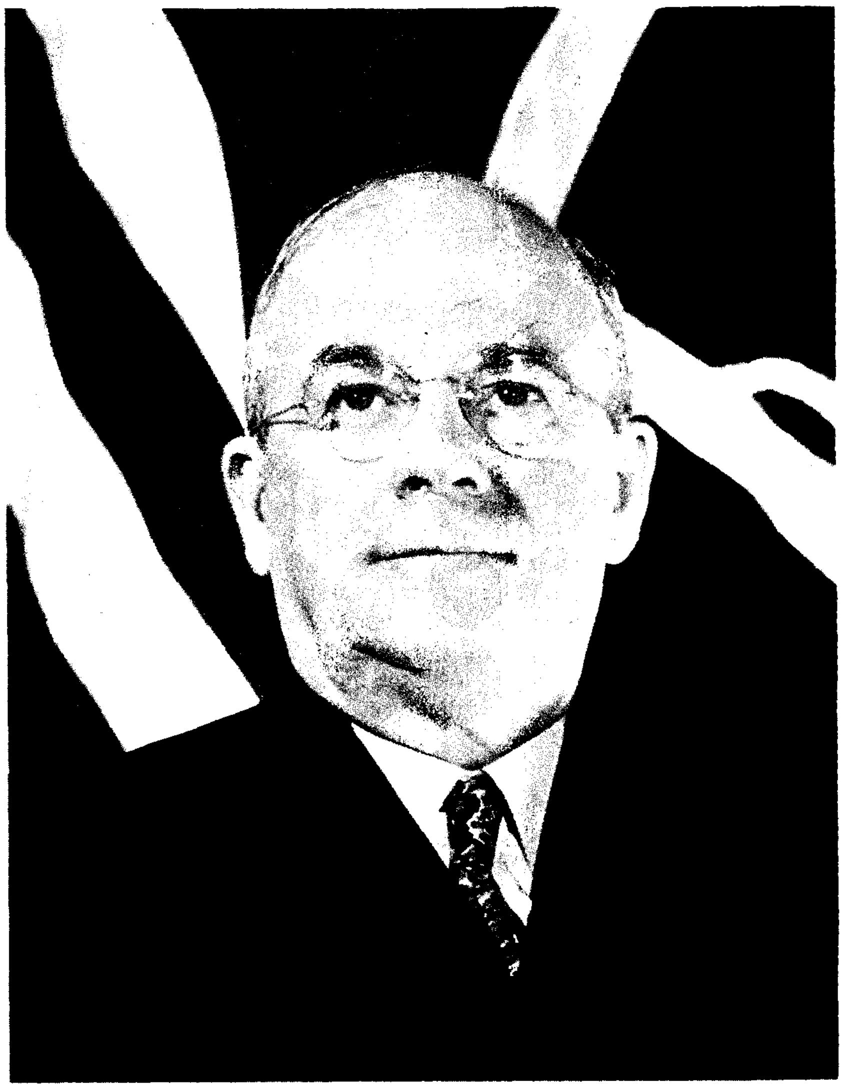
Carried to its logical conclusion this means that if the Secretary of the Navy adopts a policy that the canoe and the spear are the proper weapons for the Navy, and his CNO entertains a contrary opinion, whether he expresses it or not, he is subject to being fired. This is thought control indeed.

The first reprisal to be attempted against a committee witness after the ax fell on me did not quite succeed. This was the removal of the name of Captain Arleigh A. ("Thirty-one Knot") Burke from the list of captains chosen by a Navy selection board for promotion to rear admiral. Admiral Halsey had conferred the nickname. Once when Burke com-

They Meted Out 'Disdainful Treatment' . . . .

HARRIS & EWING

Defense Secretary Louis Johnson, who assured the House Committee there would be no reprisal against witnesses. Denfeld charges vengeance was swift



INTERNATIONAL

Francis P. Matthews, Secretary of the Navy, did not tell Denfeld he had been dismissed until a day after the news had been released to the press

manded a destroyer squadron he was ordered to proceed against the Japs at 30 knots, but reported several times, "We are making 31 knots."

These promotion lists are sent to the White House through the Secretary of the Navy, and only the President has the right to remove a name. It became common knowledge in Washington that Captain Burke's name had been taken off, and another substituted. The substitute was an aide to Secretary Matthews. Such a public and Congressional tempest was stirred up that, it is reported, the name was restored, and the President approved it.

Members of selection boards take a solemn oath to recommend officers for promotion upon merit and with strict impartiality.

Things have come to a pretty pass when there is political interference with their functions.

Why Burke Was Wrongly Suspected

Captain Burke was no doubt under suspicion because he had headed Op-23, a section of the Operations office established under a directive to conduct organizational studies, and had helped prepare statements for the hearings. This section has been headed at various times by Admiral Forrest P. Sherman and other excellent naval officers. The Secretaries apparently thought Captain Burke was fighting unification, instead of which he was merely carrying out orders.

Vice-Admiral Gerald F. Bogan, commander of the First Task Fleet, which is part of the Pacific Fleet, was another victim. He was not called as a witness because he was on maneuvers, but his offense was that he had written a letter to Secretary Matthews about low Navy morale, which through no fault of his became public. Admiral Bogan announced that he had learned through the press that orders were being issued transferring him to the Fleet Air Command at Jacksonville, Florida, a post which usually carries the lower rank of rear admiral, and that he had decided to retire as soon as relieved from his Pacific command. He is only fifty-five; the usual retirement age is sixty-two.

This practice of letting a man find out through the press of a transfer or demotion is to me a trend. I never let such a thing occur when I was Chief of Naval Personnel. I would write a man, "This is where I propose to assign you, and you can let me know whether you have any strong objection." We often had to disregard his objections, but at least he didn't have to learn of it through his newspaper.

Although I cannot speak for Admiral William H. P. ("Spike") Blandy, former commander in chief of the Atlantic Fleet, I cannot but feel that he chose retirement because he was discouraged at his prospects. He, too, was a witness.

As this is written, I have heard of no reprisal visited upon Admiral Arthur W. Radford, commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet and the leadoff spokesman for the Navy at the hearings. I can only hope that none will be taken upon this splendid officer, the Navy's number one aviator.

I was the more surprised, in my own case, because upon Mr. Matthews' recommendation I had been renominated by President Truman in August for a second two-year tour as CNO, and had been confirmed by the Senate. This term was not to begin until December 15th—six weeks after I was removed. Several people told me the President was very much pleased with my selection and had said I was the best CNO the Navy had had since he had been in Washington.

In his testimony of January 12th, Secretary Matthews told the Senate Armed Services Committee that my commission for the second two-year tour had never been issued, and that the President had refrained from issuing it on his recommendation. When Senators called to his attention the fact that I had it, he declared that I had never at any time mentioned to him that it was in my possession.

As Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Denfeld was number one man in the Navy. His summary dismissal (he learned about it from the news services) was the most explosive development in the long military services unification battle. Beloved by all in the Navy as Uncle Louie, he served in two world wars —and he was a combat officer in both. During World War I, he served on a destroyer, between wars he was in the submarine service, and during part of World War II he commanded Battleship Division 9 in the Pacific

For His Freedom of Speech

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Admiral Denfeld: "I am for unification, and in my definition unification contemplates . . . co-ordination of effort. It does not mean merger or absorption. . . . It should not mean that two services can control a third"

The facts are that the commission, dated September 14, 1949, signed by the President and Secretary Matthews, and bearing the official Navy seal, was brought to me by Rear Admiral Robert L. Dennison, naval aide to the President. He handed it to me in the presence of my aide. Shortly after I got it, I called on Secretary Matthews to thank him for the commission. (I had previously thanked him for recommending me.) "There's nothing I have done since I have been Secretary," he said, "that has given me more pleasure than getting you reappointed."

Secretary Johnson had announced a policy of bringing in new chiefs of staff three months early, so they could be indoctrinated in the operations of the other two services. Mid-September would thus have been the logical time to appoint a new CNO if a change had been contemplated, and my reappointment at that time was therefore consistent.

It never occurred to me to question the President's authority to remove me, or to claim that I was still CNO. In Senate debate on confirmation of Admiral Sherman as my successor, however, the question was raised as to whether a vacancy existed. I thereupon submitted my resignation as CNO in order to clear the way for Admiral Sherman's confirmation, and endorsed him for the place.

My "thank-you" interview with Secretary Matthews took place on September 14th or 15th, a few days after Captain John G. Crommelin issued a statement on the B-36 controversy, charging an Army-Air Force attempt to usurp civilian control of the military establishment. Other naval officers followed him in print, and Secretary Matthews issued a directive asking that, instead of publishing controversial statements, officers forward their views to him through channels.

Admiral Bogan's letter, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy and forwarded through his superior, Admiral Radford, and through me as CNO, was entirely in keeping with the directive.

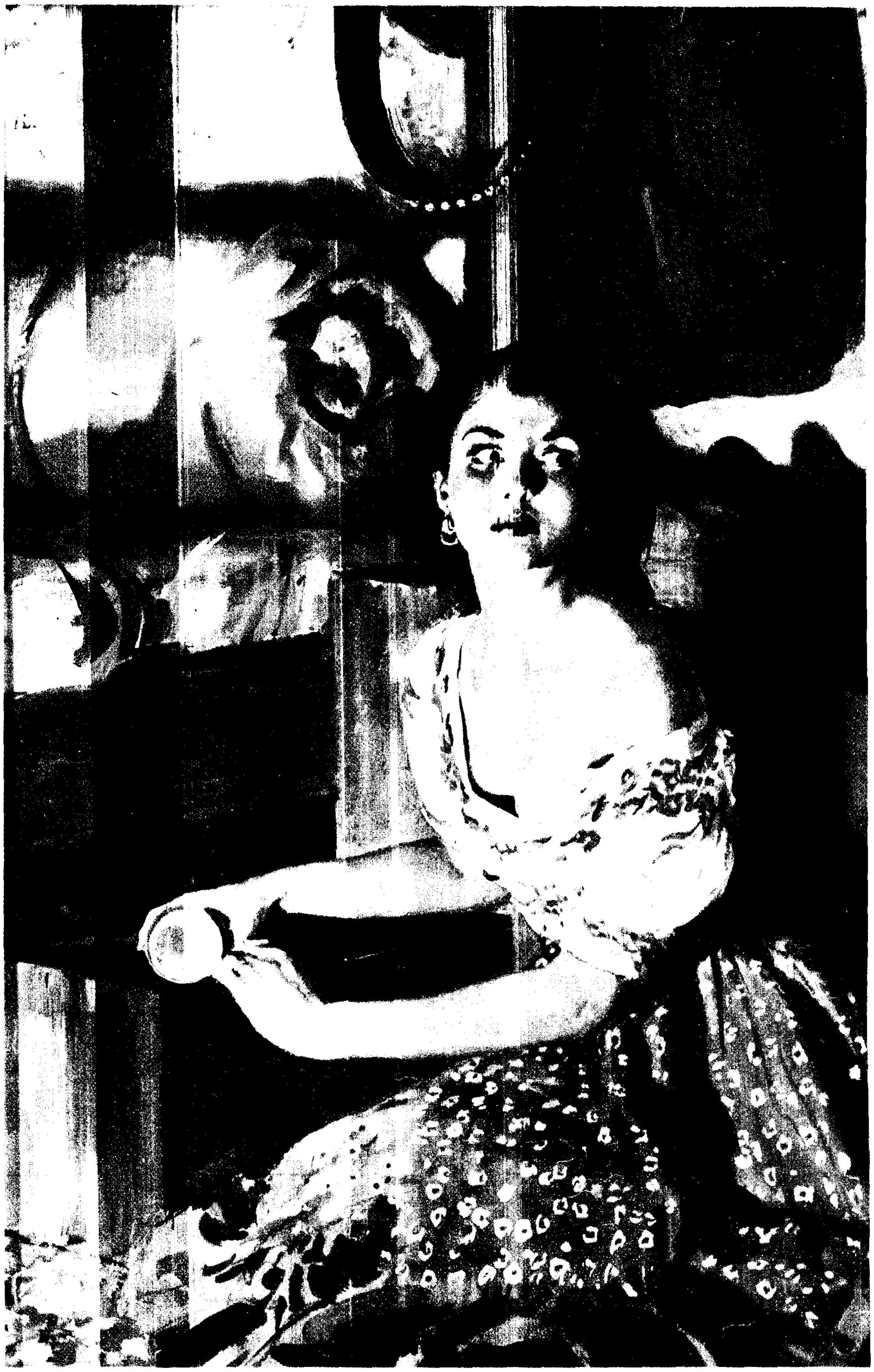
New Defense Policies Alarm Navy

Admiral Bogan wrote that there was a "genuine fear in the Navy for the security of our country if the policies followed in the Department of Defense since the National Security Act became law are not drastically changed, and soon." He declared the morale of the Navy "lower today than at any time since I entered the commissioned ranks in 1916." In his endorsement, Admiral Radford noted that "rightly or wrongly, the majority of officers in the Pacific Fleet concur with . . . the ideas expressed by Admiral Bogan." My own endorsement, sending the papers along to Secretary Matthews, concurred with Admiral Radford's. I see no reason now to change my comments.

The Secretary did not show any concern over the letter when it was an internal matter. It reached his office not later than September 29th.

On October 2d, I entertained the Secretary and Mrs. Matthews at dinner in my home, and he gave no indication then that he had any but the highest regard for me.

But copies of the letter and the two endorsements were given to the press by Captain Crommelin (who I am morally certain acted without consulting anybody), and were published on the morning of October 4th. Secretary Matthews then became disturbed. In our interview that day, he told me he was very sorry I had put the endorsement on the letter, and said he was afraid it might impair my value as Chief of Naval *(Continued on page 62)*



LONE HAND

By TOM W. BLACKBURN

The bandit thought he knew how to handle a woman, but this simple Mexican girl was somehow out of his reach —even though she was his captive

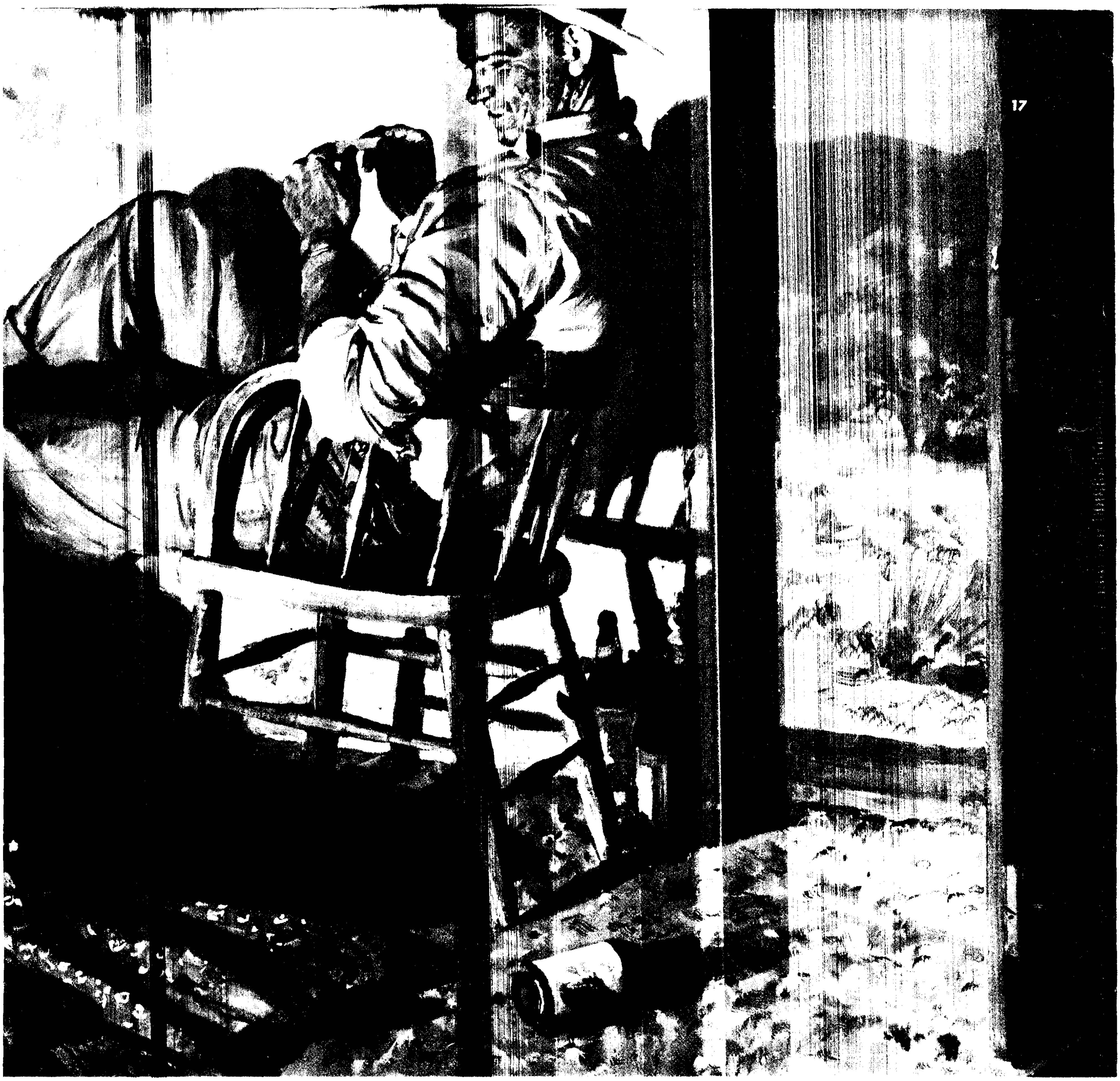
THE mare had cost Martinez sixty dollars. That is, she would have cost him sixty dollars if he had paid for her. The fact that he had not, that he had simply found her wandering at graze down in the barrancas with no owner in sight, made no difference in his present concern. She had belonged to him for nearly three years now. He had an affection for her. And she was a valuable animal. A man did not destroy something worth sixty dollars, even if he was in a great hurry. The mare could go no farther.

Martinez reined up and slipped down. The mare stood on wide-planted feet, head lowered, but she arched her neck a little and looked at him with gratitude he understood as he slipped the cinch and pulled the high, hide-covered saddle from her back. There was grass of a kind on these slopes and a certainty of water not too distant. He thought she would be all right in a day or two. Someone else would find a horse worth sixty dollars and no owner in sight to claim her. As he watched the mare move away with weary stiff-leggedness, Martinez had a peculiar feeling of repaying a debt which had long troubled him. It seemed fitting. A man of honor desired to pay his debts—all of them.

Leaving the saddle where it had fallen, Martinez pushed the big gun, which was thrust under his belt, to a more comfortable position and started on again afoot. The going was hard. This was not a country which lay at peace with itself, this malpais. It twisted as though in struggle, rising and falling, and it was cut by the arroyo and canyon scars of old battles.

In half an hour the mare was out of sight behind him, lost in the twisting country, gone. The mare had been the last of the things which had once made his life good. Martinez would have felt alone and a little frightened but for one thing. This was a just errand on which he traveled and the good God traveled with him. The good God and the big pistol under his belt.

EMORY RICHARDS sat on the chopping log at the woodpile, about fifty yards from the door of the cabin. He had a double-bitted timber ax across his knees. The handle was weather roughened and split a little, but it was sound enough. The bit itself was giving him trouble; it was badly nicked and rusted with long neglect. Still, a man could do a lot with patience if he could afford it, and for the first time in his life Emory Richards could afford patience. He could afford practically anything he wanted. It was a great feeling, worth a



The girl rummaged dispiritedly in the grub box. The rising firelight glinted from her cropped black hair and the smooth tan at the crown of one shoulder

hundred times what he had gone through to acquire it.

There was a harsh, abrasive sound to the sliding of the old whetstone in his hand across the bit of the ax, but each stroke left a wider expanse of bright keen steel exposed under the rust. An edge was coming up on the bit. When it was as sharp as a man could whet it, Richards would cut firewood, but not before. He could not abide dull tools and he had plenty of time. Besides, he was playing another game while he whetted—a game which interested him more for the moment than firewood and a fire and the prospect of a hot meal after a long ride.

As the stone in his hand rasped across rusty steel, sharpening it, the corner of one eye kept the doorway of the cabin in focus. He sat so that it did not appear he was watching, yet he was. The girl was stubborn, like a traded horse accustomed to one owner. It took a little while and some watchfulness to break that stubbornness out—in horse and woman alike. Richards knew both equally well. He smiled faintly as he worked on the ax and waited.

Kelso, his partner—now dead—had not wanted to take the Mexican girl with them. She and her man—husband or whatever—had put Kelso and Richards up the first night out of Hermosa, feeding them and, with instinctive courtesy, asking no questions. Kelso had wanted to give them a few dollars out of the take from the Hermosa bank, enough to buy their gratitude and their forgetfulness, if there should be inquiries about strangers in their end of the malpais. Kelso had probably been right. He usually was. Certainly he had been right as to how the Hermosa bank should be managed. A piece of business Richards knew he could not have handled alone.

The trouble was that for all of his being right, there were two mistakes in Kelso's thinking. He had been building plans in the belief that Richards and himself would hole up together at this empty, long-forgotten homestead until the uproar at Hermosa had quieted, and then split up, dividing the bank's money equally between them when they did. And he had not realized that Emory Richards desired beauty in women only a little less than he desired money for which he did not have to sweat. The young wife in the little Mexican jacal on the malpais had been too pretty. She had showed too much spirit. And there had been too much money in the Hermosa bank for Emory Richards to split with anybody. These things had cost Kelso his life.

The girl had seen Kelso *(Continued on page* 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

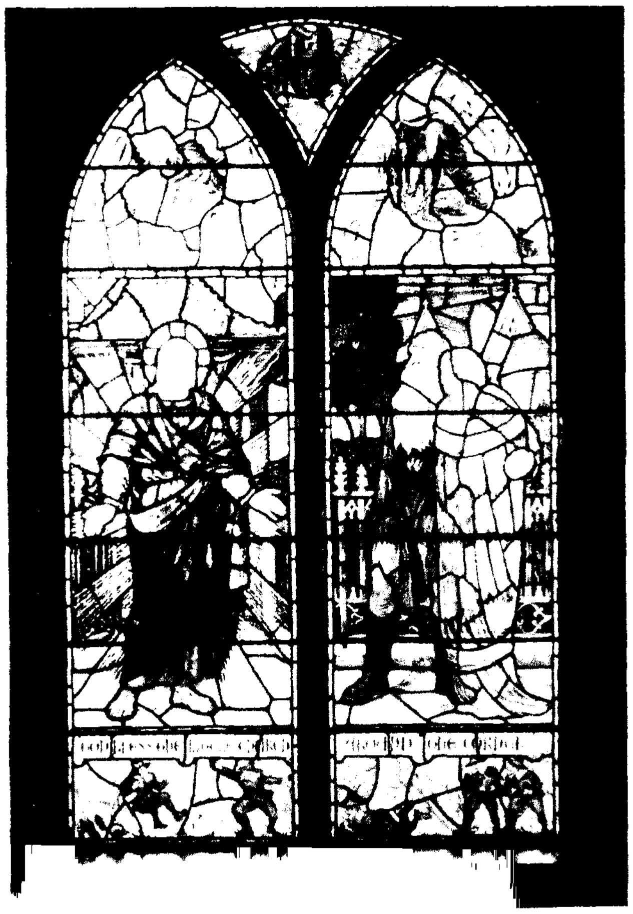
Hundre

By ROBERT STEIN

New York's Little Church Around the Corner, spiritual home of theatrical folk, has been the romantic scene of 100,000 weddings in the last century

A quiet retreat in thunderous Manhattan, the famed church is on a street once known as Lovers' Lane

A window dedicated to Joe Jefferson, the actor



The rector, Dr. Ray, has married 30,000 couples

AFTER marrying a young couple recently, Dr. Randolph Ray, rector of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City, received an unexpected shock. As soon as the ceremony was over, the groom's parents walked blushingly up to the altar and asked the rector to marry *them.*

Dr. Ray's eyebrows descended to their normal elevation only after the older pair explained that they had been wed in a civil ceremony 25 years before, that their marriage had been extremely happy, but that they had always regretted not being wed in the Little Church Around the Corner. Could the rector bless their union and make them an "official" Little Church couple? With an understanding smile, Dr. Ray consented.

Such requests reflect the earnest belief of romantic-minded couples all over the world that a wedding at the Little Church is gilt-edged insurance against marital troubles. Since the first wedding at the church 100 years ago this year, more than 100,000 dewy-eyed brides and grooms have marched up to its altar—a record unmatched by any other church in the world. Over the years, lovers have walked up the Little Church's middle aisle on the last lap of trips that began in every state of the union, as well as Argentina, Switzerland, Hawaii and Italy.

Sentiment clings to the Little Church as naturally as ivy to the staid walls of an old university. More than 30,000 couples who have taken their vows there are linked in a unique "alumni" organization called "The Family of the Little Church Around the Corner." Just as a Harvard man would never dream of sending his son to any other college, Little Church alumni almost invariably bring back their children to be baptized or married. Not long ago a couple ushered three youngsters into Dr. Ray's office. "After you married us," they told him, "we moved to Australia. We've waited 10 years to come back and have our children christened here."

Other Little Church alumni have made the nostalgic pilgrimage back to their marital alma mater from Trinidad, Abyssinia, Germany, China, Japan, Ireland, South America, Spain and Russia. Each year hundreds of couples trek back on their silver or golden wedding anniversary, and some go through another ceremony to renew the vows that launched them on married life. Often these "remarriages" take place at the famous Brides' Altar, built with funds contributed by newlyweds and studded with jewels donated by grateful brides from their engagement rings.

For an institution that inspires such sentiment, the Little Church is located in a strikingly unromantic setting. Almost in the shadow of the Empire State Building, the tiny house of worship stands on a small green oasis in Manhattan's roaring business district. Hemmed in by skyscrapers, the low brick buildings seem as out of place as Whistler's Mother in a roomful of Picasso paintings.

Completely in character with this old-fashioned

Years of *Happy Marriage*

exterior is the Little Church's attitude toward marriage. It is neatly summed up in the title of a book written several years ago by Dr. Ray. The title: Marriage Is a Serious Business.

The rector, stern and autocratic, looks and acts like a sixty-three-year-old version of James Mason. He firmly believes that the Little Church's record for lasting marriages is a result of the stiff requirements couples must meet to qualify to be married there.

Paradoxically, the "marryingest" church in the world has set up more barriers to wedlock than almost any other. Dr. Ray refuses to marry couples under twenty-one without parental consent, or divorcees or elopers of any age. Even those who pass this preliminary screening undergo close questioning by the rector to determine whether they are approaching marriage with proper sincerity. Among the long list of blunt questions couples must answer are these: "Are your backgrounds and interests similar? Do you really know enough about each other? Are you honestly in love?"

Not long ago a couple told Dr. Ray that, although they were deeply in love, they were getting married with one reservation.

Wanted an Out—Just in Case

"If I know I can get out of it," the prospective groom explained, "I won't get that terrible ball-and-chain complex so many married men have."

His intended bride added: "If we feel we have to stay married, we might not be happy."

Dr. Ray shook his head vigorously. "Marriage has enough hazards," he said crisply, "even when both partners are determined to make a go of it. With your attitude, I can't allow you to gamble with the Little Church's record."

Each year Dr. Ray unrelentingly turns back 500 to 1,000 couples this way. In recent years rejections have risen so sharply that the New York City Marriage License Bureau now posts regulations warning couples that the Little Church will not marry divorced persons or elopers.

"The cure for marital failure," Dr. Ray insists, "is not easy divorce but hard marriage."

But the tall, gray-haired minister is not completely inflexible in his views. During World War II, he was firmly opposed to wartime marriages, but in cases where the couple had known each other for a long time, he made an occasional exception and consented to perform the ceremony. One of these was the marriage to a childhood sweetheart of a nineteen-year-old bride, Kathryna Hoffman Ray—the rector's own daughter.

At other times Dr. Ray has reversed his stand on hard marriage and actually pushed couples to the altar. A woman of thirty came to ask his advice. She had been engaged to the same man for more than five years. Each time they set a date for the wedding, his mother took suddenly and inexplicably ill. Out of long experience with "smother love," Dr. Ray tersely advised her to set a date and stick to it. The day of the wedding the groom's mother called the church and heatedly complained that she was too sick to attend. "Madam," Dr. Ray replied dryly, "you argue with energy and persistence remarkable in so chronic an invalid." The wedding went on as scheduled—with the groom's mother sobbing sonorously in the background.

Curiously, the Little Church Around the Corner was launched on its way to fame as a wedding center by a funeral. For the first 20 years of its existence, the Church of the Transfiguration—Little Church's official designation—was a quiet, unpublicized house of worship just off Fifth Avenue on East Twenty-ninth Street, once known, aptly enough, as Lovers' Lane. Then, just before Christmas in 1870, an aging English actor named George Holland died in his Manhattan home. Holland's best friend, the popular American actor, Joe Jefferson, rushed to the fashionable Church of the Atonement on Madison Avenue to make funeral arrangements.

The minister shook his head. "We cannot bury an actor from this church," he stated firmly.

Jefferson stifled his anger and asked if the minister could recommend a church that would consider burying a lowly actor.

"Well," the clergyman replied, "there is a little church around the corner which does that sort of thing."

Dr. Ray talks to Roy Andersen and his fiancée, Elaine Chesley

At the Church of the Transfiguration, Jefferson explained his mission to Dr. George Hendric Houghton, the black-bearded founder and first rector. Hesitantly he added, "My friend was an actor."

Dr. Houghton looked surprised. "I only know," he said, "that your friend is dead and my services are asked."

After George Holland's funeral, word spread around the backstages of Manhattan theaters that the Little Church Around the Corner actually welcomed actors. Many of them went there to be married, and their fans began to follow suit.

Soon the Little Church was marrying as many couples in a month as it had in its first 20 years. One memorable early wedding involved Dr. Houghton's own cook, Christine, and the French chef of a fashionable restaurant next door. Their marriage climaxed an intense courtship during which the chef wooed his bride-to-be by slipping love notes under the clams he sent over for the rector's supper.

Sentimentalists to the core, actors everywhere soon made the Little Church headquarters for their spiritual needs. A list of parish members since 1870 reads like a Who's Who of the theater: John Drew, Maurice Barrymore, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Dame May Whitty, George Arliss, Otis Skinner, Dustin Farnum, Edwin Booth, Florence Reed, Richard Mansfield. More recently Little Church-goers have included Raymond Massey, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Vinton Freedley, Katharine Cornell, Peggy Wood, Jane Cowl, Bobby Clark and Walter Hampden.

As a result, Dr. Ray's is probably the only church in the world with stained-glass windows dedicated to actors and actresses. There are memorial windows for John Drew, Richard Mansfield, Edwin Booth, Mary Shaw and a particularly large one for Joe Jefferson.

The Jefferson window, based on the parable of the good Samaritan, shows Jefferson in the tattered clothes of Rip van Winkle—his most popular role—supporting George Holland wrapped in a shroud. They are struggling toward the Little Church's lich gate where the Saviour awaits them with outstretched arms. Underneath is the inscription: "God bless the Little Church Around the Corner." One of the insets, with scenes from the Rip van Winkle legend, created a mild furor when the window was unveiled in 1925. It shows Rip and Hendrick Hudson's men playing ninepins and drinking from huge steins!

Under Dr. Ray, the Episcopal Actors Guild was founded in 1923, with George Arliss as its first president. The Little Church still houses the headquarters of the guild, where theater people gather to discuss their problems, arrange workshop training for young performers and provide care for the needy and aged members of the profession.

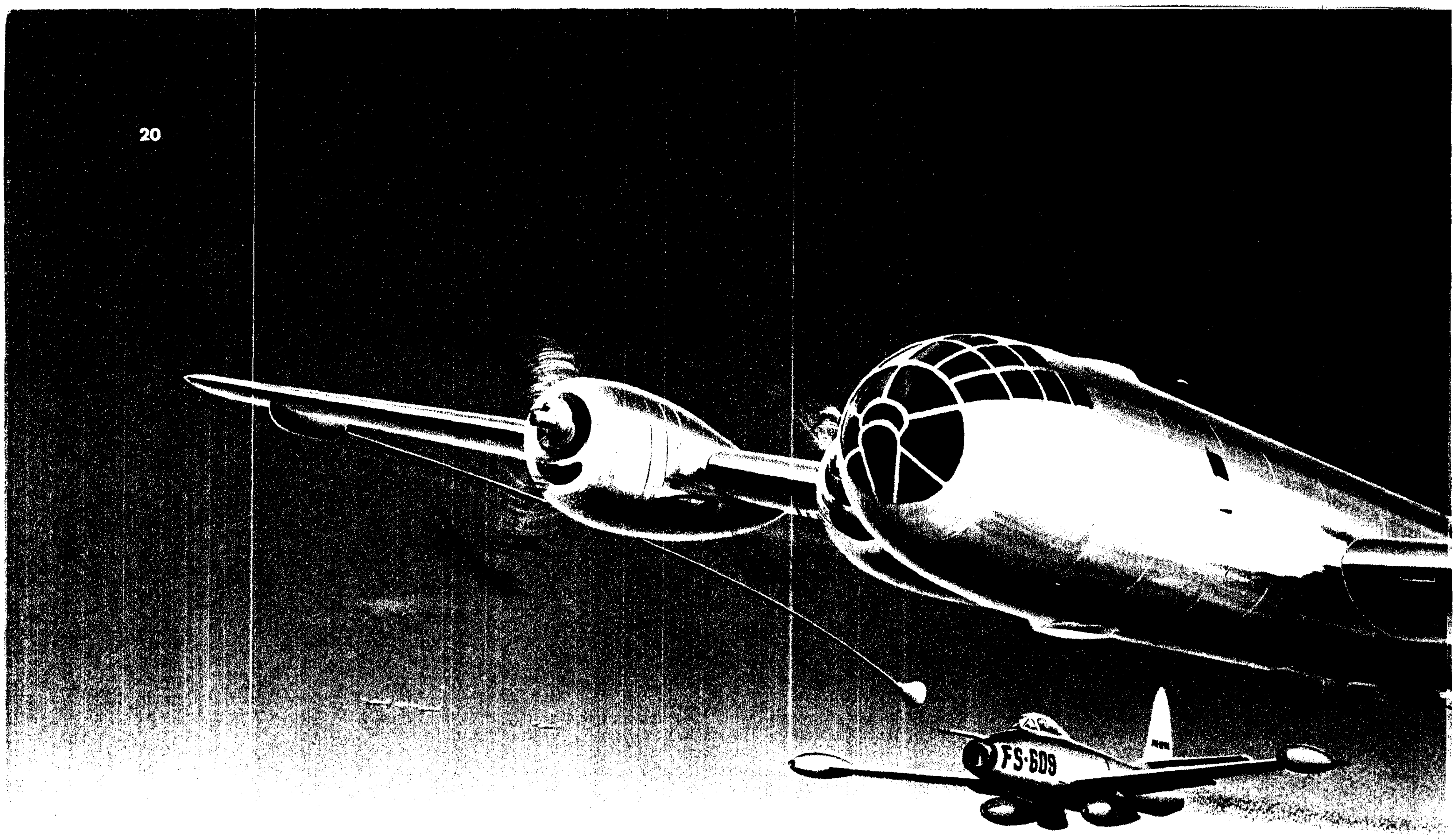
Early Signs of Dramatic Flair

Dr. Ray's interest in actors predates his rectorship of the Little Church. As far back as his boyhood on a Mississippi farm, he showed dramatic inclinations by cloaking himself in a long white apron and soliloquizing to an audience of chickens. Later, after successively abandoning plans to become a doctor and a lawyer, he turned temporarily to writing. He wrote thrillers for several pulp magazines and finally got a job as a reporter for the Brooklyn Eagle. In his spare time he yielded to the persistent acting bug in his blood by playing in amateur productions.

But even after he decided to enter the clergy, young Randolph Ray could not forget about acting. When he became rector of the Little Church in 1923, he was mindful of the professional actors among his parishioners. Determined to give his sermons and wedding services the proper dramatic force, he began taking lessons in diction from the veteran actor, Philip Ben Greet. This instruction may be responsible for the distinct British accent that flavors Dr. Ray's speech.

Even today, wedding ceremonies in the Little Church are as carefully staged as a Broadway production. But, as in all theatrical performances, the players sometimes miss their cues. Last June, Ottalie Kruger—daughter of *(Continued on page 68)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM WEBER



AERIAL TASK FORCE

THE squadron leader was in the ready room when the pilots came in from gunnery practice. There had been shifting winds at 30,000 feet and they were still fighting the pressure of the jet controls.

"Hi, Pappy," said Smitty, "what gives in the upper brackets?"

"They going to convert us into B-36 pilots?" asked Keefer.

"Them truck drivers," muttered Kaplan.

Pappy's name came from experience and his job, not from his age of thirty-one. He had just returned from two days at Air Force Headquarters in the Pentagon at Washington and he stood now before the blackboard which covered half of the wall. With a piece of chalk he scratched a big letter "A."

"A," said Smitty. "A for Able. For what else?"

"A for Aerial Task Force Able," said Pappy quietly.

"Aerial Task Force Able," repeated Smith. "I read you loud and clear, Pappy, but it don't make sense. What's an aerial task force?"

"Get off the gauges, Pappy," advised Kaplan. "You're in the clear at twenty thousand. What's Aerial Task Force Able?"

"The Aerial Task Force," said Pappy, still quietly, "is something the boys are talking about; something you'll hear a lot more about. It's a jet fighter outfit—with tankers attached for mid-air refueling. Enough tankers to send jets across an ocean or keep them up in the air as long as they need to be."

Half the squadron had been on a mission ferrying jets to Germany the year before, battling weather and winds and the short fuel capacity of the F-80 Shooting Star from Maine to Newfoundland, to Greenland, to Iceland, England and the Continent. The squadron had longer-range jets now and they knew that refueling jet fighters in mid-air was, of course, an accepted fact, successfully tried and proven. But . . .

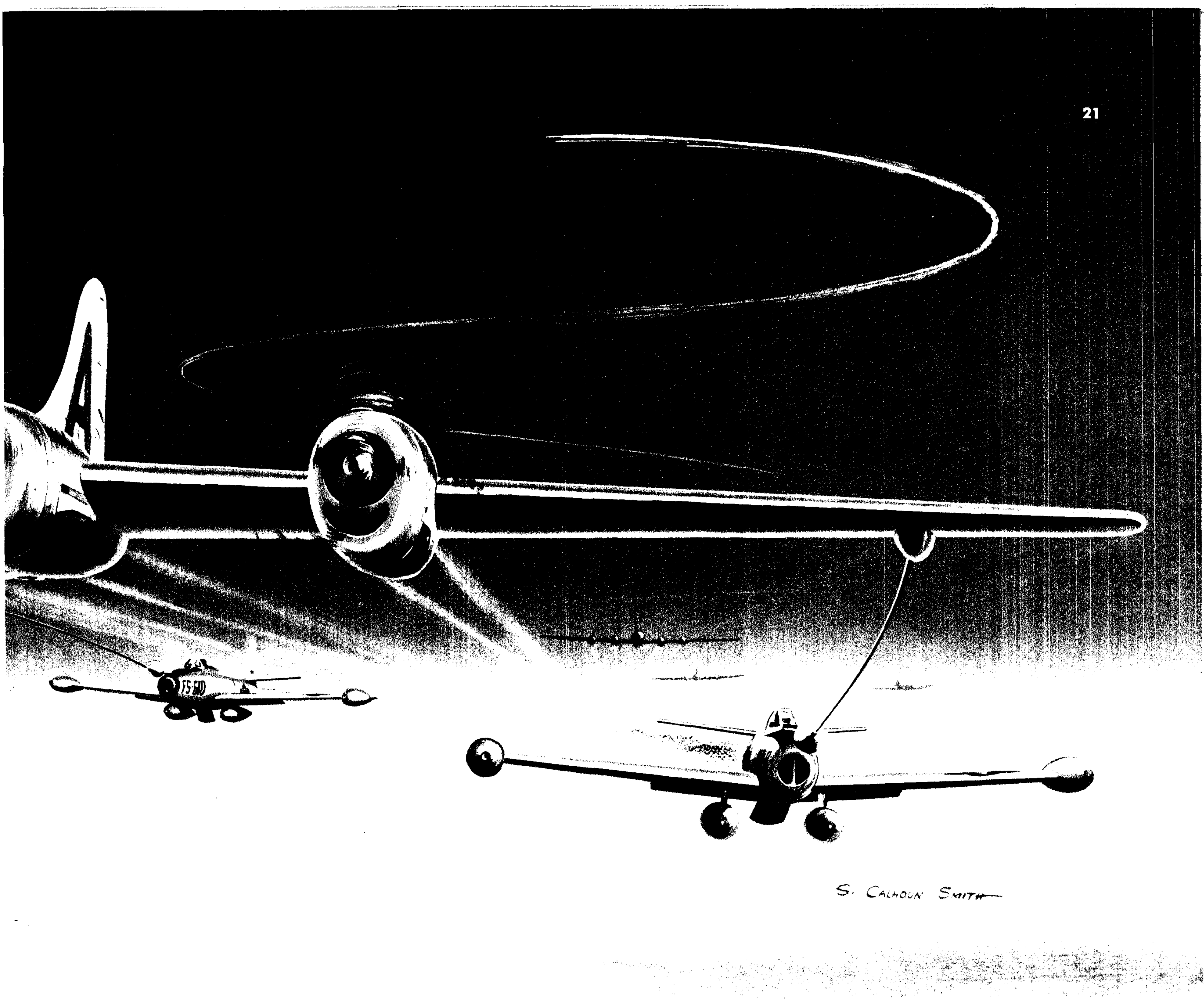
"Look," said Pappy, "an aerial task force is like any other task force. It is an assigned complement of men and weapons designed to accomplish a given task."

"Such as?" asked Keefer.

"Such as," said Pappy, "such as— Okay, I'll give it to you. It could be anywhere—Alaska, the Far East or Europe. Since most of us know the European theater best, we'll set the scene there.

"Suppose the old gent across the way decides to move. He's no piker. He cuts loose with half a million fighting men on the ground—12 armored divisions backed up by 36 infantry divisions, split three ways and all three columns driving toward the western coast of Europe.

"Our ground troops fight as long as they can and



High above the clouds over the ocean, a tanker plane pumps fuel to three jet fighters at a time

ABLE

If war comes, jet fighters from the U.S., refueling above the sea, will strike fast

By MICHAEL CLARKE

then back up to the places designated under the North Atlantic Treaty plans and wait for reinforcements. Our jet boys over around Munich have been nervous for weeks, with one alert after another.

"They get in the air—about two minutes before the opposition arrives. At first it's only two to one but before long it's 10. With fuel running low they streak for bases behind the lines—what's left of them."

"Where are the bombers?" asks Smitty.

"Yeah," says Kaplan, "where are those guys?"

"I think we could assume," said Pappy, "that by this time both B-29s from England and B-36s from this country are on the way. All carrying eggs. They might put a sudden stop to all this foolishness. A lot of people think they will—a lot of smart people.

"But that isn't our immediate business in this little dream problem. We got half a million men swarming toward us. Back of them are another half million in logistic support. Our guys on the ground and in the air get some local help—but they need more. A lot more.

"It could come from anywhere it was available, but since this is our problem we'll say it has to come from Uncle Sam. And that brings up Aerial Task Force Able. Maybe many of them."

"It's gettin' clearer," said Smitty, "but maybe you better diagram it."

"Put it on the board," said Keefer.

"Okay," said Pappy. "We'll make us Aerial Task Force Able, located on a United States Air Force base in the Great Lakes area. We are 'A.'

"We've got a group of the best jets now in production—75 of them, plus spares.

"We've got enough tankers to do the job. They are converted B-29s and they can refuel us three at a time and fast—pressure-pumped fuel. We get the Red alert and right behind it comes the query 'How soon can you get off?' We're all right for the fighters, but we're shy one tanker. So we get on the horn to B Base and ask for three—the one we're short and two spares. B Base says we can have them.

"Six hours from the alert the tankers are off. Six more hours and they are in Newfoundland, joined by the three from B Base. Six hours more and they are refueled and in the air—headed for point X, somewhere over the Atlantic."

"Eighteen hours," said Kaplan.

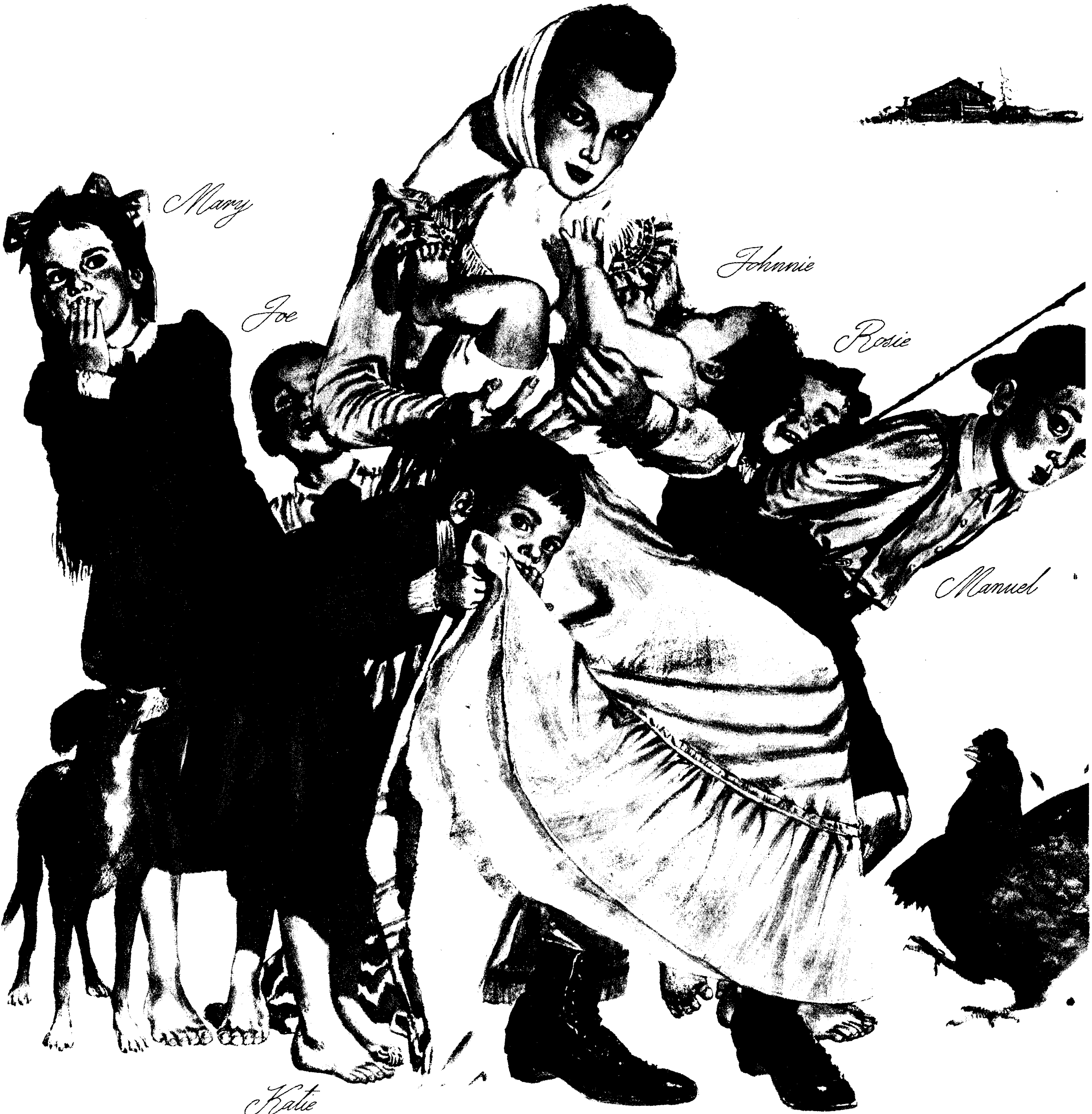
"We hold the jets," continued Pappy, "for about 14 hours. We've got lots to do—including sleep. We won't be on the ground for some time. Then we take off, headed for a rendezvous with the tankers at point X, somewhere over the Atlantic.

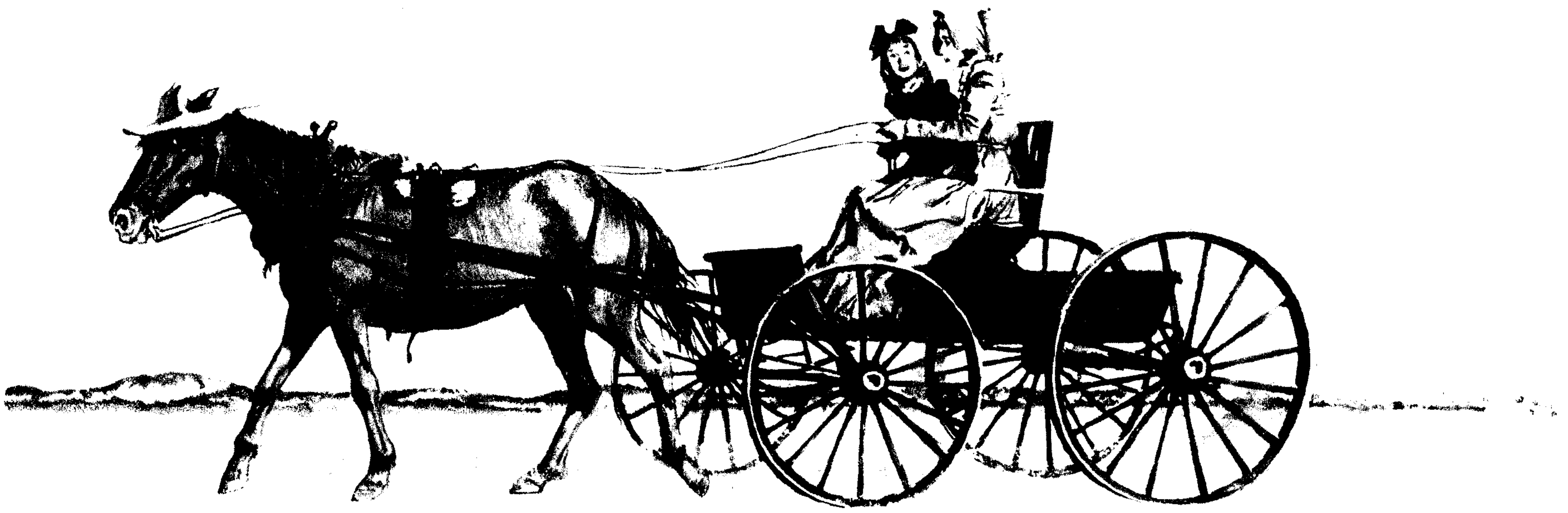
"We make the rendezvous

(*Continued on page* 47)

ILLUSTRATED BY S. CALHOUN SMITH

The Silvas were poor as dirt and proud as peacocks. It made Callie Grant mad that they didn't seem to have enough sense to be unhappy


Mary
Joe
Johnnie
Rosie
Manuel
Katie



Callie and the Starving Silvas

By EDNA H. STRACHAN

FOR years after the Silva affair, Callie Grant would still look hurt at any mention of it. "I never could understand that woman's attitude," she would say. If the contents of those three packages had been bombs it couldn't have been more of a shock to her generous nature.

It was in the spring of 1910 that Joe Silva moved his family onto the forty acres joining Fred and Callie Grant's ranch to the south. This made them the Grants' nearest neighbors and both Callie and twelve-year-old Edie were bursting with questions when Fred announced the news at the supper table.

Callie said, "Of course there's a mess of little children, Fred?"

"I counted six," Fred said. "That seems to be all—so far." He gave Callie a significant look over Edie's head.

"Is there going to be a new baby?" Edie asked quickly.

"Never mind," Callie said. "That's something we don't discuss. Land, Fred, I don't see how eight people are going to crowd into that little shack."

"That isn't the worst of it," Fred said. "I don't see what they're going to eat. No kitchen garden planted and Silva's getting such a late start with his beans his crop won't amount to shucks. I think he's farming on a shoestring—poor devil."

Callie's pleasant face clouded with concern. "And all those little children to feed—how dreadful! Is Mrs. Silva a young thing?"

"Not much more than a girl," Fred said, "and kinda pretty in a Portygee way. I'd say she wasn't long over from the old country, she speaks such broken English."

"Dear me," Callie said, "she needs help." She surveyed the array of food on the supper table—cold sliced pork, scalloped potatoes, three vegetables, cake and applesauce—and fetched a sigh that stirred the bouquet of pink stock in the middle of the table. "How would we feel, Fred, if we didn't have enough on this table to feed Edie? And they with six!"

"Now, Callie, hold onto yourself," Fred said.

"Are they very thin?" Edie quavered, her eyes big above her glass of milk.

"What have I started around here?" Fred said. "They didn't look like skim-milk calves to me."

"I know one thing we can do," Callie declared warmly. "Supply 'em with fresh vegetables. We've got more than a dozen families could use."

"Better go easy, Callie," Fred warned. "We don't know the Silvas yet. They might not like—"

"Pish!" She brushed the admonition aside. "I'd feel like a criminal—feeding vegetables to the pigs when little children were going hungry." She looked through the window at the neat pattern of the kitchen garden: the corn in tassel, the rich red rows of beets and the big green cabbages just starting to head. An expression of pleased anticipation replaced the concern on her face. She could just see the box of vegetables she would pack for the Silvas. . . .

For her first call on the new neighbors, Callie chose a day when Kit, the gray buggy mare, was not being used for some light farm duty. Actually, Kit was something of a lady of leisure at the time, for a colt was on the way and Fred warned her to "drive the old mare easy."

Callie confided to her daughter. "I think I'll add a few nice eggs and a pound of butter to that box of vegetables. Those foreigners don't go in much for canning and I know the children would enjoy some of my nice jam. Come out to the tank house with me, Edie."

The tank house was dark and cool and the shelves inside, filled with rows of Callie's canned stuff, resembled those of a well-stocked grocery store. Edie lighted the candle that was kept near the door and held it so that the flickering light fell on the glistening jars. Callie loved to stand and look at her fruit; the half-globes of yellow peaches, the cool ivory pears and the green pickles gave her the same feeling of satisfied security that a squirrel might have in looking over its store of winter nuts. The pickles were her special pride; she had every variety from little dark ones, crisp and saucy-sweet, to big plump ones draped with lacy dill and arranged in symmetrical rows like chorus girls. She passed these by and selected two quart jars of plum jam. "Last year's," she observed to Edie. "I'm glad to be rid of it."

After the noon dishes were washed Edie helped her hitch Kit to the light buggy. "Mama," she asked, "can I go barefoot to the Silvas?"

"No," Callie said firmly, "I'm not going to have your feet spread like a duck's."

"But, I'm sure the little Silvas will—"

"Don't argue. Remember? The last time an ant bit your toe."

The sandy little road to the Silva place ran through the Grants' cow pasture between low, dry hills that formed a canyon. The California sun lay yellow on the slopes and wood doves called from the clumps of live oak. Inquisitive ground squirrels perched on their mounds and watched Callie as she drove by, slapping Kit with the reins. From the canyon they emerged into open fields and only a gate and barbed-wire fence separated them from the little unpainted shack where the Silvas lived. Callie warmed with a glow of anticipation; she loved the Silvas for their poverty; it was seldom she had the chance to be such a good neighbor.

"Open the gate, Edie," she said. "We'll let Kit stand under that live oak near the house."

"Look, Mama—the Silvas!" Edie exclaimed as she clambered back into the buggy.

Five little barefooted figures had darted around the corner of the house, taken one quick look and then scampered back again.

"Shy," Callie said. "Now you carry the jam, Edie, and I'll manage the box."

AT THE back of the house they found Mrs. Silva awaiting them, a dark-eyed madonna, knee-deep in children. The five clustered close to her skirts like a covey of frightened quail; the sixth, a year-old boy, she held in her arms. Her smooth olive face, framed by a white kerchief, was full of still watchfulness and her big eyes questioned them above the child's curly head.

Callie eased her burden onto the bench near the kitchen door and extended a friendly, sunburned hand. "I'm Mrs. Grant," she said, "your neighbor on the other side of the canyon."

Mechanically, Mrs. Silva took the offered hand, but her panicky gaze was on the box of food.

Callie hastened to explain. "I brought you a few little things from my garden. I know you won't be able to grow much this year and we have more than we can use."

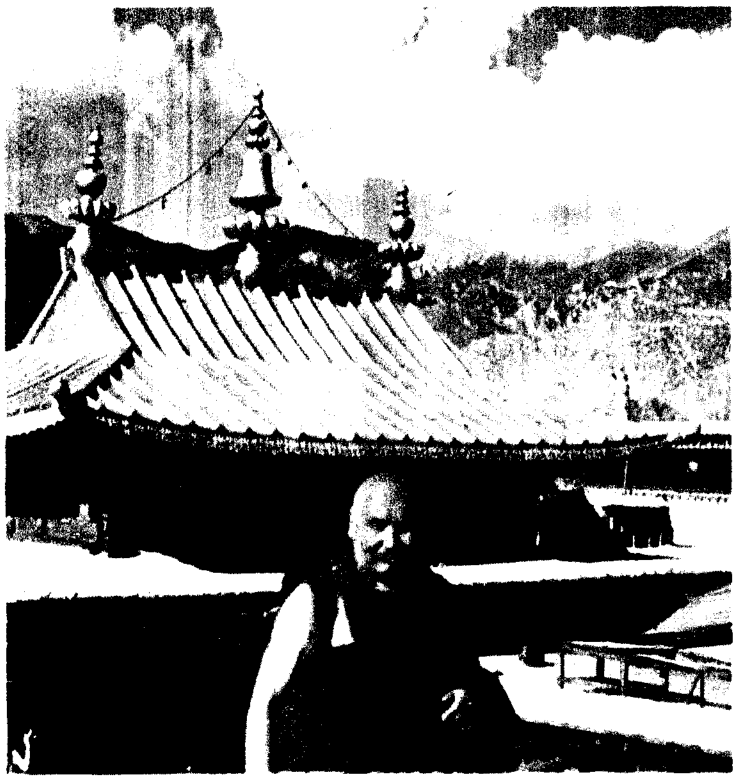
Mrs. Silva stood very straight and still and her eyes suddenly seemed to be as opaque as those of a statue. "No garden this year, no," she said, "but next year very fine garden.

(Continued on page 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BRUSSTAR

At Sera monastery, one of the three most important abbeys in Lhasa, the 7,700 monks there are served barley flour for their noon meal

DANGEROUS TRAIL HOMEWARD



One of the chief abbots of the Jokang, the large sacred cathedral in Lhasa, poses for Lowell, Jr.'s camera against the background of its golden roof

By LOWELL THOMAS *with LOWELL THOMAS, Jr.*

During their last days in Lhasa, capital city of Tibet, the Thomases visited some of the monasteries which play such an important part in the country's way of life. Then they started on the long, hard trek through the mountains back to India. Just five days later, their luck ran out

VI

ALMOST daily during our sojourn in Tibet we were reminded of the all-importance of the spiritual and the almost complete rejection of things temporal by the people of the plateau state. Throughout the country religion is the number one consideration. It is the strongest influence on the minds of the people.

This is so because the Tibetan believes that only through religion can he escape the continuous cycle of rebirth through reincarnation and attain the Buddhist heaven, Nirvana. What takes place, or how successful he is in this lifetime is of little consequence—so long as he is a good Buddhist.

And what does being a good Buddhist entail? While in Lhasa, the holy capital city of Tibet, we learned the answer to that question by visiting some of the monasteries high in the mountains rimming the town. The good Buddhist must believe implicitly in the three things making up the core of Buddhism—the Lord Buddha, the scriptures, and the lamas or priests. Beyond that, a follower of this esoteric religion must live a good and generous life, one of brotherly love, in order to be reincarnated at death to a higher level.

If a peasant adheres strictly to the teachings of Buddha in this life, he may be reborn a government official or an incarnate lama. A sinful life, on the other hand, will lead him down the ladder, to live again in the form of a beggar or, worse still, some sort of animal or insect.

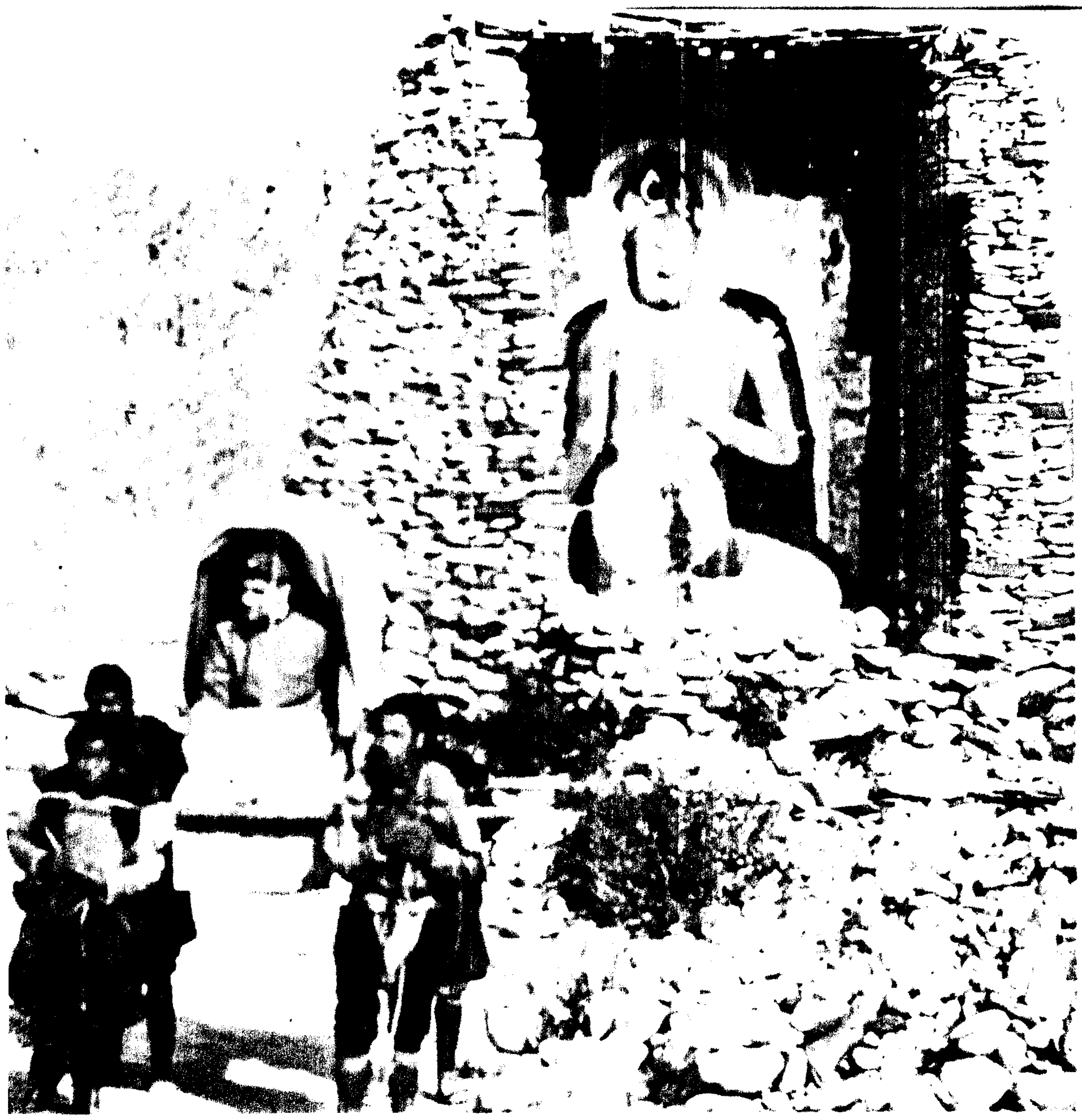
Tibetans are seldom without their 108-bead rosaries. These beads are such a part of their lives that they are used not only for praying, but also as abaci for counting and as costume decorations. Nirvana is uppermost in the minds of the Dalai Lama's subjects no matter what worldly pastime they are engaged in.

To help each of the 4,000,000 Tibetans reach Nirvana, hundreds of monasteries are scattered throughout the land—at least one for each town or village—with a total enrollment of about 200,000. In addition, there are a few thousand nuns, and roughly 1,000 incarnate (the highest) lamas.

These abbeys wield a tremendous influence in the government of the ancient theocracy on the top of the world. But of this large group, the most powerful are the three huge monasteries near Lhasa—Drepung, Sera and Ganden. Known as "the three pillars of state," they house more than 20,000 monks, nearly equal to the entire lay population of Lhasa itself.

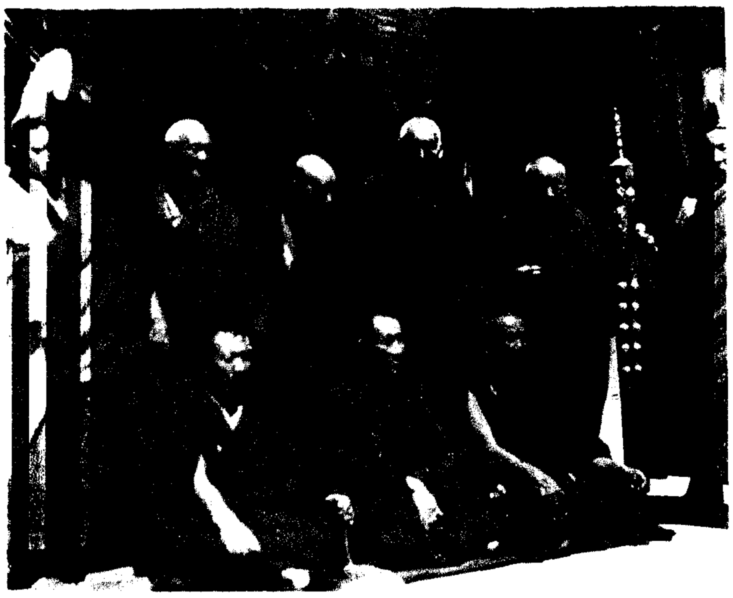
The prestige and authority of the big three are enormous. They and the other monasteries own vast amounts of land,

(Continued on page 38)



It took the Thomas caravan 16 days to cover the 200 miles from Gyangtse to Gangtok. Bearers carried the injured writer-adventurer in this sedan chair, shown passing one of the roadside shrines that dot Tibet

Inside a Lhasa monastery a monk spins one of the prayer wheels that relay supplications to Buddha

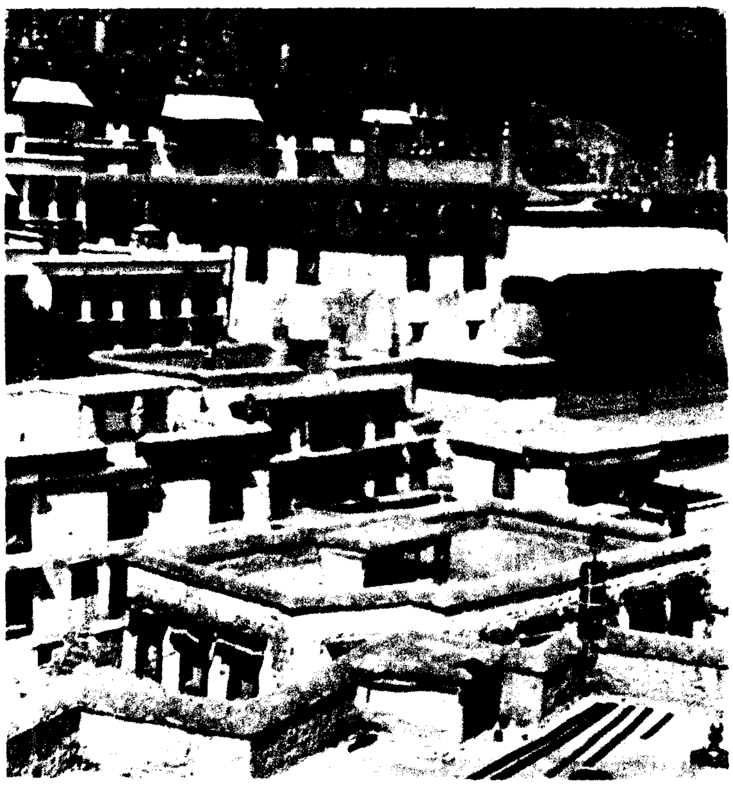


The abbots of Sera, flanked by their gold-hatted superiors, exert much influence in the government

Concluding OUT OF THIS WORLD : A JOURNEY TO LHASA

Drepung monastery is the world's biggest, houses 10,000 monks. This is one of the alleys between the buildings, built in tiers on a side of a hill

All Tibetan abbeys are filled with jewel-studded figures worth many thousands of dollars, similar to this one at the entrance of the Drepung temple



An unusual view showing the rooftops of the Sera monastery. Often in the past, Sera's monks have waged war with Lhasa's incumbent government

THE PRISONER

By A. J. CRONIN

Continuing the story of a man betrayed by his own passion

The Story: HARRINGTON BRANDE, the arrogant, unhappy Consul at the small Spanish port of San Jorge, found himself caught up in a bitter struggle for the love of his young son, NICHOLAS. They had come to San Jorge with high hopes. Nicholas, always a sickly child, seemed to be regaining his health. And the Consul, smarting from several frustrations—the loss of his wife, the stagnation of his career—found a kind of contentment in the pleasant surroundings. His assistant at the consulate, ALVIN BROTHERHOOD, was conscientious if annoyingly naïve. His butler, GARCIA, and his cook, MAGDALENA, gave excellent service. The Consul resumed work on his labor of love, a biography of the French philosopher Malebranche. He hired a gardener, JOSÉ SANTERO—and with José his troubles began anew. Nicholas showed an immediate affection for the gardener, and the Consul grew jealous and began to persecute and insult his son's new friend. He set him backbreaking tasks, and even forbade Nicholas and José to speak to each other. Nicholas and José began to write notes, careful to conceal them from Garcia, whom José distrusted. Nicholas, too, was afraid of Garcia, even though his father insisted Garcia was thoroughly reliable.

One day, the Consul was summoned to Madrid. Assuming he was to be promoted, he set off in an optimistic mood. Garcia was away, too; and José and Nicholas went fishing together, disobeying the Consul's order. When Nicholas got home that night, he found that Garcia had returned unexpectedly. He was wildly drunk, and violent, and Nicholas was terrified. The next night, José took Nicholas to his own home to sleep.

Meanwhile, the Consul had suffered a fresh humiliation in Madrid. He was not to be promoted after all. On his journey home, he wrote a long letter to his friend, PROFESSOR HALEVY, a Paris psychiatrist in whom he had a great faith, asking him to advance the date of his promised visit to San Jorge. He sent a telegram to Garcia, ordering him to meet his train.

III

FOR once the train was on time. At fifteen minutes to eight next morning Harrington Brande arrived at San Jorge and found Garcia awaiting him.

"You received my telegram," he remarked, handing Garcia his valise and stepping toward the car.

"Yes, señor. But why did you not permit me to fetch you from Barcelona? I could have driven through the night."

Despite the bleakness of his mood, the Consul experienced a faint glow at the man's solicitude—this Garcia was indeed exceptional. As the butler tucked the rug round his knees, he answered:

"You serve me well, Garcia."

They drove to the villa. With a sense of tender expectancy relieving his heavy oppression, Brande descended from the automobile. He had hoped that Nicholas might be on the patio to greet him. Hastening a little, he went into the hall and upstairs with Garcia, carrying the bag, behind him. First he went to his own room, removed his coat and washed his hands. Then, with great anticipation, he opened the communicating door to his son's apartment. But no sooner had he crossed the threshold than he drew up, perplexed. Where was Nicholas? Could the boy be hiding, playing a childish trick on him? No. The bed had not been slept in. The room was completely empty.

The Consul swung round. "Garcia! Garcia! Where is my son?"

The man gazed with impassive features at a spot two inches above his master's head. "Your son, señor?" Garcia replied. "I regret to tell you that—he is not here."

"What!"

"Yes, señor." The butler spoke softly, as though caressing the words which slid between his lips. "Yesterday afternoon, before Magdalena and I could intervene, he went away."

"Where did he go? And with whom?"

"I do not know precisely where he went, señor. To the town, I think." Garcia paused; then, in a tone that was almost inaudible, he added, "He went with José."

"José!"

"Yes, señor. They went laughing and talking arm in arm." Garcia paused, assumed a note of false assurance. "Oh, have no fear, señor. They will return this morning. It was only last night they spent together."

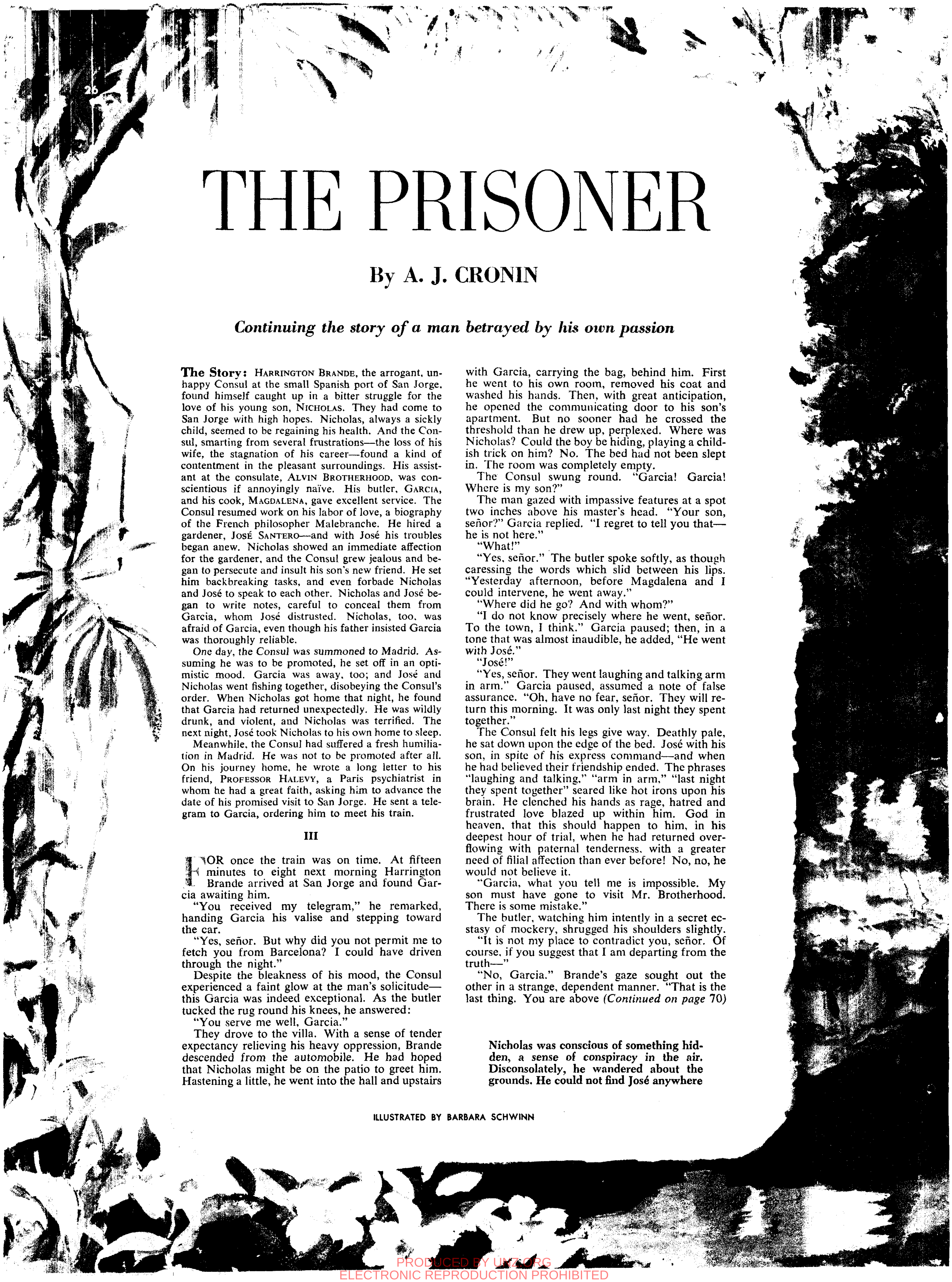
The Consul felt his legs give way. Deathly pale, he sat down upon the edge of the bed. José with his son, in spite of his express command—and when he had believed their friendship ended. The phrases "laughing and talking," "arm in arm," "last night they spent together" seared like hot irons upon his brain. He clenched his hands as rage, hatred and frustrated love blazed up within him. God in heaven, that this should happen to him, in his deepest hour of trial, when he had returned overflowing with paternal tenderness, with a greater need of filial affection than ever before! No, no, he would not believe it.

"Garcia, what you tell me is impossible. My son must have gone to visit Mr. Brotherhood. There is some mistake."

The butler, watching him intently in a secret ecstasy of mockery, shrugged his shoulders slightly.

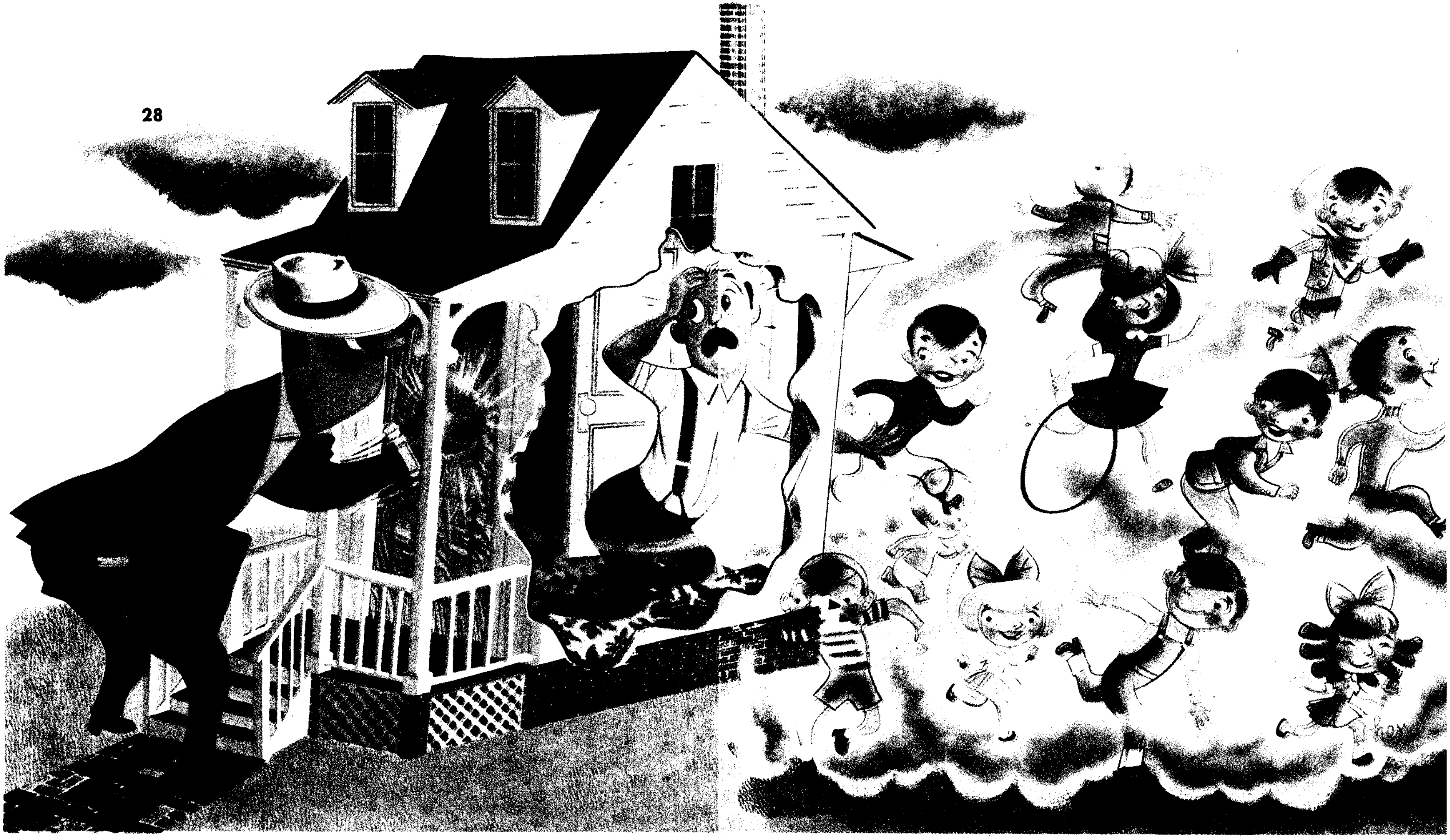
"It is not my place to contradict you, señor. Of course, if you suggest that I am departing from the truth—"

"No, Garcia." Brande's gaze sought out the other in a strange, dependent manner. "That is the last thing. You are above *(Continued on page 70)*



Nicholas was conscious of something hidden, a sense of conspiracy in the air. Disconsolately, he wandered about the grounds. He could not find José anywhere

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN



A taxpayer who claims a suspiciously large number of dependents may have to produce them for the collector to count

How LAX is Your Income

By EDWARD B. LOCKETT ● Chances are one in four it's incorrect—and chances are go

THE late Will Rogers once remarked that United States income tax laws created more liars than golf. Anyone inclined to question this shrewd appraisal of the genus American taxpayer can look at the figures and see that if Rogers wasn't dead right, at least nobody can prove he was wrong.

Barring a moral and intellectual miracle, U.S. tax collectors will find, when they begin checking some 53,000,000 income tax returns expected to be filed by midnight March 15th, that one out of every four is deliberately or unintentionally incorrect. To the Bureau of Internal Revenue, "incorrect" means any return with an error of $2 or more, or any return showing indications of fraud.

At least half a million taxpayers will forget to sign their names to their returns. Many others will send in last year's refund checks. Others will present Uncle Sam with all the difference between what they earned and $600, the lowest income on which a tax return must be filed. Still others will write in that they spent everything they made above $600 last year, hence owe no tax. Mistakes like these will be made even though the taxpayers involved will probably be using Form 1040-A, for incomes under $5,000 a year, a form so simple it does not even require the individual to do his own tax computing.

But this does not mean that those in the above-$5,000 income brackets will do any better. On the contrary, the mistakes will mount in volume and variety. Whatever the reasons—and the Bureau of Internal Revenue doesn't yet know them all—the rich make a great many more errors than the poor in their tax computations. "Odd, isn't it," a collector dryly observed. "You'd think, with good education and all . . ."

The bureau's certainty that these mistakes will be made, whatever the filer's income, is based on fact, not fancy. Last year the bureau began a special cross-section audit and investigation of 160,000 returns picked at random from selected income groups. This special audit is entirely separate from the check made annually of about 3,000,000 returns to determine the approximate accuracy and honesty of the American taxpayer.

The new checkup, known as the Audit Control Program, will run the gamut of incomes from highest to lowest. Because the random technique will be applied to all varieties of professional and occupational groups, as well as to all income levels, anyone at all may see a Revenue Bureau man at his door this year.

The audit-control project was created after a study had indicated that income tax compliance is lax, and getting laxer. Obviously, it is impossible for the bureau to investigate and audit every return filed. If all U.S. income tax returns in a single year were laid end to end and a truck driven over them it would make everybody happy except the government and the truck driver, but the truck would have to travel 45,000 miles. So the sampling system was set up, and it will be continued each year until the Revenue Bureau finds out where the noncompliance trouble lies.

Ultimately, Audit Control is expected to tell BIR all sorts of important things about the pattern, volume and type of taxpayers' mistakes, deliberate or otherwise. It will also show up common government mistakes in tax collecting. The bureau frankly admits that not all of its 57,000 employees are errorproof or invulnerable to fraud. Dishonesty is very rare among bureau employees, but more than one deputy tax collector has gone to jail.

Already, the special audit has revealed, on the basis of an as yet incomplete analysis of 1948 returns, that of all 53,000,000 returns, about 14,000,000, or 26.1 per cent, were incorrect; that of the 19,000,000 simplified 1040-A returns, more than 2,000,000, or 11.6 per cent, were wrong; that there were mistakes in 32.1 per cent or 9,600,000 of the 30,000,000 regular 1040 returns for incomes up to $7,000, and that there were 1,800,000 incorrect returns, or 62.5 per cent, among the 3,000,000 forms for incomes of $7,000 and up.

Statistics like these show the need for a permanent drive for better income tax law compliance. Last year the BIR asked Congress for an additional 7,000 men to do the audit-control job, but got only 4,000. These new revenuers brought so-called "front-line" enforcement personnel up to about 34,000, more than 25,000 of them in the field.

This total looks high, but to the bureau the yardstick is the amount of tax money collected, compared with the cost of collecting it. Right now, better than $20 is collected for every dollar spent in recovery of income taxes either unintentionally or deliberately undeclared.

This means that Mr. Average Taxpayer, who has perhaps become a little careless about income tax matters since war and postwar rates skyrocketed, will now do well to exercise the greatest care

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

in making out his income tax. This applies especially to low-income earners. Of the 160,000 random returns selected for audit-control checking, more than 100,000 will represent incomes under $7,000 a year.

The wise taxpayer will guard against a natural tendency to forget small amounts of interest. He will remember accumulating insurance dividends, which are taxable as income, now or later. He will stop to think that interest on government E Bonds also represents income.

Farmers will note that government payments on farm crops constitute income. So do groceries for the home table, if the taxpayer runs a store and meals at home come off the store shelves.

Huge Revenue from Small Incomes

Time was when nearly three fourths of all revenue from income taxes came from those earning $25,000 a year and more. Not now. With today's increased rates and smaller exemptions, 93 per cent of the 50,000,000-odd tax returns come from workers receiving less than $5,000 a year. Accounting for about half the estimated $19,000,000,000 individual income tax yield, the low-income group is now big game for the tax collector.

Most mistakes on tax returns are altogether unintentional and mathematical. In other cases taxpayers honestly misunderstand tax form language, like the woman who thought "surtax" applied only to men, or the man who sent in $10.40 for taxes because the figure 1040 printed in the upper right-hand corner of the tax blank was "the only thing I could understand."

Another big slice of errors falls into the "maybe-this-will-get-by" category. One man deducted depreciation on his wife. When the collector disallowed it, he complained: "I don't know why. She's about worn out, and can't even get breakfast any more."

TAX?

he mistake will be caught

Large numbers of taxpayers are baffled by exemption regulations. A year or so ago one collector had a terrible time convincing the proud father of a boy born in February that the infant represented no proper exemption for "last year's business."

False claims for dependents quickly collapse when a Treasury agent rings a doorbell and orders the man of the house to trot out those eleven children he claimed as dependents, and the extra aunts and uncles he claimed, as well.

Every year, some people claim dependency for dogs, cats, goats and all kinds of pets, and claimants are occasionally stubborn. The tax collector questioned the kinship of a dependent claimed by a woman in the deep South. "Of course Bill's no relation," she retorted in high dudgeon. "Bill's a mule." But, she went on, Bill had served faithfully and was now pastured comfortably for his declining years, as he well deserved. Moreover, she reinforced her argument, Bill had been "exempted" for several years, and nobody had ever complained before.

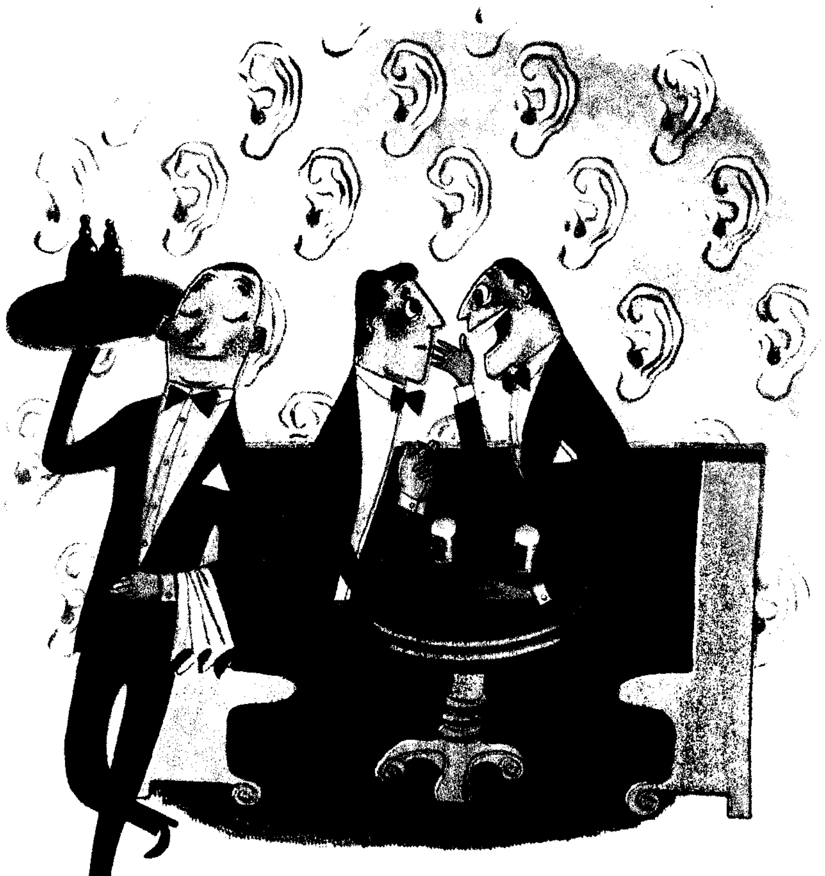
When a bachelor in a small community filed a return claiming one dependent, a child, he was politely advised by the collector that a "stenographic mistake" must have been made. To this the bachelor replied succinctly: "You're telling me!"

A few people get so irked over income taxes that they can't resist the temptation to take it out on the Revenue Bureau. One taxpayer last year pasted a lock of hair to his tax return and wrote beneath it: "You have scalped me." From an angry Irishman came this one: "I think it's a damn' shame we have to pay all this money by March 15th. It's nothing but British propaganda to spoil our St. Patrick's Day celebration."

Taxpayers who misunderstand regulations or make honest mistakes seldom suffer severe penalties if they admit error and pay up. The man who tries to deduct expenses for a Florida trip on doctor's orders to take a rest is usually let off with a warning. Last year a lusty citizen who claimed $500 medical expenses for whisky because, he said, he couldn't work without it, got the same amiable treatment.

Usually, penalties in these cases consist of payment of delinquent taxes and interest. But in the case of chiselers who set out deliberately to bilk the government the BIR gets tough. Even if no jail sentence is recommended, at the very least a willful evader must pay the delinquent tax, interest for every day of tardiness—plus a fine of 50 per cent of the total delinquency.

The cheaters would be amazed to know how fast the seasoned revenue agent usually spots fraud. Most tax dodger tricks are old and worn. Tax law violations are of three kinds, generally: falsifying income, padding expenditures and deducting for false or illegal exemptions.



Someone overheard a tax cheat boasting; his fine, $10,000

Almost every attempted income tax fraud is founded on two basic and false assumptions:

That the chiseler's return, mathematically correct on its face, will escape other than routine scrutiny because of the sheer burden of handling 50,000,000-odd returns.

That the government has no time or way to check claims for dependency exemptions, and cannot discern invisible income acquired from "deals" made in cash.

Two other equally false assumptions are the beliefs that tax collectors watch only high-income brackets for fraud, and that high standing in a community protects a taxpayer's return from suspicion.

Revenue Bureau files bulge with cases proving tax evaders' favorite dodges transparent as glass. Thwarting a taxpayer who pleaded ignorance of law in an evasion case, agents last year went back to the defendant's childhood school record to prove that he was "far above the average" intellectually and could not properly plead ignorance. They won the case.

The tale of "buried treasure discovered in a cave," as a cover-up for sudden wealth, is another chestnut. Yet it was tried last year in Florida. As usual, the taleteller didn't get away with it.

A millionaire rancher in California tried the whiskered artifice of assigning income to relatives in order to avoid high tax brackets. He paid a $20,000 fine to learn the hard way.

A circuit judge with 20 years' service on the bench tried to chisel on income taxes not so long ago. He paid less than $3 on a reported income of $550. The income figure should have been $9,435, and the tax $2,376. The T-men got him.

Dumb moves by offenders, plain Revenue Bureau diligence, luck, and informers all help to bring the tax bad boys to book. One tax trickster who loudly told an acquaintance that he could "take care of business so the government doesn't get all the profits" was overheard by a chance listener who reported to the tax collector. The gabby tax dodger was fined $10,000. Another not-so-bright violator attempted to bribe a revenue agent. The jury was out less than three minutes in deciding he was guilty.

In one recent case, evasion was discovered after a Treasury man cashing his pay check saw the culprit depositing a sheaf of thousand-dollar bills in the same bank, and checked the depositor's income tax returns.

Probably the BIR's most prolific source of tax-evasion information is the informer. Some pass along tips to get the government reward, which was once 10 per cent of recovered tax, but now may be whatever the BIR determines. The bureau paid out nearly half a million dollars in reward to 94 informants last year in amounts ranging from $25.86 to $47,072. An accountant got the $47,072 plum for information resulting in recovery of $1,500,000 from a manufacturing firm which had failed to report certain sales and kept the cash proceeds in a little black box.

A Secretary's Revenge

But monetary reward is often only an incidental motive for informers. Many tips come from disgruntled and jealous erstwhile intimates of those who would hide their wealth from the tax man. A tax violator already caught, for example, is nearly always ready to peach on his pals not yet caught. Discharged employees often tell the government if they have knowledge of tax evasion by their employer. Disgruntled heirs occasionally catch a tax evader even after he is in his grave. Unrequited love brings information to the Revenue Bureau. A big tax delinquency was discovered not long ago when a disappointed secretary who had "waited out" four of her employer's wives got mad and told tales after the boss died and failed to mention her in his will.

While the new tax drive will be vigorous, the BIR asserts that no vast spy system is in the making. The bureau has on the whole a high regard for the accuracy and honesty of the American taxpayer. Undaunted by the one-in-four ratio of incorrect returns, Revenue Commissioner George Schoeneman chooses to look at the good side. He points out that 75 per cent of U.S. taxpayers give the government an honest count, and that the overwhelming majority of all errors constitute honest mistakes. "Show me anything like that in a country without a democratic form of government," Schoeneman says. "We will have our troubles stopping the leaks. But with so many taxpayers on the accurate side of the ledger, the job is not impossible."

The government means business in its new tax collection program. It wants no overpayments, but it does want all the tax revenue due. The Bureau of Internal Revenue is now girding itself to see that this is what the government gets. With the wind blowing in this fashion, 1950 is a good year for the taxpayer to have a care. THE END

[illegible]

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BIRTHRIGHT

[illegible]

N THE third morning, Clifford Bowers and the man with a million dollars rode to Lookout Rock. This view of the valley, with the green ranch land stretching for miles, was a necessity of Clifford's life, like eating, and he often rode out of his way for it. But Harlan Webb merely glanced at the ring of mountains, said the appropriate thing about beautiful scenery, and asked questions about boundaries, drift fences, and water rights.

Afterward Webb stopped to try for the big trout in Cache Lake. The trail home was plain, Clifford assured him, and Webb answered, smiling, that he'd try not to get lost. He was a big, quiet, competent man, and Clifford should have liked him, but couldn't.

Clifford guided his horse through the narrow, lush meadows of Cache Creek, past his own fence to the ramshackle house in which his neighbors, the Carrs, lived. Thin Mrs. Carr informed him her husband had gone to town, parenthetically scolding the six children who tumbled over one another between quarrel and play, like cub bears.

Clifford told her about Harlan Webb and his blond companion, and asked if Carr would do the ranch chores while he took them hunting in the Pocket; Webb was eager to kill one of the big bucks.

Mrs. Carr sighed. "You really going to sell? A person can always get along, Clifford."

"Just getting along isn't enough," he said.

"If your daddy was alive, it'd hurt him to see the place go. What kind of people are they?"

"Webb's a good man. Maybe he pushes his money at you a little, but not much. He'll make it a fine ranch—do what I'd like to do."

"This woman? She's his relation?"

"She's marrying him. I haven't figured her out yet. She looks like a gilded lily, but Webb's a man who'd want more than a doll." Clifford chose his next words carefully. "You won't find her very neighborly. They won't live here the year round, and she seems a little—well, standoffish."

"Stuck-up," sniffed Mrs. Carr. "What do people like that want in the mountains? There'll be arguments over water and fences, likely, and all different from what it was. I hate to see it."

"It'll work out. Then I'll count on Carr coming over to do the chores the day before hunting season? So long, kids."

Clifford rode on, thinking of Carr. The stringy mountaineer's reaction to Webb's fiancée, Virginia Hale, would be a long, silent inspection, then a scornful squirt of tobacco juice. Carr and Webb would get along, but Carr's world and the girl's had no common ground.

She was in the corral when Clifford rode past the log ranch house, and he frowningly watched her trying to corner a skittish sorrel gelding. The loop settled around its neck and the rope-wise animal stood motionless, trembling.

The girl breathed rapidly, but as usual her expression was one of polite boredom. She was out of place here, though dressed for it, or dressed as fashion magazines believed she should be. Yet it wasn't a matter of clothes, he told himself—she'd have that expensive look in a sack. A small, jewel-like blonde, she belonged in an artificial setting.

Seeing Clifford as he dismounted, she called, "Hello! I couldn't find a lariat, and this rope is limp as string."

Annoyance put sarcasm into his voice. "You're a roper? Now what will you do with him?"

"Ride him. Isn't that what they're for? The mare you gave me to ride falls asleep while she's walking."

"That sorrel's not gentle. Suppose you're hurt? There goes my chance to sell."

"On the other hand, as prospective buyers, shouldn't you humor us?" Behind the smooth mask of her face, she was laughing at him. "Or are you trying to discourage us?"

Turning away, he growled, "Go ahead and break your neck. I don't care."

"I was sure you wouldn't," she said coolly.

From the house he watched her ride around the small lake into the nearest timber. The sorrel's brief bucking did not bother her, and Clifford admitted to himself that she rode well. For a blond doll, he added irritably.

When Harlan Webb returned, Clifford complained to him. The big browns in the lake hadn't been rising, but Webb had seen them cruising in the shallows. He wanted to talk about the fish, but Clifford went on stubbornly.

"At least she shouldn't ride by herself. Suppose she was hurt, and twenty miles to a doctor?"

Webb put a friendly hand on his arm. "Stop worrying, Bowers. Ginny was born on a ranch, and has been riding ever since. Probably rides better than you do."

"That could be, but still—"

"Forget it," Webb said, with a trace of impatience. "She'll do as she pleases, anyhow. And in her own way, she's tougher than either of us."

"I'll bet she is," Clifford agreed, without kindness.

THE girl returned while Clifford was cooking supper, and sauntered into the kitchen. He could not afford a hired hand, much less a cook, so the meals were simple: steak, potatoes, eggs, bread, canned fruit.

For a while the girl looked on in silence, leaning languidly against the wall, hands in pockets. Clifford was awkward with the paring knife, and she wordlessly offered to take it, but he told her brusquely, "Never mind."

She studied him frankly, but with the detached air of a dentist examining one more tooth. He was a big man made lean by hard work, and burned dark by sun and wind. At close quarters she saw that he was younger by years than she had first guessed.

"Harlan says you worried about me. Don't. I seldom take risks." Clifford merely grunted, and she asked casually, "You don't like us, do you?"

Her directness startled him. "Hadn't thought about it."

"You should. Why are you selling this place?"

He almost told her. While Clifford was in the Navy, his father had died. The stock had been sold, the buildings and fences left untended. Starting again from scratch, Clifford worked from dawn till dark, and did a little better than break even. In a dozen years, he might have the sort of ranch he dreamed of, but a couple of bad winters, disease, or a breaking market could at any time knock him back to the starting point. The smart thing was to sell, buy a smaller place already stocked and operating. Nothing held him here but sentiment, and that was balanced by a feeling he could not name, a sense of losing touch with the world, like a man slowly dying. Not loneliness—he could not be lonely here, and had never needed people around him. His reply to her question was short and meaningless: "Just decided to get out."

"But you love the place. It shows in your talk. And if you want it so badly—"

He broke in curtly. "Not what you want, but what you can get. A man can kill himself jumping at the moon, and never get very far off the ground."

"So what should he do? Sit down? Not my kind of man."

"Your kind would buy an airplane," he said rudely, and had the satisfaction of seeing the jewel-like mask twitch.

"This place can pay its way," she said.

"It could do more than that. If I had a working partner with a few thousand—" Clifford broke off, frowning at her. "He's buying the place for you? You?"

"What's wrong with me?"

Before Clifford could find an answer, Harlan Webb came into the kitchen, sniffing. "Hah! I could eat a wolf. About ready, Bowers?"

AFTER supper, on the wide porch, Virginia Hale sat hugging her shoulders, and Webb asked businesslike questions and juggled figures in his head. The sun slid behind a mountain.

Webb said, "Someday we'll live up here, but now I'll need a manager for the place. Interested?"

"No."

"I'll pay well, and you'll have enough help."

"I won't stay here."

"I thought you liked the place."

Virginia said, "Of course he does. That's it."

"What? Oh. Then perhaps you know a man who—" Webb broke off, listening. Far down the valley echoed another shot. "What was that? A signal?"

"Old man Ellis, probably," Clifford said. "Two shots—he's slipping. He's an ex-trapper, with a cabin south of Carr. Squatting, really. Over eighty, and claims venison is what keeps him spry."

"Sounds like quite a character. What was he shooting at?"

"He thinks it's time wasted to tramp the woods for deer, when all you have to do is watch a salt log."

Webb was shocked. "Deer season isn't open yet, and it's dark, and—the whole thing is illegal!"

"For you or me it would be."

"For anyone! I suppose he shoots doe, too?"

Webb was truly indignant, and Clifford tried to justify the old man. "Ellis kills four or five deer a year, and doesn't even waste the hoofs. He traps dozens of coyotes and bobcats every winter, and saves a hundred or so fawns, so he's earned a little extra venison. He's a special case."

Webb stood up, a big shadow in the dusk. "The game laws are for all, to conserve the—"

"*He* hasn't any money," Clifford said sharply. "The old boy has to live."

"I'd put a stop to it. Not that I'd let him go hungry."

Virginia murmured, "Perhaps he doesn't want that sort of help. Some old men are proud."

"The fact remains—"

"Oh, Harlan! It's none of your business."

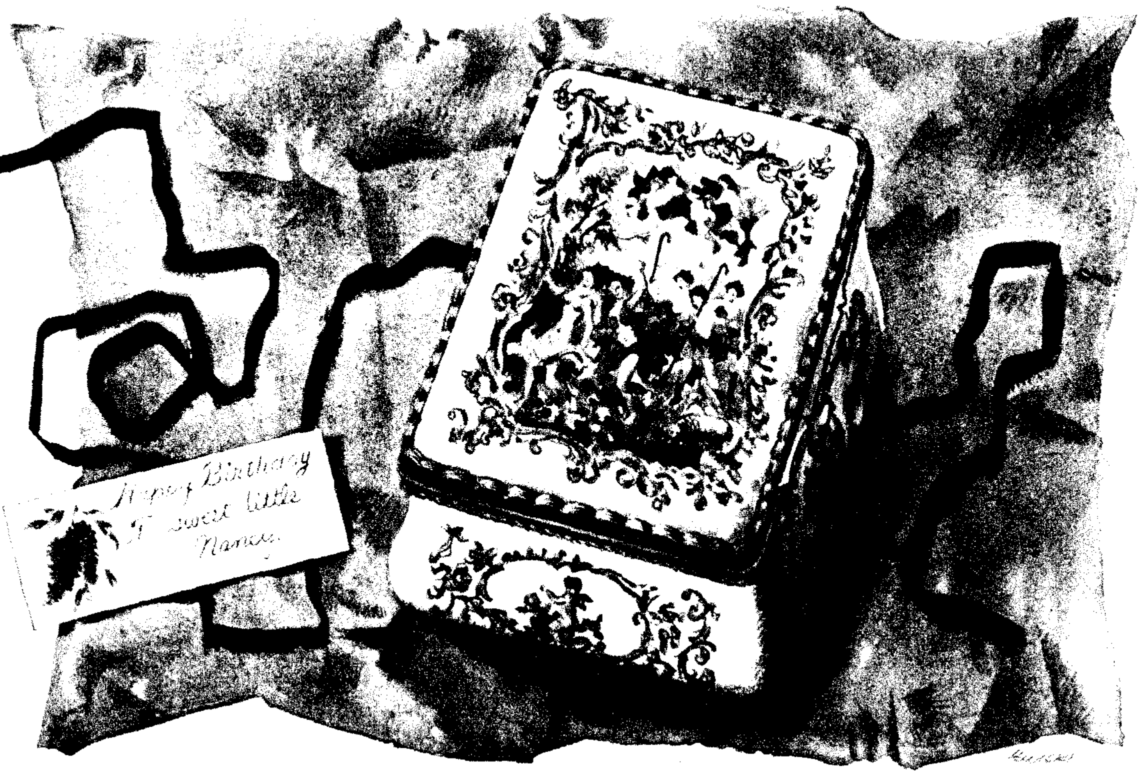
"It will be my business," he insisted.

Clifford rose to his feet. *(Continued on page 55)*

Virginia's face was unruffled. "You are being stupid," she said. He controlled an impulse to shake the superior manner

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Suitable Present



By RACHEL THORNTON

Collier's SHORT SHORT

WITH endearments, mementos and souvenirs, by celebrating anniversaries and remembering birthdays, old Mrs. Lane endeavored to create an island of sentiment, of feeling, in the great sea of selfishness and thoughtlessness that seemed to her to make up the modern world. Her children were Sonny and Sister and Brother; they were dears, darlings, loves; they and her daughter-in-law, John's wife, were Mrs. Lane's pets, her chickens, her babies. And, to a milder degree, the tentacles of Mrs. Lane's all-embracing heart reached out to everyone with whom she came in contact.

"A tip is so cold, so impersonal," Mrs. Lane would explain gustily, "but I do enjoy giving people something really suitable to them. This Easter card is just the thing for that nice delivery boy from the drugstore." Mrs. Lane scattered cards of congratulation and condolence, of rejoicing and sympathy with a lavish, prodigal hand—the only thing she never disbursed was money.

For Mrs. Lane was, in the old-fashioned phrase, close, very close indeed, taking a positively creative pleasure in all sorts of small economies involving hoarded string and smoothed-out wrapping paper and slivers of soap pressed together into a varicolored but ultimately usable piece. Beyond her rather large fixed expenses—to which she had never become wholly resigned—parting with money, real money, caused her such acute anguish that she had become expert not only in avoiding such anguish but even in serenely avoiding the painful knowledge of other people's financial problems.

So when sweet little Nancy, John's, Baby Brother's wife, got a job selling in an antique shop, Mrs. Lane was simply delighted that the dear child had found some occupation, stubbornly overlooking the obvious fact that women struggling with three small children and the occasional services of an incompetent and underpaid maid are not usually searching for something to do.

"Isn't Mother wonderful?" John said, pressing the starter, kicking at the clutch of the elderly sedan, listening hopefully, futilely for the engine and then repeating the process. "She is the most generous person," he went on. "She said she found a card that says, 'Congratulations on your new job,' to send you. Don't let her know I told you. Apparently she spent hours looking for it."

Mrs. Lane loved her family, Nancy knew. She meant well. Still, "generous" was not quite the word Nancy would have chosen to describe her husband's mother. But John was such an angel, incapable of believing that anyone, least of all his mother, could be less considerate, less thoughtful than himself. She squeezed his arm as the car coughed its ostentatiously painful way into the garage.

"You're the wonderful one," she told him and John bent to kiss her.

"We've got to think of a really special present for Mother's birthday," he said.

But what on earth could she and John, frantically stretching their meager income, give a wealthy old lady who had every conceivable thing that she needed or wanted? Their birthday present to Mrs. Lane, thought Nancy, would have to be, as it always was, some ridiculous thing like an embroidered hot-water bottle cover or monogrammed soap or hand-painted coat hangers, some small symbolic object that would assure Mrs. Lane of their love, that she could display to augment the impressive total of her birthday loot, the useless little presents showered on her by people who had been alerted about the approaching event by the ebullient Mrs. Lane herself.

"People spoil me," said Mrs. Lane, as happily complacent as a child. "It shows people do appreciate it if you show them some real personal feeling. What a lot of thank-you notes I'll have to write! I keep a list, you know, of all the presents I get and who gave them to me. It's the biggest help in the world in writing notes."

It was also, although Mrs. Lane failed to mention it, a tremendous help in giving presents. For it was Mrs. Lane's thrifty custom to pass on whenever possible the gifts given to her. By keeping a long and complicated list of who had given her what, Mrs. Lane was able to avoid the humiliating possibility of someday returning some present to its original donor. It was, Mrs. Lane assured herself, the thought that counted, and thus she was enabled to be spectacularly generous while actually spending very little money. By careful management, there was almost always something tucked away on the top shelf of Mrs. Lane's linen closet that she could give to someone without having to pay for anything.

However, this system of revolving credit sometimes broke down, and sweet little Nancy's approaching birthday was unfortunately one of these depressing occasions. Mrs. Lane's linen closet yielded up only a box of sachets given to her by Nancy herself, a set of iced-tea glasses which had been the gift of darling Sister who would be sure to recognize them at Nancy's house and a bridge set, a very handsome one, but not handsome enough to blind Mrs. Lane to the fact that neither Nancy nor John played bridge.

Mrs. Lane was, in fact, face to face with the horrid possibility of actually having to buy a present for Nancy. (And surely the child couldn't have been hinting, she told herself stoutly, when she said that a new battery might improve the ominously inadequate performance of that malevolent car of theirs. No one could really want as drearily practical—and as dreadfully expensive—a present as a battery, which, Mrs. Lane recalled shuddering, would cost about twenty dollars.) Galvanized by her appalling problem, Mrs. Lane's memory gave a convulsive, inspired twitch. In the guest-room bureau were some things that had belonged to her great-grandmother—and sweet little Nancy just loved antiques. That was why she had taken that job, Mrs. Lane reminded herself. This, then, would be the very thing, the ideal present, and it hadn't cost a penny. . . .

The package was very small and Nancy, dutifully exclaiming, gave up her hope of underwear or stockings, both of which she desperately needed. It was perfume probably—just as the car was lumbering grimly past the point where it could possibly be repaired. Or costume jewelry to be worn, incongruously jaunty, on the lapel of her only suit. But it was neither. It was a tiny, exquisitely ornamented box, decorated with a fairy landscape in which miniature shepherds pursued evasive nymphs.

"Why, it's perfectly lovely," Nancy said, tucking it in her purse, loyally refusing to think that a check would have been even lovelier. "It's the sweetest thing I ever saw."

She repeated the same thing to the young man at the shop next morning as he turned the little box about in his knowledgeable hands.

"It's more than sweet," he told her. "It's Battersea enamel, a very fine piece. I wonder if you'd consider selling it?"

Nancy laughed. "I guess I'd sell it," she said. "What would I get for it?"

"Around eight hundred. Maybe a thousand," he told her. "I'll give you eight hundred and fifty right now," and when Nancy gasped, "Dollars?" he stared at her.

"Make out the check to John and Nancy Lane," she said, recovering quickly.

A WEEK later Mrs. Lane, wrapping up the bridge set from her linen closet to give to the sick mother-in-law of one of the elevator boys, just hoped that this would be as successful a present as the little box she had given Nancy. The child had thanked her for it over and over again with such enthusiasm, such warmth, such real feeling. How nice that in the top drawer of the guest-room bureau there still remained two more little boxes and a beautiful old ivory figure and an antique lace fan—presents for Nancy on birthdays, at Christmas, at Easter. Because the child's love for antiques was plainly genuine. Mrs. Lane no longer had the slightest fear that Nancy might have taken her job for any other reason than a disinterested love for lovely things. Obviously Baby Brother and sweet little Nancy were getting on all right since they'd just bought a new car to replace that vindictive monster they'd been struggling with for so many years.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKE

What Makes Alex Go

Millionaire inventor Lewyt works 50 hours a week, hasn't had a vacation in 10 years. He counts ideas instead of sheep when he's trying to go to sleep

By MORT WEISINGER

A BIG limousine pulled up in front of a tenement house in the Bronx, New York City. The chauffeur briskly opened the rear door, and his millionaire passenger bounded up a few steps into the first floor and rang a doorbell.

"Good morning, madam," he greeted the housewife who answered. "I would like to demonstrate a vacuum cleaner."

The bell-ringing salesman with the million-dollar bank roll was Alex Lewyt (rhymes with "do it"), creator of the new vacuum cleaner which bears his name. There were kinks in the rough pilot model Lewyt unveiled for the Bronx housewife that summer morning four years ago but, nevertheless, she sighed ecstatically as he told his story. And because the housewife waited patiently for one year until he had got the kinks out, the millionaire inventor rewarded her with the very first of his cleaners to roll off his assembly line.

Alex Lewyt is a man who works so hard it is fatiguing merely to watch him. According to the Department of Internal Revenue, there are about 8,000 millionaires in the United States. Of this number, fewer than 100 are bachelors. Lewyt is one of the few members of this tiny set who do not belong to a country club, own a box at the race track, or indulge in any of the social pastimes that go with leisure and lucre.

Instead, he puts in a minimum of 50 shirt-sleeved hours a week at his plant and has not allowed himself a vacation in 10 years. He has been busy designing and manufacturing everything from fuses to fire alarms ever since he was old enough to shave. His compulsion for work has baffled two psychiatrists. This was not because his mind was an enigma; Lewyt simply wouldn't remain horizontal long enough for them to explore his subconscious.

When he is vertical, Lewyt vibrates energy like a giant tuning fork. According to Ralph M. Chipurnoi, merchandising chief of the household appliance division of Gimbel's department store in New York, Lewyt is the only salesman in the world who can sell invisible vacuum cleaners. "I've seen Alex hypnotize dealers over the luncheon table," Chipurnoi told me.

"He uses the tablecloth for a carpet, pepper and salt to represent dirt. He huffs and he puffs to simulate the cyclonic action of his cleaner. He covers the sugar bowl with a linen napkin, then pollutes it with cigarette ashes to demonstrate how the filters work. He growls and roars to illustrate the noise made by rival machines, purrs like a kitten when describing his own. The stage lost an actor when Alex went into the vacuum cleaner business."

This is no fable. Recently, while making a flight to Chicago, Lewyt sat next to a young housewife. In the course of their conversation he told the woman about his product. His superlatives were drowned out by the plane's motors, but his rhetoric in pantomime was superb. When the ship landed, the woman insisted he accept her check for a down payment on a cleaner.

At forty-one Lewyt is an orthodox version of the rising young executive. Horn-rimmed spectacles drape his blue eyes. He has regular features, an authoritative bass voice, and swatches of silver at the temples. He stands 73 inches in his socks. When he is busy working out a problem on his drawing board, his weight dips from 195 to 180. Lewyt likes good food but he likes a trim figure better. When the bulges begin to show, he sweats it out at a Turkish bath.

It is impossible for Lewyt to relax. On those frequent nights when he suffers from insomnia, he puts himself to sleep counting ideas. He hauls them out like pickles from an apparently bottomless barrel. When attending athletic events, Lewyt ignores the stadium atmosphere and is seldom interested in the players' performance as an art.

If Joe DiMaggio steps up to the plate, almost before he has swung at a pitch, Lewyt's mind dreams up a remote-control gadget which would enable the umpire to announce balls and strikes on the distant scoreboard. He stores the idea in his brain, buys a bag of peanuts, then begins to think of a push-button device which would make it possible for spectators to signal vendors when they want a hot dog or a soft drink.

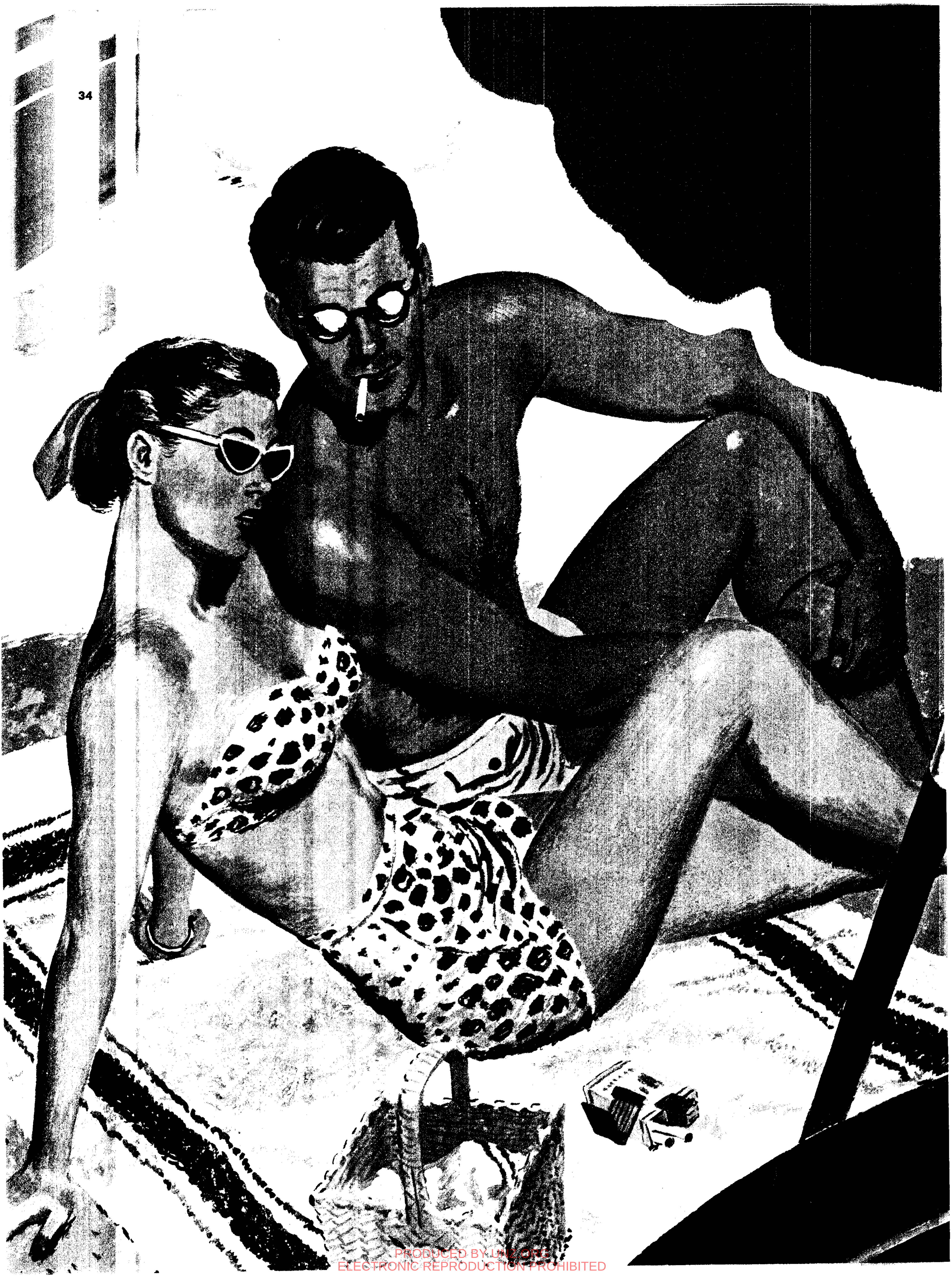
Lewyt's drive for the better mousetrap even invades his private life. A few years ago, enchanted with the idea of planting a garden atop his town house, Lewyt drew up plans for a spectacular botanical roost and called in a contractor. The contractor reported that the project would require 17 tons of soil. Also, it would take a bucket brigade at least two months to move that much dirt from street to roof. "What do you think I am, a millionaire?" snapped Lewyt. He studied the operation, then devised an ingenious system of pulleys which enabled the contractor to perform the job in almost half the stipulated time.

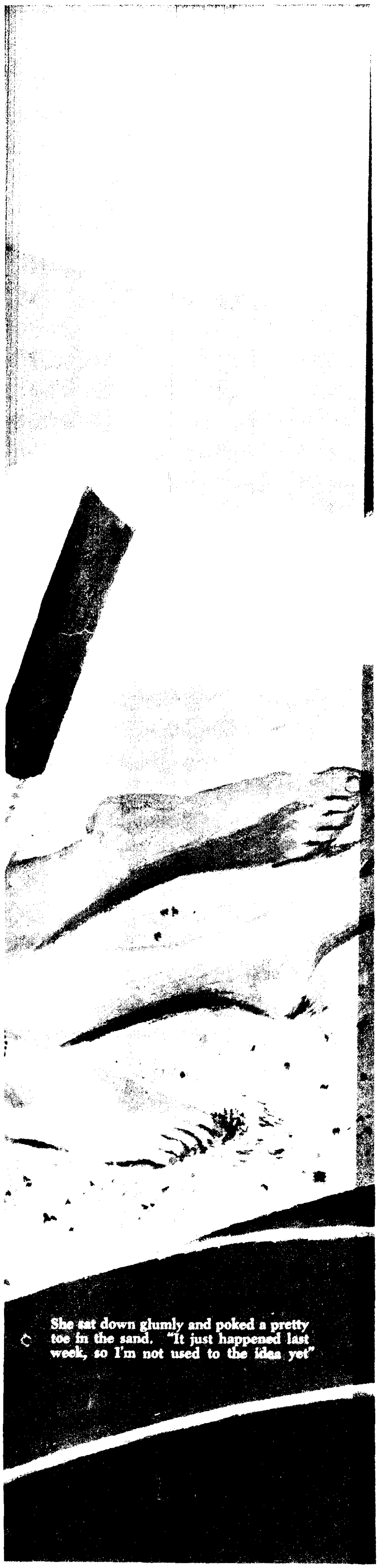
Once, worried about his insomnia and fearful that he was riding the coronary express, Lewyt went to a prominent heart specialist for a rigid checkup. The physician acquitted him with a perfect bill of health but prescribed the need for regular relaxation. He advised his patient to pursue some interesting hobby.

Lewyt decided to collect antique clocks. He plunged into this new pastime with the desperation of a bald man chasing his toupee in a wind tunnel. During his lunch hour he *(Continued on page 60)*

MARTIN HARRIS

Lewyt, in shirt sleeves, discussing an engineering problem. He has a six-floor plant to manufacture his brain children





She sat down glumly and poked a pretty toe in the sand. "It just happened last week, so I'm not used to the idea yet"

BEACHED BLONDE

He couldn't really see her without his glasses, but he got the distinct impression that this girl was a honey

By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

EMERGING from the cool Florida surf, Martin Dexter, the Broadway director, fitted neatly into a natural beach grouping that his professional eye would have approved. He was a tall young man, solidly built, with smooth swimmer's muscles, the whole topped by a rather dramatic profile and a shock of black hair. His wet glistening form added just the right accent to the scene around him—the long stretch of white sand, the brilliantly colored beach umbrellas, the well-tanned girls in their bright bathing suits—all crisply outlined in the sparkling sunlight.

All this the professional eye of Martin Dexter would have approved, had the eye been behind its corrective lens. Since he did not swim with his spectacles on, Martin found the scene pleasant but vague. His nearsighted brown eyes softened the sharp outlines of the colorful umbrellas and bathing suits, transmuting them into soft blobs of color. Somewhere in the fuzzy conglomeration was Martin's green beach umbrella, and under it, his horn-rimmed glasses. It occurred to him that he didn't, just then, have the faintest idea where that might be.

"Damn!" he said. He hopped tentatively on his right foot and was gratified to feel the warm release of water from his right ear. Before leaving his green umbrella and his glasses, he had carefully staked out landmarks by which he could retrace his steps, but a half hour's energetic swimming had taken him far off his bearings. The hotels in a long row in the background all looked the same when viewed through myopia's glass, darkly.

No stranger to his situation, Martin turned and struck out with determination. His first step was not promising. It carried him with some force into something warm and soft which let out a yip and became immediately entangled with Martin's long legs. Martin sawed the air with his arms, then fell to the sand in a heap with the object of his collision.

Although his eyesight was not so good, Martin's other senses were unimpaired and vigorous. Somewhere in his mind a voice said, "Woman," identifying his partner in disaster. A second voice, more hoarse than the first, said, "Wow!"

"If you are Gorgeous George," a third voice said, "you win the first fall. Please get up!"

"I beg your pardon," Martin said, "but I wonder if you'd do me a favor."

"I'm in no position to refuse you anything," the girl's voice said, "but I can still scream. Up!"

Martin untangled his legs from hers, not without a sense of reluctance, and helped her to her feet.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "You see, I was looking for some information—"

"And you thought I might have it on me in Braille," the girl said coldly. "Now look, Handsome Harry. Either you crawl away quickly or I'll call a cop." Her voice was evidence enough that the girl was angry. Squinting, Martin could even make out that her cheeks were flushed.

"You don't understand," he said. "You see, I'm lost. I'm a little nearsighted, and—"

"Oh, gee!" He felt the girl's hand on his arm in a quick gesture of contrition. "I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean that Braille crack at all."

"It's not nearly that bad," Martin said carefully. "It's just that I can't find my glasses without my glasses on—that is, if I had my glasses, I could find them all right, but—"

"A dilemma," the girl said helpfully.

"Exactly. So if you'd be good enough to help me find my umbrella, I'd be very much obliged. It's green."

"It's the least I can do," the girl said. Her hand was wonderfully soft as she slipped it into his. "Come with me."

There is little scientific evidence to support the popular notion that nature balances impairment of one of the senses by heightening the power of the others. Be that as it may, the reports to Martin's brain from his senses, other than sight, were remarkably specific about the girl. Hearing, smell and touch (and the greatest of these was touch) had described a delightful girl, soft-spoken, with a firm, rounded body, long slim legs and silken, fragrant hair. The best that sight had contributed to the total picture was the color of the hair—blond—and the fact that she wore large dark sunglasses. Martin realized that he was impatiently awaiting the clear verdict of his sight to confirm a thoroughly happy picture.

"Maybe you can give me a clue," the girl said as they strolled hand in hand along the beach.

"It's a green umbrella near the Royal Hotel," Martin said.

"That narrows it down to about a hundred possibles."

"I remember that it was just to the east of a brunette with lovely legs and due north of a stout lady wearing a French bathing suit and harlequin sunglasses."

"You could drop dead at any point on the beach and the coroner's report would read just about like that," she said.

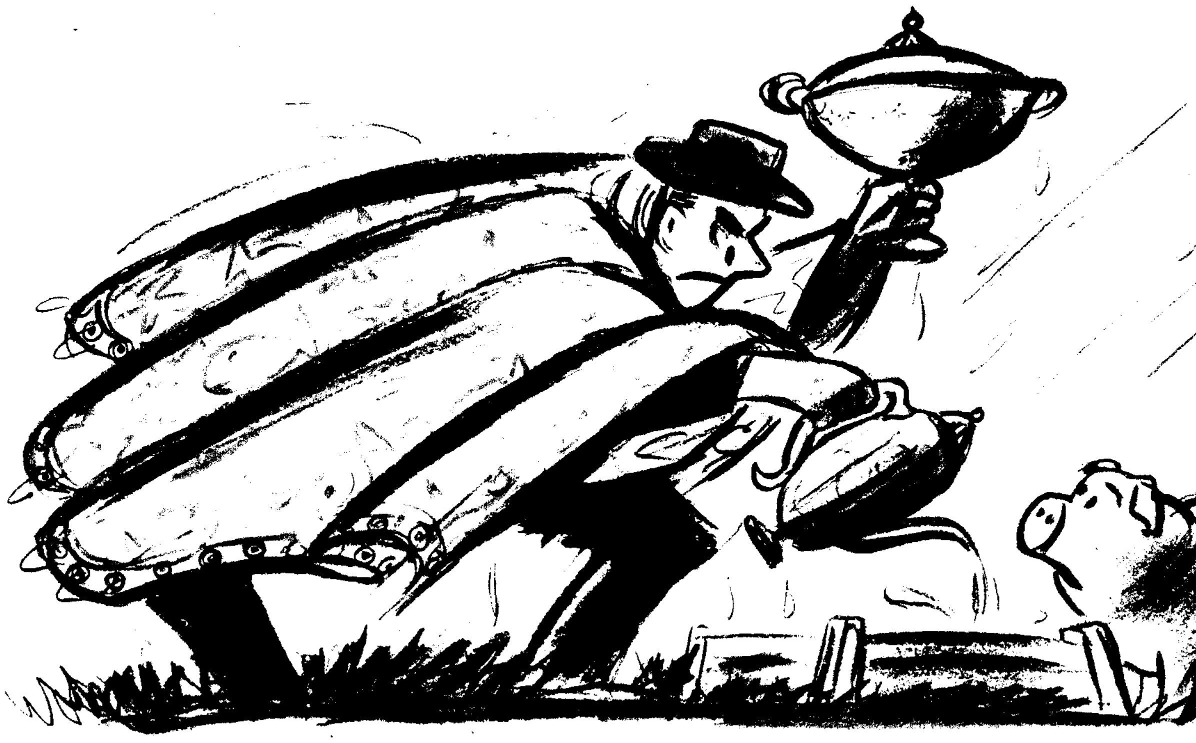
"There was a palm tree near by," he said hopefully.

"Ah, yes," the girl said. "The palm tree. Of course."

It was in this way that they finally located the right green umbrella. Martin fumbled beneath a towel and produced his glasses. He put them on and his vigorous senses

(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



I used the shower curtain for a raincoat

HAND ME A DOILY,

There's Soap in My Eyes

By ALFRED TOOMBS

They dry dishes with a tablecloth

WHEN I sat down to dinner not so long ago, I noticed there was no tablecloth. Instead, our places had been set upon some brightly colored pieces of cloth.

"Some new kind of doilies?" I asked. "They're cute."

"They're dish towels," my wife said casually. "New dish towels. Couldn't find a clean tablecloth."

I turned toward my daughters.

"Didn't I see you girls drying dishes with a clean tablecloth last night?" I inquired.

They nodded cheerfully.

"Couldn't find any dish towels," one of them explained.

I should have let things alone right there, but I am the kind of guy who will always give a plug hat a kick on April 1st, so I opened my big yap as follows: "But where's that set of doilies you were using a couple of weeks ago?"

"The girls are using them for washcloths," my wife said evenly, as if she were explaining something to a backward child.

Around our house when anything gets lost, nobody hunts for it; they find something they can use instead. It is a source of constant wonderment to me; so, at that moment I would undoubtedly have been foolhardy enough to ask some question about what had happened to our washcloths—but I happened to glance at the knife with which I was trying to carve a pot roast.

"This is the bread knife," I said slowly. "Where's my carving knife?"

"I couldn't find that gimmick you cut linoleum with," my wife said quietly.

"So you used the carving knife to cut linoleum?" I finished and sank back in my chair.

"It was the only thing sharp enough," she pointed out in a tone of finality.

All discussions of this subject end abruptly on some note of feminine logic such as this. If I want to know where my screw driver is, my wife will inform me that she hasn't seen it since she took the top off the jelly jar.

"Why don't you use the can opener for things like that?" I'll ask.

"Couldn't find it. The girls were using it to tighten up the screws on the doll carriage," she'll explain.

When I come groping out of the bathroom, yelling for the face towel that isn't on the rack, one of the girls will hand me a pillow slip and explain that the towel is being used to cover some doll's pillow. If I cut my finger, someone will hand me cellophane tape to keep the bandage on and tell me that they've used all the adhesive tape wrapping packages. My protests are considered completely illogical.

When a man gets desperate, he becomes reckless. And it was in a mood of desperation the other day that I decided to launch a counterattack against my family's habit of unlimited substitution.

Whenever I needed a small pan in which to carry feed to the chickens or a large pot to carry water for the automobile, I would use one of my wife's best kitchen utensils. I tied the dog up with the girls' best jump rope and used an electric blanket to cover up a broken glass in the window of the chicken house.

I would assume an air of outraged innocence whenever anyone protested against my activities. It seemed to me that I was making some progress with my object lessons until I started to go with my wife on her weekly shopping trip to town one morning. It was raining, and when I looked for my raincoat I found that the girls had converted it into an Indian tepee. Feeling a little discouraged—but not defeated—I agreed to stay home, and gave my wife firm orders to buy me a new raincoat out of her week's household allowance.

Some hours later she returned, loaded with bundles. As she unwrapped the packages, I kept looking for my new raincoat. Perhaps, I reflected, that blow to her budget would have some telling effect.

"Here's a new pail for you," she said sweetly, "and now you can just bring back that big stainless steel pot you've been using for milking. Here's a feeder for the baby chicks and a water bucket and a corn feeder for the pigs. And a chain for the dog and a new pane of glass. Now will you bring our things back to the house?"

"Sure," I said suspiciously. "But where's my raincoat? I can't go out in this—"

"I didn't have money enough for a raincoat after I bought all this stuff," she said.

"But what'll I wear to get to the barn?" I cried.

She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment and, intuitively, I knew that my hour of utter defeat was at hand.

"I'll tell you," she said brightly. "Just take down the shower curtain and hold it over your head. It'll keep you dry." THE END

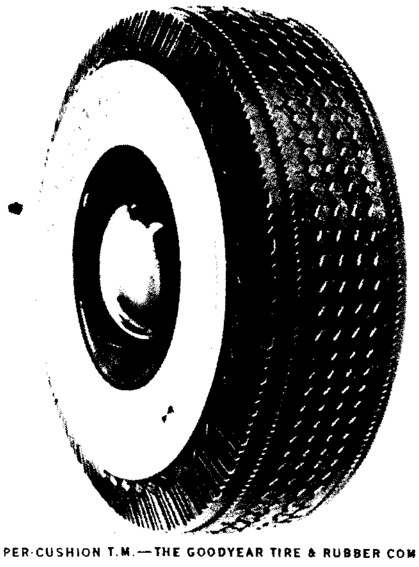
The system is to use anything that will do the job

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

I'M GOING TO GET A SET OF LOW-PRESSURE TIRES. WHICH KIND SHOULD I BUY ?

I'D SAY GOODYEAR SUPER-CUSHIONS. CAR MAKERS USE MORE OF 'EM THAN ANY OTHER LOW-PRESSURE TIRE. AND THEY TEST ALL KINDS OF TIRES THEMSELVES.

THAT'S RIGHT, AND THE PUBLIC BUYS A LOT MORE GOODYEAR SUPER-CUSHIONS THAN ANY OTHER LOW-PRESSURE TIRE. FOR MY MONEY, THAT CLINCHES IT!



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Dangerous Trail Homeward

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

roughly one third of the nation's 800,000 square miles. Their abbots are so autocratic that not even the Dalai Lama, Tibet's all-powerful priest-king, dares arouse their anger. Frequently in the past, monks from the top three monasteries have descended upon the city to wage war against a government which they considered was acting improperly. The last such instance was in 1947 when the holy men of Sera tried forcibly—and unsuccessfully—to oust the present regent and return to power the "Reting Rimpochi," a previous regent who had been forced out of office because he favored Chinese hegemony over Tibet.

It was raining hard the morning we left Lhasa bound for Sera Gompa (*gompa* is the Tibetan word for monastery) which rests at the foot of the mountains several miles north of the city. The streets were full of water, and people huddled in doorways to keep dry. Some of the poorer women, we noticed, wore large cabbage leaves on their heads to shed the rain.

Sera is the home of 7,700 monks, of whom 100 are incarnate lamas, having reached the highest and final state of reincarnation before entering the world of beneficent spirits. The monastery itself is composed of a towering cluster of whitewashed buildings, rising tier after tier along the mountainside and climaxing in the sparkling gold roof of the main temple several hundred feet above the valley floor.

At Sera's gates we were met by two brawny, stern-looking monks. These were the proctors whose job it is to maintain discipline in the monastery. Wearing heavily padded red and gold robes to add to their appearance of physical strength, and carrying staffs ornamented with gold, they greeted us without a flicker of a smile. At their beckoning we followed them into the heart of the monastery. Ahead of them at some distance went their aides, who carried long willow staves which they used to wave a path through throngs of curious monks. The bystanders fell back as the aides, swinging their staves, cried out at the top of their voices—*"Pha gyuk!"* ("Out of the way; stand aside!")

Welcomed by Twelve Abbots

We climbed through a maze of narrow, winding streets and corridors until we came to the central temple of worship. Here we were welcomed by the 12 abbots of Sera, elderly men of sixty or seventy years, with heads either bald or shaven, and dressed in the usual dark red robes worn by all monks. They led us up several dark flights of stairs to their reception room just under the roof. We were made to sit in Western-style chairs at the head of the room while the monastery leaders squatted on cushions below us.

Usually a monastery visitor in Tibet can expect to be served large quantities of Tibetan butter tea. We, however, were more fortunate, for the abbots brought us cups of Darjeeling tea and sweet biscuits made in India. While waiting for the sun to come out so that we might photograph them we sipped tea with the headmen of Sera and discussed various phases of the Buddhist religion. They explained some of the cardinal points of their faith, stressing the cycle of reincarnation. They also mentioned that Lamaism, the form of Buddhism practiced in Tibet, varies from Buddhism elsewhere principally on the matter of the identification of reincarnations. An example of this, peculiar to Tibet, is the way the Tibetans select a child as the reborn Dalai Lama when one of their supreme leaders dies.

After our friendly chat with the abbots, we were taken downstairs to the main prayer room, a huge hall decorated with delicate carvings, frescoes and numerous images of Buddha. Yak-butter lamps burned before these idols. This room serves as the main temple of worship for the monks, and it is where they gather at noon for their lunch of barley and buttered tea. We entered to find more than 5,000 red-robed monks engaged in their midday prayers and lunch. Seated close together in long rows, feet tucked under their bodies, they held out their wooden bowls to be filled from earthen jugs brought in from the kitchen on the dead run by boy acolytes.

While they ate, one of the senior monks, who sat on an elevated platform at one end of the room, kept up a continuous Buddhist chant in a deep, froglike voice.

The meal was followed by a monastic song. The entire gathering bellowed with such gusto that the tapestried pillars supporting the high roof of the hall fairly trembled. While they sang, the monks swung their shaven heads to and fro to add to the eerie panorama.

A Priest in Every Family

As noted previously, nearly one fourth of all Tibetan males enter the priesthood. There are two important reasons for this. First, at least one son—usually the first-born—from every family must enter monastic life. Secondly, it is virtually the only way for a man of low birth to rise to any eminence in that completely feudal state.

Determined to see as much of Tibet's religious side as we could, we set out the next morning on the four-mile trek along the Kyi Chu River to the largest monastery on earth, mighty Drepung. Really a city within a city, this vast jungle of whitewashed buildings with red collars and gold turrets supports more than 10,000 monks. Like most Tibetan monasteries, it is perched on a mountain slope—a dense, seemingly unplanned tangle of great white blocks separated by narrow cobblestone alleyways.

Once more we were welcomed by two giant proctors at Drepung's lower gate. A long tortuous climb, up flights of stairs and fixed ladders, brought us to the monastery's central building and the sunlit reception chamber where the heads of Drepung awaited us. Cups of tea were brought in as we took our seats. Along with the tea came bowls of ceremonial rice from which we were required to take only a small pinch to toss in the air as a tribute to the gods. Before us sat 10 red-robed, bald-pated abbots, the solemn executives of Drepung. Their faces were wrinkled with age, eyes set in a permanent squint from years of reading the scriptures.

The abbots explained, through a spokesman, that they were not incarnate lamas. The latter spend all their time and energy on purely religious matters. The abbots, on the other hand, are monks of power. Their influence in matters of state can be, and frequently is, enormous. It is said that these men, along with the leaders at Sera and Ganden, represent the power behind the throne. They are, in effect, the real rulers of Tibet—they and a fewscore lay nobles.

So, it was with a great deal of curiosity and interest that we talked to them that morning. Here, perhaps, was a chance to absorb knowledge from the hierarchy of Himalayan wisdom.

What had they heard of America? Only that it is the world's richest and most powerful nation—the home of invention and a land full of skyscrapers and lush orchards.

Lobsang Tashi, Drepung's seventy-three-year-old senior abbot, remarked that he had heard that a large number of fellow Buddhists were doing good work in America. He expressed hope that America eventually would go entirely Buddhist. To this remark, naturally, we said nothing.

What did Drepung's abbots think of the Communist threat from China? That's the 64-*sang* question on top of the world. They were obviously much concerned and anxious for U.S. assistance, but discreetly said that this was a matter for the politicians of their government. We also asked them what they thought of world government. Isolated as they are in their mountain kingdom, undisturbed by the march of armies or the turmoil of modern civilization, their opinions on this subject were eagerly anticipated.

World government, the abbot spokesman told us, is a noble idea. But as long as there are rival powers, world government cannot succeed. Peace will descend upon the world, said Lobsang, only when men understand their inner minds, when they come to know themselves and, with the death of greed, begin to consider and help their fellow men.

But Drepung, Sera and Ganden are by no means the only monasteries of importance and interest in the forbidden land. At Gyangtse and Ralung there are three abbeys, previously mentioned, in which monks and nuns live together, forgoing the usual life of celibacy most Tibetan clerics live and bringing up all children born there in the service of Buddha.

And in the town of Nagartse there is perhaps the most fantastic monastery of all. It is Sam-ding, on the shores of Yamdok Lake, where 60 male monks are led by a woman, "the Diamond Sow," who is the holiest of all female Tibetans. Known as Dorje Pamu, this abbess supposedly has the power to transform herself into a sow. At any rate, one of her predecessors supposedly did. The current incarnation at Sam-ding is a twelve-year-old girl. She is the only woman in all of Tibet who is blessed by the Dalai Lama's hand, instead of the red tassel with which other women and lower-caste males are touched.

Reds Use a Puppet Lama

At Shigatse, about 200 miles west of Lhasa, there is the monastery of Teshu Lunpo, the home of the Teshu or Panshen Lama. Theoretically, the Teshu Lama is supposed to rank equally with the Dalai Lama in religious matters, although admittedly second to him in temporal affairs. Actually, though, nobody challenges the Lhasa god-king in any decision. Right now there is no incarnate of the Teshu Lama at Shigatse, and hasn't been since 1924 when that spiritual leader fled to China because of a falling out with the Lhasa government. The Chinese Communists recently captured a twelve-year-old Tibetan in northwest China who is, they say, the reincarnation of the exiled Panchen Lama. The Reds have been trying to use him to stir revolt in the Land of the Lamas, but with little success thus far.

In addition to the large monasteries, some lamas and monks become recluses, living alone in mountain caves here and there across the country. These ascetics, who never venture outside, are fed by their followers through a window in the cave door.

"One day when I knock," said a Tibetan, holding a cup of butter tea before such a shrine, "there will be no answer and no hand will appear to take what I offer."

That brings up the bizarre manner with which the bodies of the human dead are disposed of on the roof of the world. Since much of Tibet is rock or frozen rock-hard most of the year, few corpses are buried. And up above the timber line, fuel is too precious to waste in cremations. Therefore, the dead are carried high up in the mountains where, with great ceremony and skill, they are dismembered and their remains tossed to the ever-present vultures.

Just another one of the unusual customs of the riddle we call Tibet.

Seeking a Day of Good Omen

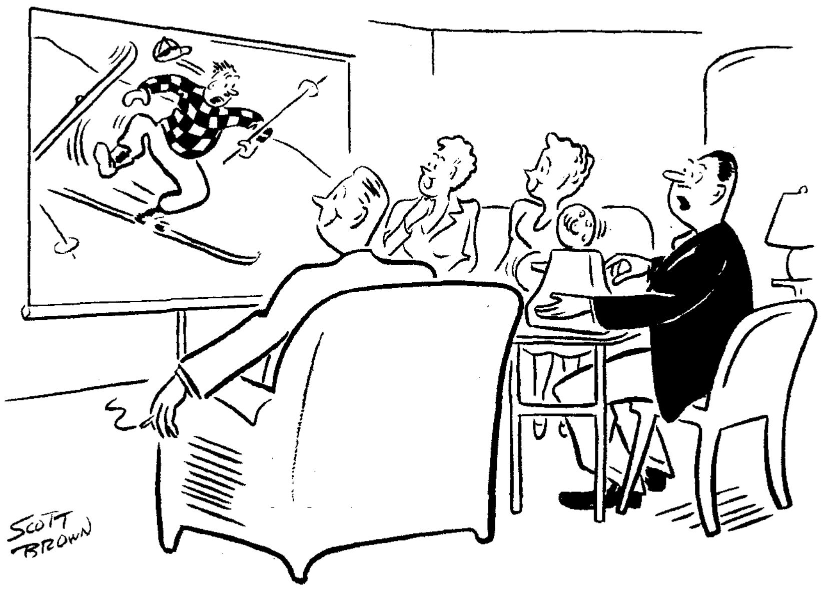
But all too soon it came time for us to leave Lhasa. Our days there passed swiftly and again the business of organizing a caravan was our most pressing problem. Because the Tibetans are superstitious, we had to consider leaving on a lucky day—Monday, Wednesday or Sunday. If a Tibetan is forced to start a journey on any day other than an auspicious one on his calendar, he often will send a hat or some article of clothing along the trail by messenger on the lucky day preceding the start in order to beguile the gods into believing that he departed on the correct occasion.

Although we left Lhasa on a day of good omen, we failed to dodge the jinx which seems to haunt nearly every caravan of foreigners venturing into the mystical realm of the Dalai Lama. Our misfortune, as is usually the way, came when least expected. We should have been better prepared for it.

At any rate, we were on our fifth day homeward bound from the Holy City and two days from Gyangtse, when the gods frowned. We got off from Lhasa with a flying start. A swift ride down the swollen Kyi Chu River in skin coracles took us the 40 miles to Chusul in six hours—in comparison with the two-and-a-half days we had spent on the trail coming in. We continued over the mountains at a fairly rapid pace, hopeful of landing in New York by the first of October. After scaling 17,000-foot Karo-la, we left the glaciers of that lofty pass and led our animals down the steep descent to the Ralung plain.

That was where misfortune hit, and we had about as evil a bit of luck as could happen in mountains so lofty and remote. I was tossed by a horse and wound up on a pile of rocks with what since has been described as "the most publicized broken leg in history." This was true because we were reporting our Tibetan adventures by means of tape-recorded broadcasts to the U.S.

But I am not the one to tell that tale. I wasn't too aware of what went on for several days after the accident. We had no



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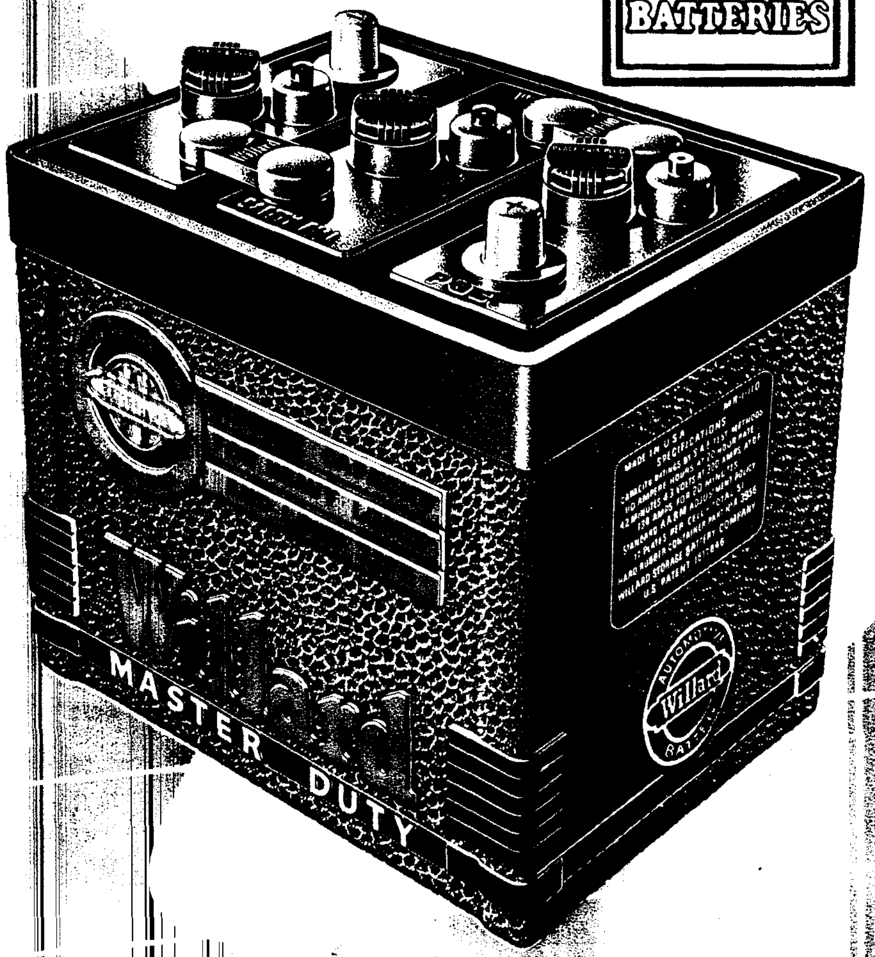

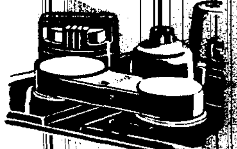

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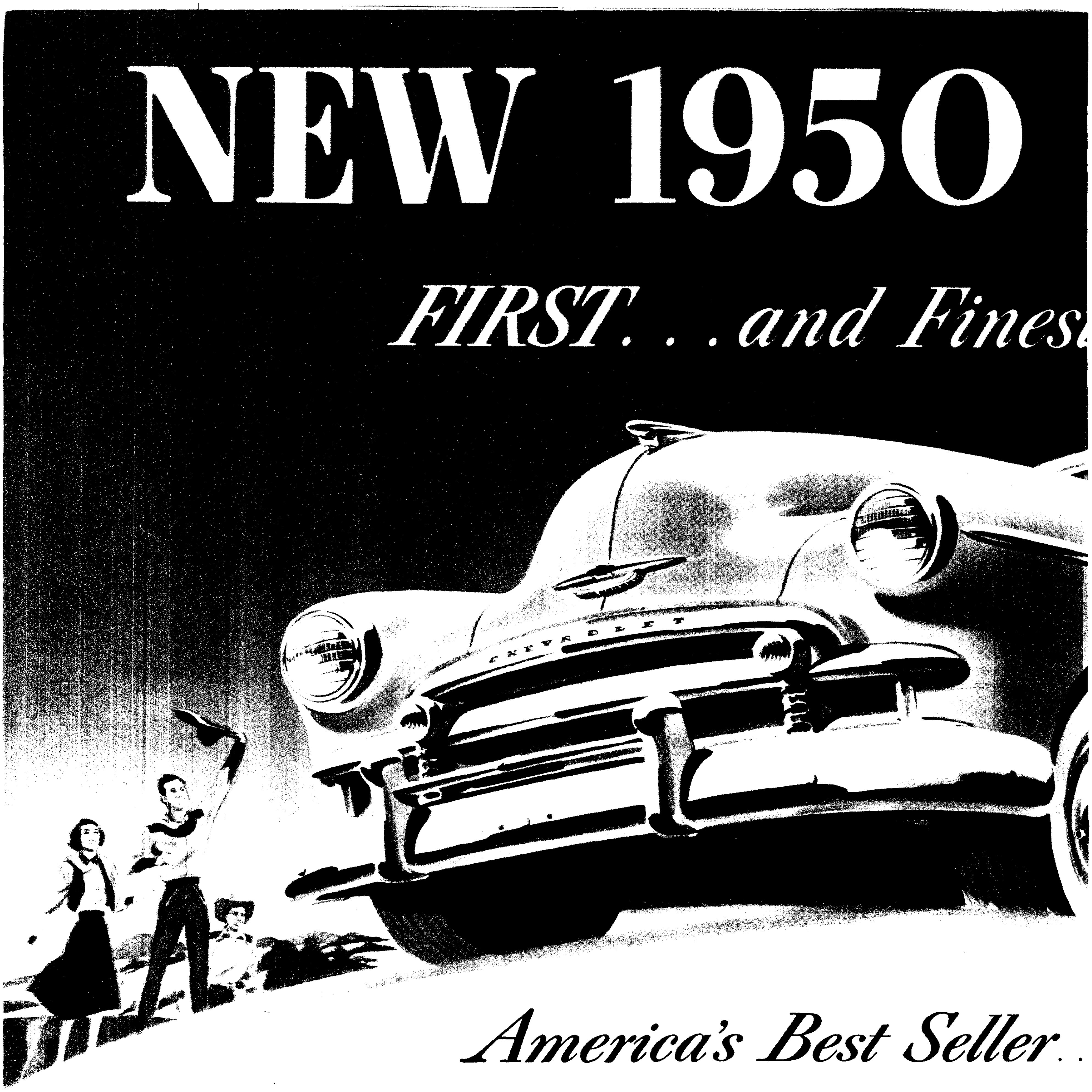

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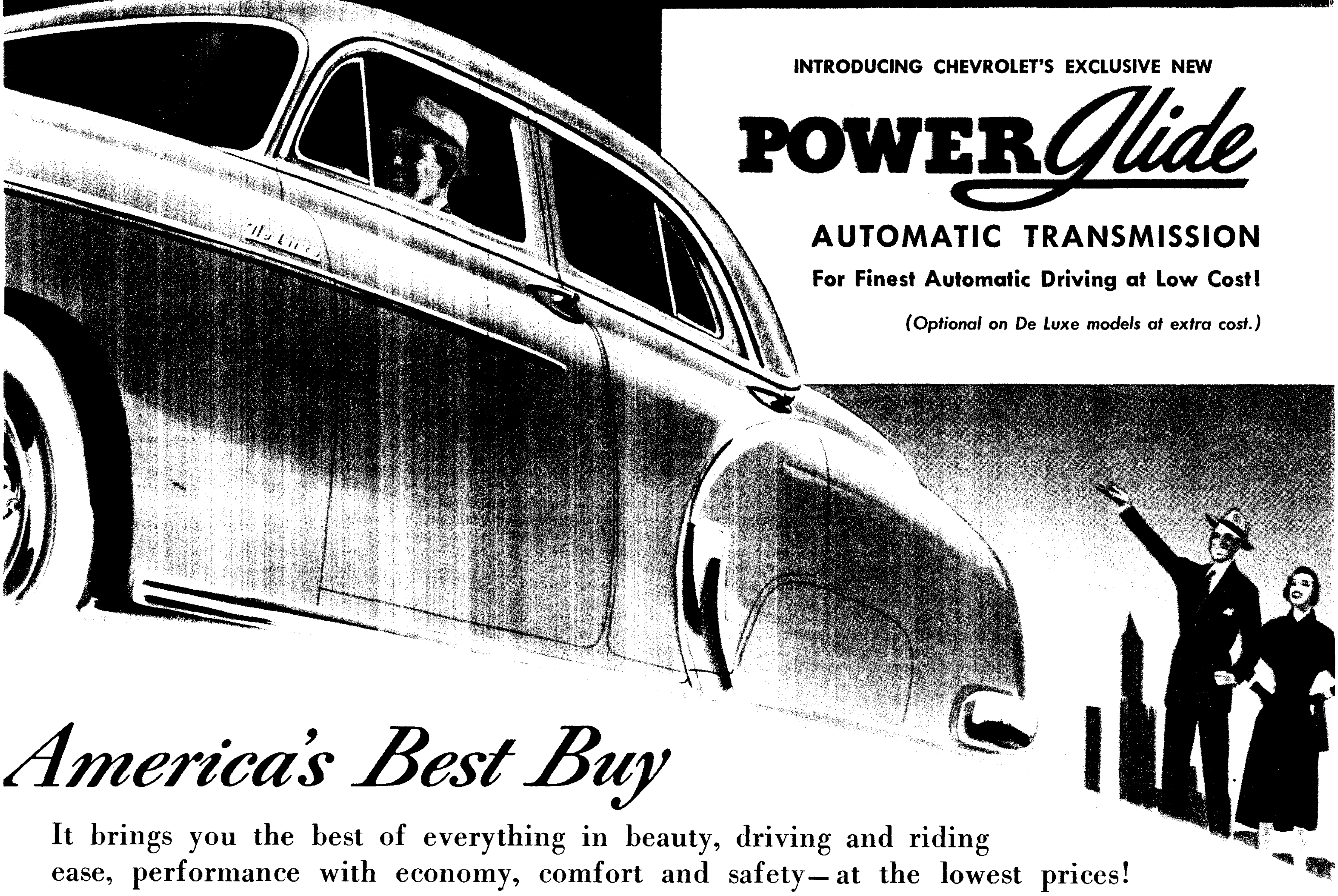

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CHEVROLET

morphine, and my powers of observation were dulled considerably by pain. From then on, my son took over and ran everything. Without him I might still be in Tibet—or on my way to another incarnation. All along he had carried more than his share of the load—organizing things in India, managing the caravan, doing half of the radio transcriptions, all of the photography—and now he took over completely.

So from here on, it's his story to tell.

* * *

I was in the lead when my dad, a few yards behind, decided to remount. Suddenly there was a commotion and a scuffle. I turned around in time to see Pop sail through the air and land on a pile of sharp rocks. While he had one foot in the stirrup, the other halfway over the saddle, his horse had whirled and bolted, throwing him violently to the ground.

Dad was unable to get up—completely out of breath and white as the mountain snows above us. He struggled to keep consciousness. Such a mishap at an altitude where there's a lean mixture of oxygen can spell the end quickly. A weaker heart might not have withstood the shock. Not until he reached the hospital in New York more than a month later did we learn that he had broken his right hip in eight places.

This turn of fate caught us pretty much off guard. We had no doctor, and our first-aid kit was some miles behind with our slow-moving caravan. It was getting late—only another hour till dark—and cold. Ralung, the nearest village and our immediate destination, lay more than four miles across the plain. What to do? The nearest medical help was in Gyangtse, more than two stages away, and even that was doubtful. We could do nothing but wait on the trail, hoping our caravan would catch up with us before dark and that interpreter Tsewong, whom I sent galloping on to Ralung, could round up some villagers to come out to help carry Dad in.

Nothing to Relieve Agony

Fortunately, we didn't have to wait too long for our sirdar and his yaks and donkeys. Unloading our bedding, we wrapped Dad in a sleeping bag and lifted him onto an Army cot. But large as our first-aid kit was, it contained no morphine. There wasn't anything to relieve his agony, to ease the effects of shock.

Four hours later, after a painful ride through the darkness and the cold that goes with the nights at those altitudes, my father at last reached shelter. Only with the utmost difficulty were the six peasants, who had helped me carry him across the plain, able to hoist his folding bed up the rickety ladder that led to the sleeping quarters of the house in which we stayed.

That first night was one of the worst Pop has ever known. The shock and exposure brought on high fever and frequent fainting. His shattered hip gave him the very devil. No position was comfortable for him. Sleep was impossible. It was a long gasping night of agony and worry in just about the most out-of-the-way spot you can find on this planet. Imagine being stricken in a land where the people don't believe in doctors, relying on the lamas to cure their ills through herbs, incantations and ceremony.

Next morning, Tsewong and I hiked to the Ralung telephone. The presence of a phone there was a lucky break, for only a few villages along the high road from Sikkim to Lhasa are connected with the one strand of wire that links the two places. I prayed that the line was not down, as it frequently is for weeks on end, and that the Indian army doctor at Gyangtse was available and could come to the rescue. It was almost a matter of life or death. Without a doctor to splint Dad's leg, I could see no way ever to get him home.

The phone lineman managed to rouse Gyangtse after much shouting and blowing into the ancient battery-driven outfit. Though Gyangtse was only 33 miles away, the connection was so poor that everything had to be repeated three and four times before it was understood. Nevertheless, we finally got Rai Bahadar Brajendra Chandra Pal, the Indian army doctor, to the phone. Tsewong, talking to his brother, a clerk at the Indian Trade Agency at Gyangtse, finally made our plight known and Captain Pal agreed to come if permission were granted by the Tibetan government. Like all his Indian colleagues, the doctor was allowed to go only seven miles beyond Gyangtse, the terminus of the Indian mail system. Special authority was necessary to proceed farther into Tibet.

Happily, the Tibetan Trade Agency gave the nod and the good doctor, one of four in Tibet, made a forced march of 33 miles in one day to reach Ralung. Never was there a more welcome sight to my dad and me than the appearance of the young uniformed Indian—cheerful and smiling in spite of his strenuous all-day ride—when he climbed up the ladder and greeted us that night at nine.

Without an X-ray machine (there's no such thing anywhere in Tibet), Dr. Pal could not tell for sure whether Dad's hip was fractured. He explained that medicine, not surgery, was his field. However, he said after preliminary examination that maybe the injury was only muscular—torn ligaments and a severe sprain. This was reassuring, and we decided to press on to Gyangtse in the best way we could.

Lowell Thomas comments on the news daily, Monday through Friday, on CBS

The British explorer Edward Amundsen once said: "The whole of Tibet is like a sea, the gigantic waves of which, driven up by northern and southern winds, have been changed to stone at the moment of their worst fury." That's the terrain we faced for three days, and will remember to the end of our days.

It sometimes took 10 Tibetans to carry Pop's stretcher over the steep rocky trails, which skirted chasms and swift streams, at a snail's pace to keep Dad from plunging into the river far below. Strapped to the stretcher, with his leg in a splint, Dad roasted when the sun was out and nearly froze when it ducked behind the clouds and the cold winds blew up. Our first night was spent in yakhair tents near Gobshi. The next night we were more fortunate, with real beds—*charpis*—at the home of Jigmie Tering, a Tibetan country gentleman whom we had met in Lhasa and who at the time had invited us to make his house on the Gyangtse road a stopping place en route home. On the third day we reached Gyangtse, and the Mahratta garrison, where the quarters seemed like paradise after those grim days on the trail.

Dr. Pal and Captain Ramchandra Patil, the commanding officer of the Mahratta detachment, were exceedingly cordial to us. During our 10 days with them, their hospitality was unbounded. Dr. Pal watched over Dad as he lay on one of their few Indian-style beds. Incredible though it now seems, after about a week on his back, Dad managed to walk on that badly fractured leg. Assisted only by a cane, he slowly and painfully could stagger from his room to the mess hall some 20 yards away. I think it was sheer will power and guts that enabled him to walk on that limb, with the femur cracked in eight places. However, at the time, this effort fooled us into concluding that the leg was not broken, and we made plans to continue on to civilization.

A New Kind of Magic Carpet

An early return was mandatory, too, for soon deep snows would clog the Himalayan passes and we would have been marooned until the summer of 1950. How about having a plane come in to fly us out? We talked much of that, but nothing could be done about it. Not only are planes not allowed to enter or fly over the mysterious mountain kingdom, but there are no airfields and the altitude is such as to make the operation of conventional planes hazardous, if not impossible. The best we could do was to fashion our own magic carpet for Pop—a stout wooden sedan chair to be carried on the shoulders of Tibetans.

Two weeks after Dad's losing argument with the horse, we hit the trail for home again. And it was a long trail, too. It took us 16 days to cover the 200-odd miles from Gyangtse to Gangtok, averaging only one to two miles per hour. Fortunately, we did have a medical man with us most of the way. Dr. Rai Bahadur Bo, a middle-aged gentleman who was not a graduate doctor but who had studied and practiced medicine quite a bit, accompanied us for the first day out of Gyangtse to check on Dad's condition after 10 hours of bouncing along the trail. Then, the next day, Dr. Pal caught up with us on his journey to visit the Indian troops stationed at the town of Yatung. He stayed with us to within one day's march of Yatung, and certainly relieved our anxiety with nightly medical checkups.

The Tibetans, in teams of four, carried Dad's sedan chair. As they plodded along they chanted or sang to keep in step. Sometimes it was *Om Mani Padme Hum!*, the familiar prayer to Buddha, which they chanted over and over again. More often, though, they sang a ditty that translated, "O Lord Buddha, lighten our load!" They sang it crossing the vast arid plains between Tuna and Phari where we looked across at the sacred mountain, Chamalhari; they repeated it fording streams, and while picking their way through Himalayan canyons where their words echoed off rock walls. And who can say their tune was in vain? For on that journey Dad lost 20 pounds!

I could escape the monotony of the chanting by riding on ahead a mile or so, but Dad could not. Hour after hour, day after day, for more than two weeks he had to stand the wild, maddening monotony of that chant, "O Lord Buddha, lighten our load!" Another thing he couldn't escape was the continual bounce, bounce, bounce of his wooden litter. Luckily, we had an air mattress with us which we inflated and placed in his chair. But still this did little toward lessening the pain during that bumpy hair-raising journey. At times, Dad had to leave the chair and hobble around sharp turns in the trail that were too abrupt for the coolies, with their burden, to manage. And in some places the path was so narrow they had to tip it on edge to make their way along a canyon wall.

Dad managed to keep his sense of humor, though, and tried to teach the Tibetans new songs. At other times he chanted with them. And at night, in his fitful sleep, he kept on chanting, "O Lord Buddha, lighten our load."

At Yatung, on the fifth of October, we were met by a rescue team sent out by Loy Henderson, U.S. ambassador at New Delhi, with the co-operation of the Indian government. It consisted of Royal Bisbee, a member of the embassy staff; Emily Bateman, a health officer from the same embassy, and Major A. K. Bose, one of India's leading combat surgeons. Naturally, we were overjoyed to see them. It is impossible to find words to express sufficiently our gratitude to Ambassador Henderson, the Indian government and all the rest in the Far East who tried to come to Dad's assistance.

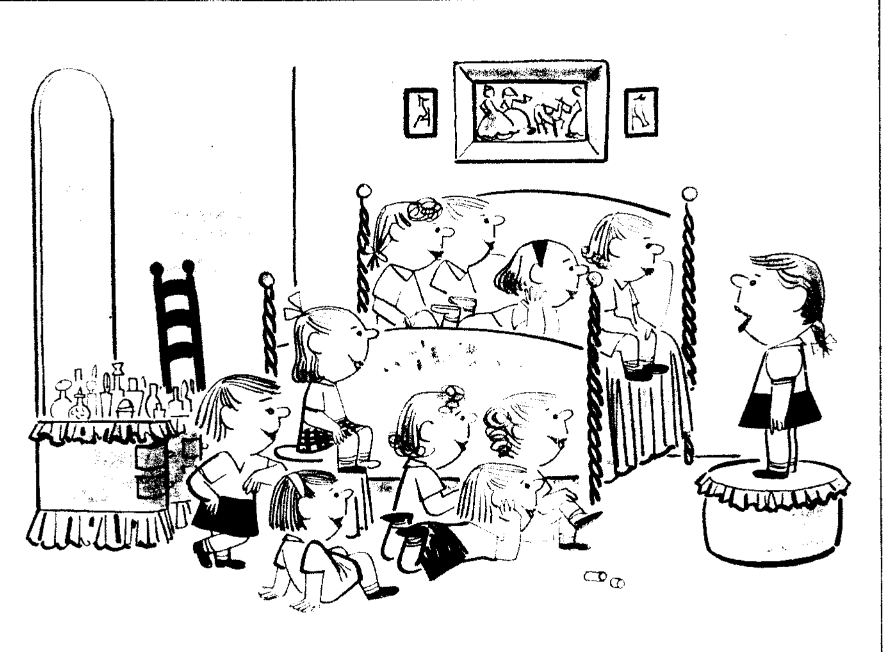
As if that weren't enough, Secretary of Air W. Stuart Symington ordered the U.S. Air Force to send a plane to the nearest airfield to help with our evacuation if necessary. At Siliguri, just south of Gangtok, the American air attaché to India picked us up in his C-47 and flew us on to Calcutta. From there on to America it was no problem. We flew halfway around the globe in the same amount of time it takes to hike 40 tortuous miles in the Land of the Lamas.

Greetings to the President

Our fabulous trip to Lhasa came to an end officially when, on behalf of both of us, I delivered a scroll to President Truman. Its message, handwritten in Tibetan characters with a bamboo pen on parchment made from the bark of a Tibetan tree, was dated "the sixteenth day of the seventh month of the Earth Bull year (September 7, 1949)." It read:

"Now that Lowell Thomas, Sr., and Lowell Thomas, Jr., have been able to visit Tibet, they are well acquainted with all facts about this country. Therefore, the government of Tibet hopes that from them the President of the United States, the people of America, and those who live in other countries as well, will soon come to know more about Tibet. That it is a holy, independent country, a religious country, ruled over by his holiness the Dalai Lama; who is the true incarnation of Chenrezi, the Buddha of Mercy. Furthermore, that all Tibetans, including the civilian population as well as the monks, are entirely devoted to religion.

"We have learned that unhappily, throughout this world at the present time, there is an absence of peace and happiness—this because of troubles between peoples, and disturbances and conflicts of many kinds. We, the government and people of Tibet, are much worried, deeply concerned over the present state of the world in which we all live. And we are eager to have it known that here in Tibet, a land that is especially dedicated to religion, all of our peoples, both lay and monk, are earnestly praying that God will grant happiness and everlasting peace to all humanity." THE END



COLLIER'S "It has been moved and seconded that we all chip in to buy Mrs. Bamberger a new lipstick" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

GUARD A
THROAT-

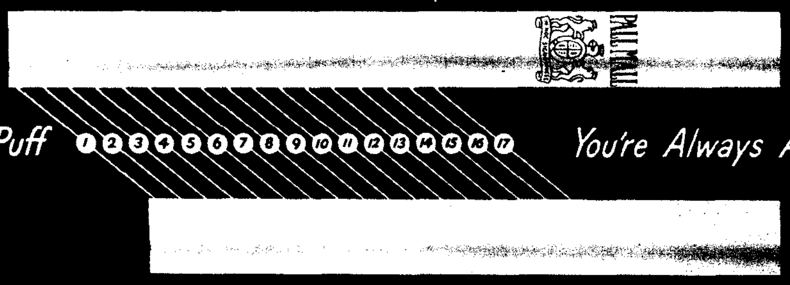
enjoy smoo

PALL MAL
greater length of fi
travel the smoke
filters the s
and makes

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL

PUFF BY PUFF... YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD

Take 5 puffs *or 10...* *or 17...* when you smoke PALL MALL


PALL MALL
Puff by Puff
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
You're Always Ahead

Study the puff chart! At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat scratch.

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Lone Hand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

die. It was not a pleasant way to die—suddenly and without warning at the noonday halt, with a bullet in the back from a comrade's gun. It had told the girl exactly what kind of man she must travel with. It had told her what stubbornness might buy her, but it had not broken her spirit.

Whetting the ax, watching out of the corner of his eye, Richards saw the first shadow of movement in the cabin doorway. The whetstone continued to slide rhythmically across the rusty bit of the ax.

SHE came out into the dying sunlight, moving so very carefully, her back pressed hard against the wall of the cabin as she moved along it. Richards saw that she had pinned her dress, torn when Kelso and himself had dragged her from her own doorway, back into a kind of repair.

He saw something else, also. She carried the saddlebags which contained the money from the Hermosa bank over one arm. It was not enough for her to escape him. She had to take his money, too. Richards' grin widened. He thought it was very funny.

He watched until she had almost reached the corner of the cabin. Then, shifting his body hardly at all, he drew his gun and fired. He was careful, for light so late in the day was deceptive. The bullet struck, inches from her face, a hammer blow against the solid timber of the cabin wall which echoed from the slope above the place more loudly than the report of the gun itself. She halted, frozen.

Richards rose, holstered his gun, and with the ax yet in his hand, strode unhurriedly toward her. She turned slowly to face him, one hand reaching to her shoulder to pull the magnificent jet fall of her hair forward to cover the insufficient repairs she had made to her dress. There was no fear in her eyes. Only a seething hatred.

He could not speak to her. He knew too little Spanish and both the girl and the Mexican at the jacal either knew no English or would not use it. Still, her lesson had to begin and there had to be a language she would understand. He slapped her across the face; it was more a gesture than a blow. He expected her to cringe. Instead, she leaped at him, clawing for his gun. He seized her wrist and she bent quickly, driving white teeth into his forearm. Stung and startled, he shook her loose and hit her with force, driving her against the wall beside the cabin door. He could not tell if the blood on her lips was hers or his own, for she pulled her hair around and buried her face in it. The hair angered him.

Catching her arm, he twisted it swiftly, forcing it up behind her, and gave her a shove toward the interior of the cabin. She tripped on the rotten stoop and fell across the sill, her hair spilling out on the planking beside her head, her eyes upturned to him. She lay without moving except for the quick rise and fall of her breathing, something terrible in her quietness—an animal trapped but not to be touched without great risk. Richards knew that the little strength she had left came only from pride. He looked at her hair, flung out across the planking of the sill.

The ax was still trailing from his left hand; he shifted it and swung easily. He struck two swift blows which bit through the hair to the wood. He had whetted the edge to sufficient keenness. The girl sat slowly up, her hands working slowly along the planking to the jet mass of hair which lay raggedly severed there. Her fingers closed on this, lifted it, and she bent suddenly forward, burying her face in it.

With the first shake of her shoulders, Richards turned unhurriedly back to the woodpile. The tears meant defeat. The pride was gone, now. He'd get the firewood in. The girl would be no further trouble.

MARTINEZ spoke to the good God of his weariness, but he did not slacken his pace. When a man hunted enemies he understood, it was possible to pause occasionally for rest, for he knew his enemies must pause also. But when he could not understand them—when they had his woman—he could not pause for even a moment.

He wished greatly he had been able to afford grain for his mare occasionally, that there had been better graze for her on the malpais about his jacal. With these she might have had greater endurance and he could be riding her still. He had so much distance to go and so little time—and the great, crusted wound in his scalp made his head a heavy burden to carry. If this was not enough, haste was a thing foreign to his nature. But already it was growing dark, with no sign of Maria and the man who had taken her.

Martinez spoke of this and of Maria to the good God, also. Nor did he forget his gratitude. Had he not found one of the two who had been guests under his roof, lying dead of a bullet far back across the malpais? And the dead one's pistol had been yet upon the body. This was much for which to be grateful.

For an hour the malpais had been rising toward partly timbered mesa country, the climb up out of the badlands further sapping Martinez' strength.

Martinez tried to believe himself a big man of great strength, but even the thought of Maria and the man who had dragged her from their doorway could no longer keep the unsteadiness of exhaustion from him. Maria—tender, brave, afraid of nothing when they were together. Maria, who had made a brave man of Enrique Martinez. Maria, who would be in terror, now. His heart, hammering with exertion, rose in Martinez' throat, choking him, and with the first sob came the good God's answer to his praying: the sound of a single distant shot.

Martinez began to run with a shambling, unsteady shuffle. In the distance, against the slope of a timbered mesa, the sound of the shot echoed off into silence in the growing darkness. He did not know what the sound could mean—which of the two ahead of him had fired it and at what target. He kept his mind from this, knowing only that Maria was close.

The echoes of the shot had barely finished their slow rolling away into nothingness when fresh sound spilled down the slope—the ringing, measured bite of an ax against solid timber. The good God speaking again. Martinez pulled the big pistol from his belt and slowed to a walk. Moments now would make little difference and he must slow his breathing. He knew little of guns and would need steadiness.

RICHARDS swung the ax with the clean, sure rhythm of a man who understood steel tools and had skill in their use. He worked on a down log a foot through, cutting it into two-foot sections with such precision of eye and swing that each length looked as if sheared off with one deep-biting strike of the ax.

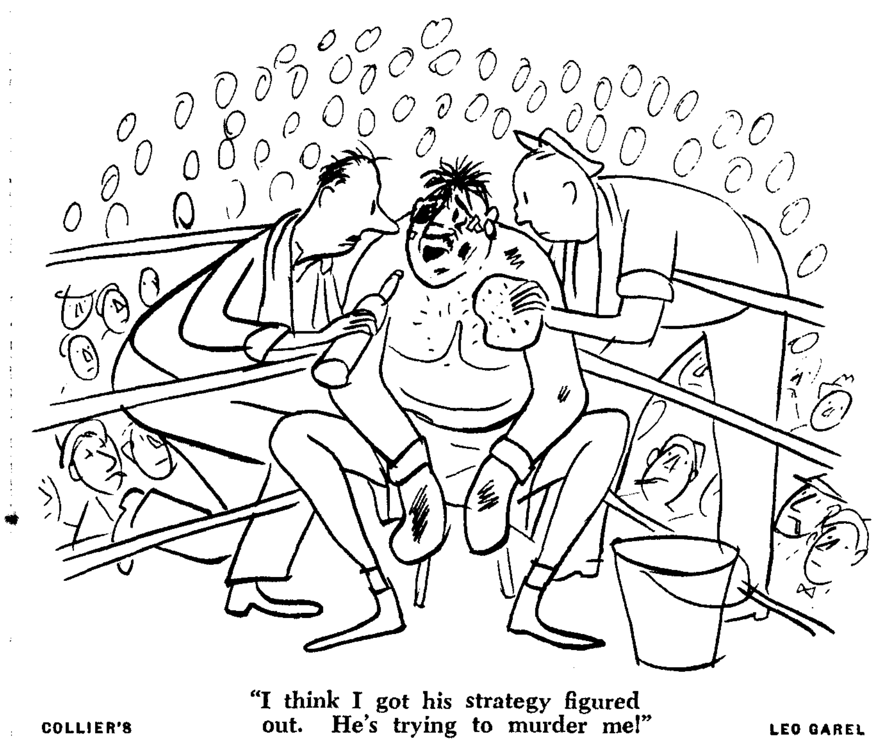
Upending one of the cut sections against the chopping log, Richards split it neatly into halves and each again into quarters, stacking them as they fell apart. The clean air was good in his nostrils. He was hungry. He thought of the supper fire he would presently build, of the taste of food and the good, easy-spending look of the money from the Hermosa bank. He thought of Kelso, who was dead and no longer needed to be thought about. He thought of the girl in the cabin with her cropped hair and broken pride, and the weeks he must spend here in hiding were pleasant in prospect. He bent, loaded his arms with firewood, and went back toward the cabin whistling.

The cabin had long been abandoned and there was little in the way of furniture. The tin stove had rusted out, but the fireplace drew and the Mexican girl would do well enough cooking at it. Likely she had known nothing better, anyway. There was one chair of sorts and a usable table. A bunk frame was in a corner. In all, it would be comfortable enough. Richards dumped the firewood beside the hearth and stacked a fire. When he had it kindled, he turned toward the girl.

She sat on the floor against one wall like an Indian, away from the chair as though she knew it was for him. Her face was swollen, in part from his blows and in part from tears now dried. Her eyes followed him with a heavy sullenness and it struck him that with her hair raggedly shortened and here in this half-light she was no longer the sultry beauty she had been in her own dooryard. He regretted for a moment his hastiness with the ax in the doorway.

"Comida," he said. "Supper. Eat. Get a move on!"

He lifted the lid of the box with which Kelso and himself had provisioned this place on their way down to Hermosa. The



"I think I got his strategy figured out. He's trying to murder me!"

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girl rose and crossed to the box, her ragged, dusty full skirt swinging with graceful rhythm as she moved. She bent over the grub box and rummaged dispiritedly in it. The rising firelight glinted from her cropped black hair and the smooth skin at the crown of one shoulder. Richards kicked the chair around so that he could watch her and sank onto it, the slackness of relaxation running through his body.

A mask and a couple of bullets from his gun had made him half owner of the cash in the Hermosa bank. Another bullet into Kelso's back had given him the whole thing. A swipe with a gun barrel across a Mexican *pelado's* head had given him this woman. It was probably right that most men must endure the uncertain torment of a courtship and seal their folly with improbable promises to get a woman. It was probably right that they should haggle and sweat and trade the best years of their lives for money. But there were a few who knew the shorter road. It was good to be one of these.

The girl found tins in the grub box, meal, a small wooden tub of lard, a skillet. She set these on the hearth and crossed to Richards with a gesture for his knife. He grinned, drew it from its sheath, and offered it to her hilt first, mockingly. It was a skinning blade, a wicked enough weapon, but she took it and shuffled back to the hearth, kneeling there to begin the automatic task of cooking for a man. Richards grinned again. He had done well with her. She was already broken to harness in the first day.

The smell and sound of grease and a hot skillet began to fill the room. The country beyond the doorway receded into the night, leaving only the two of them and the small circle of firelight from the blaze on the hearth. Richards finished his smoke and threw the stub of his cigarette over the shoulder of the kneeling girl into the fireplace. She turned, startled by the passage of the paper-wrapped ember. And at the same time Richards thought he heard a small foreign sound from the night beyond the doorway. He thought the girl was looking beyond him, for a sudden warmth came up in her eyes although the wooden set of her features did not change.

He started to twist around in his chair toward the doorway but the motion stopped of its own accord. He saw that the girl had been looking at him, for she smiled, rising to her feet.

AS HE reached for her she came willingly and the chair creaked with the eagerness with which she slid onto his lap. Richards chuckled. Here was a woman as practical as himself. A penniless existence in a little brush jacal on the malpais must be a desperate thing. Why shouldn't a woman change men in a day when there was money to be had?

His hand slid appreciatively over the bare flesh of her shoulder and his grip tightened, crushing her to him. Her head rolled back in surrender. Her raggedly cropped hair covered the marks of her teeth in his forearm. He pressed his mouth to her parted lips. And in that instant the bullet from the doorway struck him. It struck him somewhere in the back, somewhere near the base of his neck. Nerves shattered, his body went limp instantly. There was no shock, no hurt, no feeling. Only a blinding flash of thought as the girl spilled away from him to the floor on her hands and knees, a fine spray of his blood staining the torn bodice of her dress.

So much thought was compressed into this instant. Emory Richards dead, dying almost exactly as Kelso had died, back on the malpais. Emory Richards dying with a Mexican *pelada* in his arms—a swift-thinking woman who had given him her lips to keep him from turning toward the doorway where her husband stood with a gun in his hands.

A man could be cool, hard as iron, sure of every move he made, and still be a fool. If he had used a bullet instead of a clubbed pistol barrel, back there in the jacal on the malpais, there would have been no man left alive to follow the woman here. If he had stripped Kelso's body before leaving it, there would have been no pistol for the man to hold in his hands. He would have had the woman. She would have been as eager in a day or two as she had pretended to be for a moment tonight. Love was something with which a woman bought a roof over her head. And there was the money.

RICHARDS' dying body sagged slowly in the chair but his mind continued to live in crystal clarity. The woman scrambled to her feet as the *pelado* from the brush shanty in the malpais came into Richards' angle of view. She pushed down the smoking gun in the hand of the frightened little rabbit of a man and threw her arms about him and made small sounds which had the same meaning in English that they had in Spanish. Her fingers climbed behind his ear to the caked and darkened mat of his hair, beneath which lay the scar left by Richards' gun barrel.

The man could barely stand, his thin body ready to buckle with exhaustion, so that it seemed incredible he could have held a heavy gun to sight on a target for the necessary instant, even at a range of two yards. Yet his fingers found the girl's hair and touched the ragged, ax-sheared ends with gentle, dirty fingers.

Revenoo Cheer

Breckety-ax
Co-ax, co-ax,
Now Uncle Sam'l
Grinds his ax—
One of his most
Engaging knacks—
To take the usual
Hefty whacks
Out of your take
To pay his stacks
Of global bills,
So don't relax
But mop your brows
And bow your backs
And tote dat bale—
Ole Income Tax.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

Richards saw the great red flood staining his own shirt front and his body shrinking like a torn grain sack as its contents ran from it. When balance deserted this dead thing in which he yet lived, he could not prevent the fall. He spilled sidewise out of the chair and heavily to the floor. The man and the woman looked down at him briefly, shivered like children at some terror seen in the night, and turned together toward the door. They clung to each other as they moved. In the girl's clumsy embrace there was far more than the mere fire which was all Emory Richards had ever known of any woman.

For an endless instant Richards lay in his own ebbing flow of blood and watched them pass under the nail in the wall, from which hung the saddlebags containing the money from the Hermosa bank. They did not even look up at the fat leather pouches. They went out the door without looking back. A man and a woman wanting not even to savor the death of an enemy. A man and a woman too stupid to take with them a fortune which could be had for the carrying—or too rich to desire it.

It seemed incredible to Richards, even now, that a miserable jacal on the malpais could be worth so much. When the *pelado* and the woman were gone, he stared at the saddlebags hanging from the nail on the cabin wall until the fire on the hearth died. He did not know where the blackness ended nor when it began.

THE END

Aerial Task Force Able

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

easily. The tankers are tossing out radio signals and we can beam on them from a long way off. We take on our fuel above the clouds, three ships at a time and fast.

"We've got an internal fuel load, plus full wing and shackle tanks. We're fat. We streak off to point Y, somewhere in the U.K., Europe or what not."

"What about the tankers?" inquired Smitty.

"They've got plenty of fuel left for themselves," said Pappy. "They can go back to Newfoundland, fill their tanks and—with no load—trail us on over. Or they could go into any other handy place and do the same. They don't have to worry much about weather. With all that navigation equipment and GCA they can land anywhere."

"Suppose the jets hit weather over Europe?" asked Keefer. "I've seen that whole damn' place socked in."

"So have I," said Pappy. "But not for long. We'll have two hours of fuel left when we get over England. We can cruise for a while—and if we don't find a hole in the clouds in two hours we can call on the R.A.F. to send up tankers and give us a load of fuel up there."

"So," said Kaplan, "we land at point Y and I hope they have a hot supper ready. We've been in the air eight-nine hours."

"Let him eat," said Smitty. "I want a drink. Eight hours at 40,000 feet. Eight hours in an oxygen mask. Murder."

A Long, Long Air Trail

Pappy nodded and looked at his blackboard sketch, with the line that went from A in the Midwestern United States, to X over the Atlantic great-circle route and to Y over Europe. More than 3,500 miles. "It would be rugged," he admitted.

"This far I read you," said Keefer. "We're an aerial task force with fighters and tankers. The fighters have landed at point Y, the destination. The tankers catch up shortly. What happens then?"

"Then," answered Pappy, using the eraser, "we get into an aerial chess game. Literally. There are so many combinations of the way an aerial task force could be used that we could spend the next 10 years trying them out. We can vary everything in the game."

"Be specific," said Smitty.

"Yeah," said Kaplan, "diagram it."

"Okay," answered Pappy. "Let's suppose we get a call from the ground troops for a close support mission. We haven't got control of the air. We have to fight for that as we go along.

"We want all the fire power we can carry so we naturally leave off the shackle tanks and the wing-tip tanks. That leaves us only an internal fuel load and knocks down our flying time. But we've each got two bombs and a load of rockets. Not to mention six .50-caliber machine guns. And our fuel is flying right with us in the tankers.

"Let's say we're 60 jet fighters, flying in four reduced squadrons, with the proper number of tankers. Squadrons One and Two streak off for the job, while Squadrons Three and Four hang back to protect the tankers.

"The tankers reach an agreed rendezvous point not far from the lines and hang there, circling in a tight formation and the jets circling around them.

"At the end of an hour or so the jets which have hung back top off their fuel tanks, half at a time with the other half guarding.

"Meantime Squadrons One and Two have been on the job. They've blasted out four dug-in mortars with their rockets, bombed the daylights out of a strong point and strafed a column of antitank guns before they could get into place. Then they head back for the tankers.

"Our ground troops have taken their objective but there is still a lot of enemy movement in the forward area. Squadrons Three and Four take over and move up, ready to work on a counterattack, supply columns or enemy air—anything that shows itself.

"Squadrons One and Two refuel, guard the tankers and otherwise do patrol duty.

"Or maybe half of them head for a base to pick up more bombs and rockets. Or maybe there are twice or 10 times that many jet fighters and tankers."

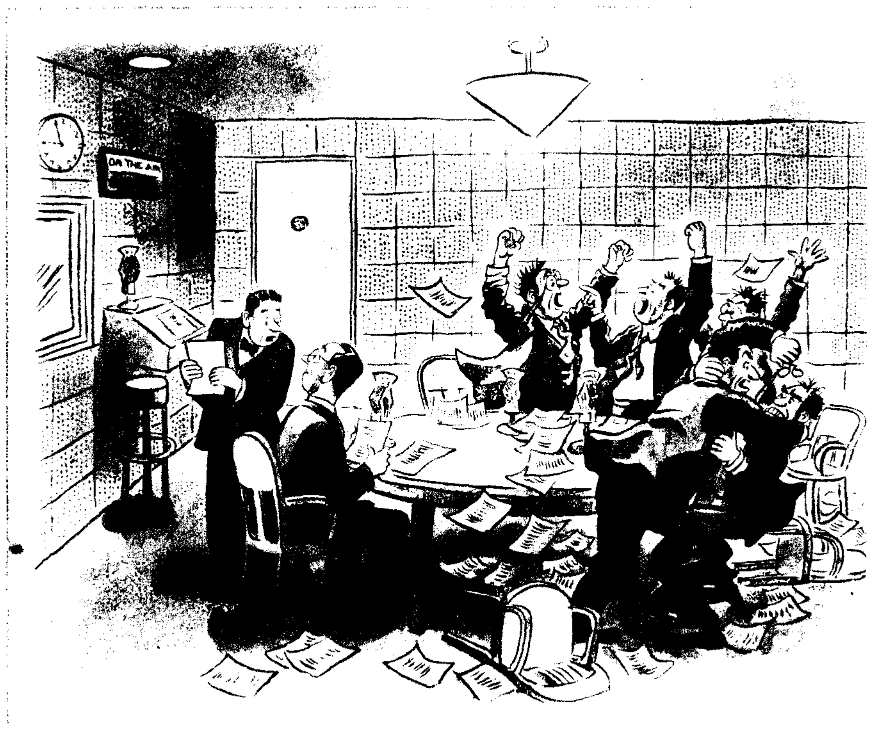
"The tankers can carry just so much jet fuel," pointed out Kaplan.

"But others could replace them," said Pappy.

"An aerial air base above the clouds," said Smitty. Pappy nodded.

"How tricky is this aerial refueling system you're talking about?" asked Keefer.

"Easy," said Pappy. "The tanker drops a line with a funnel-shaped end. It hangs steady below the tanker. The receiver on the jet is like a pencil. The jet pilot rams it into the funnel and it catches. The fuel



COLLIER'S "When the program's over shall I still thank them for having consented to appear tonight?" ROBERT DAY

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starts flowing. When the jet is full a valve closes, the fuel stops, the jet pilot pulls loose. A guy who told me he hadn't even tried any close flying in three years made it 8 out of 10 tries. He said it was a lot simpler than flying formation."

"How long does it take to get a load?" asked Keefer.

"Not long," Pappy said.

The U.S. Air Force these days has countless Pappys, Keefers, Smiths and Kaplans who are learning about mid-air refueling.

Mid-air refueling isn't new. Endurance fliers have been doing it for years. A B-50 Superfortress, the Lucky Lady, flew nonstop around the world a year ago, with four mid-air refuelings.

Nor is it new for jet aircraft. The British have been refueling their R.A.F. Meteors with the Drogue Drag system for some time and recently the U.S. Air Force announced that it was experimenting with the Boom system, which is being developed by the Boeing Aircraft Company in Seattle.

Mass ferry flights of jets, refueling above the clouds, are certainly a probability in the near future, whether they are being ferried over an ocean or simply from one base to another which may be beyond their range.

For refueling whips the greatest obstacle that the limited-range jets have always had to fight—the weather.

On that first ferry mission of 15 jets to Germany last April, five out of the seven hops across the upper part of the Atlantic took two hours' flying time. The fuel capacity of the F-80 Shooting Stars being ferried is only two hours and 10 or 15 minutes. Bad weather at any of the landing points could have been disastrous because there was no margin of safety either to correct an error in instrument navigation or to continue to an alternate landing field. It was a beautifully planned and executed mission; 15 jets started, 15 arrived in Germany, but aerial refueling would have made the flight infinitely surer, safer and simpler.

Pappy's presentation of the aerial task force has far oversimplified the entire concept which Air Force planners have of it now. Aerial Task Force Able doesn't exist yet, except in the minds of those planners.

Tactical Use Is Undecided

Pappy's conception of it may never exist—exactly as Pappy sees it, that is. There are bugs to work out, and hundreds of hours of trial-and-error experimentation before any tactical use of the aerial task force can be finally determined.

One of the things it does demonstrate is the importance the USAF places on Tactical Air Power as a partner of equal importance to its big brother, Strategic Air Power.

Actually, the aerial task force conception can be applied to long-range bombing missions just about as well as to tactical missions. Tankers and fighters accompanying the bombers would give the mission fighter support far beyond the normal range of the fighters.

In fact, and you can use your own slide rule and maps, the only limit to how far the fighters could go along would depend on the endurance of the pilots and the range and capacity of the tankers—and upon how many tankers were assigned to the mission. The same facts would apply to fighters on patrol duty, protecting this nation against aerial attack in time of war.

General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, told a Congressional House Committee recently that the USAF was just as concerned with the tactical side of the Air Force as with the strategic side.

It would be strange, indeed, if this were not true. In the last war General Vandenberg commanded the Ninth Air Force, a tactical outfit. He and his staff worked out the close support tactics for the ground troops on the march through France, Holland, Belgium and Germany. Called up by ground force commanders, Vandenberg's fighter planes hit tanks, troops, pillboxes and strong points in front of our lines, just as they also blasted trains, bridges, armored columns, transport river barges and other tactical targets.

Neither is the preoccupation of the Air Force with fighter tactics and close ground support a thing of the past few months. The tactical officers of Plans and Operations at headquarters in the Pentagon, and the tactical leaders in the field, are the fighter pilots of the last war. They were seeking improvements in tactics and techniques when the war ended and they never quit. Nor is it a one-sided operation. The Air Force and the Army ground forces hold almost daily joint maneuvers, big and little, in some part of the world.

Some months ago at a meeting of Air Force and Army general officers, the ground officers said they thought even closer co-operation might be possible. General Vandenberg agreed so heartily he suggested that a high-level tactical headquarters be set up on the Army base where it would do the most good.

Thus came into being on May 7, 1949, the provisional Tactical Air Force headquarters at Pope Air Force Base, which is contiguous with Fort Bragg, North Carolina. In the words of the directive setting up the move, it enabled TAF headquarters and the Third Army V Corps and 82d Airborne Division headquarters to maintain day-to-day close contact and close liaison. Actually it put the commanding generals almost within shouting distance of each other.

The move was made with a number of things in view, including:

The development of Air Force systems, tactics, techniques and procedures (for tactical air outfits) in conjunction with surface forces.

The training of personnel and units in air-surface techniques, tactics and procedures.

Keeping assigned personnel thoroughly proficient in current concepts and knowledge of the employment of tactical air power.

Preparing detailed plans for conduct of exercises and maneuvers.

Being ready to provide cadres of personnel trained in the employment of tactical air power for the future formation of TAF headquarters for overseas employment in time of emergency.

The TAF headquarters is also close to the Third Infantry Division at Fort Benning, Georgia, and to the Armored School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and works equally with them. It is a small, compact, mobile headquarters and can move quickly down to Camp Hood in Texas, where the Second Armored Division is located, to the 11th Armored at Camp Campbell, Tennessee, or to the Second Infantry at Fort Lewis, Washington.

The TAF headquarters carries its own communications and radar group and is empowered to use personnel and units from both regular and National Guard forces in joint training maneuvers.

With the increasing effectiveness of this air-ground co-operation came the desire for a more exact definition. The Air Force asked the Army to say exactly what it wanted in the way of supporting tactical aircraft.

From the Army's Viewpoint

The Army replied that in order to deliver striking power sufficient to achieve the desired results, a fighter bomber should be capable of:

Carrying a load of from 4,000 to 6,000 pounds of bombs and from 8 to 18 rockets capable of penetrating tank armor.

Endurance of from four to four and one half hours with internal fuel. (No wing tanks.)

Tactics and armament for repelling mass armored attacks.

The Army divided its targets into two classes, Area and Pinpoint. For Area they listed military targets covering sizable areas such as infantry positions, artillery gun positions, tanks and bivouacs, billeting areas, ammunition and fuel dumps.

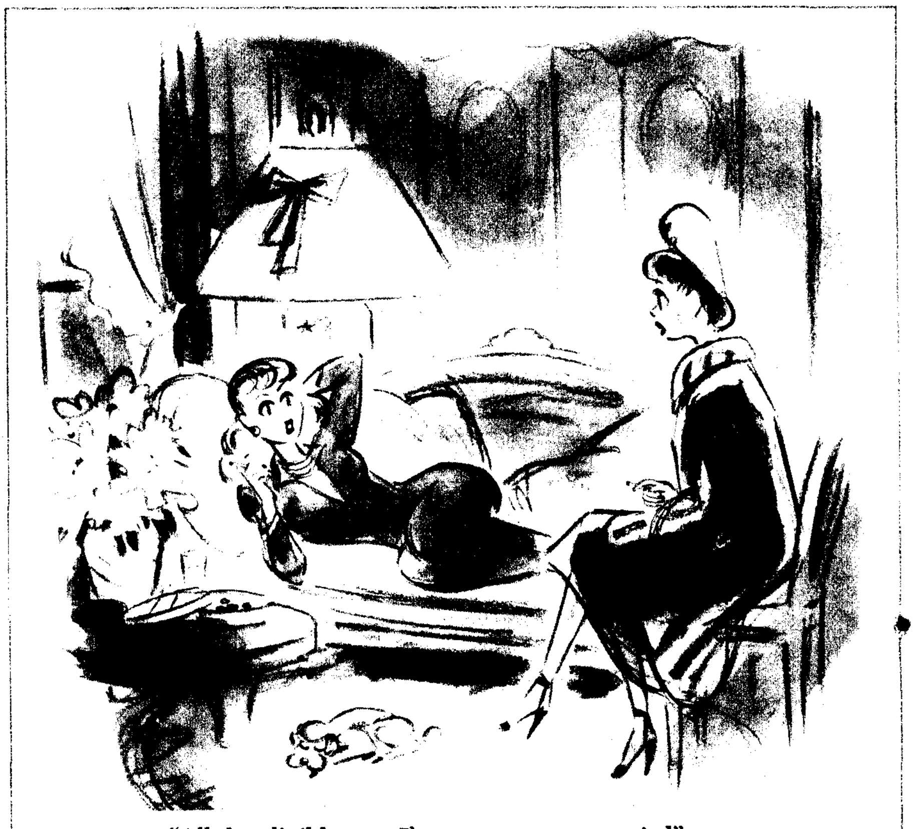
For Pinpoint they listed precise targets, such as a specific building, individual tanks camouflaged or dug in, motor vehicles, railway trains, artillery pieces, pillboxes "and so forth."

The Army further suggested that certain or all types of movement in a given area could be allotted as a target for tactical air attacks. Consequently, it was concluded, aircraft should possess a high degree of maneuverability to permit exploitation against mobile targets moving into, within or from the battle area.

The Air Force's most modern and most powerful fighter bomber in present operational use is Republic's F-84E Thunderjet. For long flights it can carry wing-tip and bomb-shackle tanks, thus increasing to about six hours its flying time at high altitude. At high altitude it will cruise at well over 400 miles an hour.

Subtracting the time necessary to reach that altitude, the Thunderjet equipped with its full external fuel equipment has considerable range.

From that extreme the Thunderjet can



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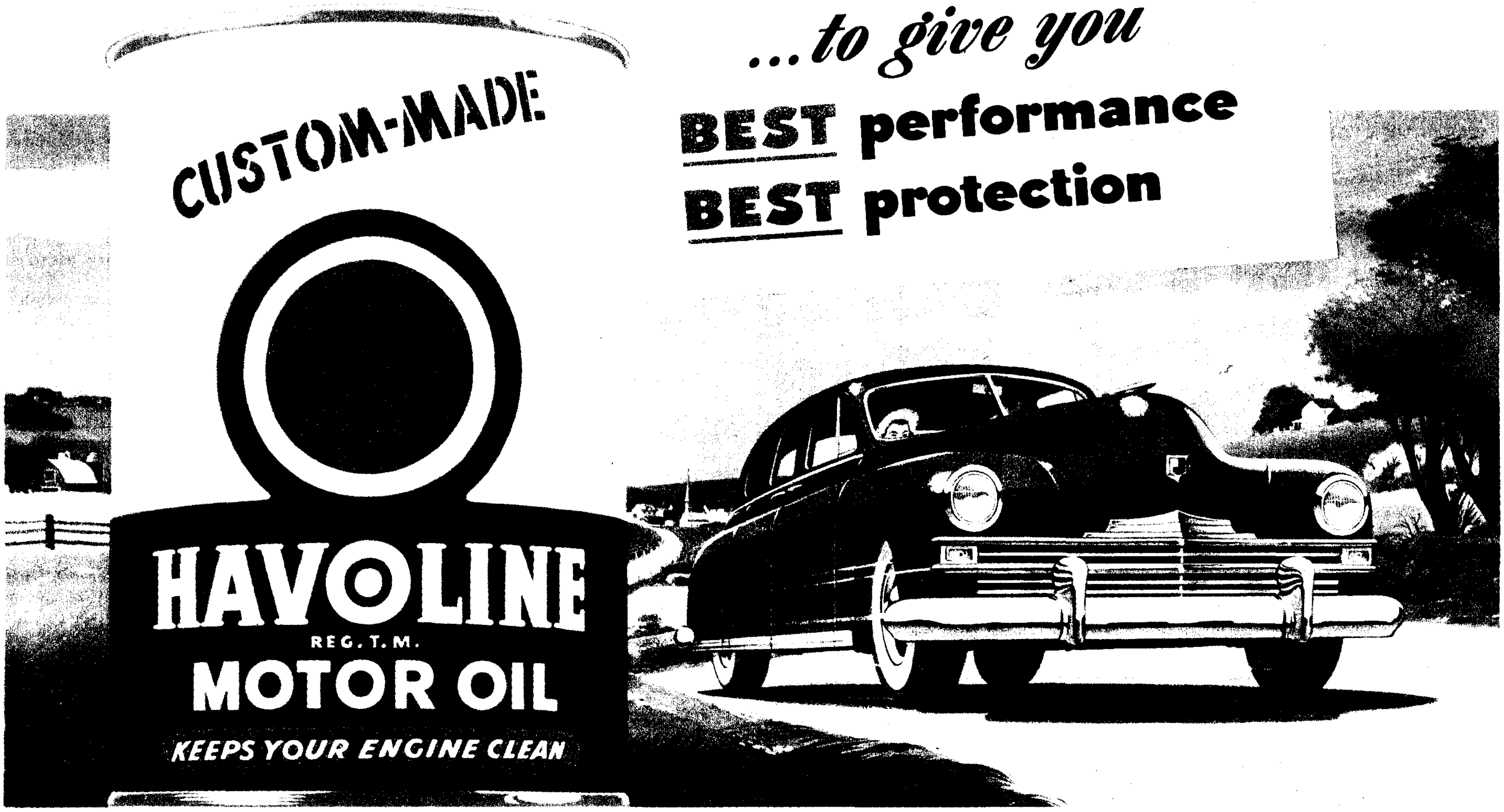

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trade its external fuel load for armament in a number of combinations. First it can load itself like a bristling Christmas tree with 32 five-inch HVARs (High Velocity Airplane Rockets). Or it can carry two 1,200-pound "Tiny Tim" rockets and two HVARs. Or two 1,000-pound bombs and 12 HVARs. The six 50-caliber machine guns are included in all combinations. With Jato (Jet assist take off) the load can be considerably increased—two "Tiny Tims" and 12 HVARs, for instance.

Eliminating any of the external fuel tanks, of course, reduces the combat radius of the Thunderjet. The more fire power it carries the less distance it can go, the less time in the air. But the armament listed above, including the six .50-caliber machine guns, makes the Thunderjet a formidable opponent against any of the targets the Army has enumerated.

Dive-bombing jet pilots have shown a better-than-fair accuracy. They rarely miss a 50-foot circle and frequently get it dead center. Rocket firing is as accurate. The jet has proved to be a much more stable platform for machine-gun firing than the old fighter with its reciprocating engine, and the pilots have hung up amazing records in both air-to-air and air-to-ground firing. Attempts are being made to achieve a higher rate of fire to improve even these records.

One of the greatest problems which exists today in any plans for increasing the continuous time of the jet-fighter pilot in the air is the actual physical endurance of the pilot himself.

Certainly it is recognized at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio, where the Air Matériel Command is constantly experimenting and carrying on tests which they expect will result in:

A pressure suit, fitted and laced to the body, which will counteract the effects of the high altitudes that frequently bring on headaches, severe abdominal gas pains, cramps and general exhaustion.

Higher pressurization for the jet-fighter-plane cockpit to insure that at 40,000 feet the simulated altitude within the cockpit would be no higher than 12,000 feet. This would greatly reduce fatigue and allow the pilot to remove his oxygen mask for brief periods—long enough to eat a bite or have a cigarette.

A more comfortable oxygen mask, with perhaps a mouth covering which may be slipped aside without the necessity of removing the entire mask. The present oxygen mask fits so close across the bridge of the nose, that it feels, after a couple of hours, like an ever-tightening piano wire.

A more comfortable seat, one which recognizes that all fighter pilots haven't the same height, width and breadth, and is accordingly adjustable, and which permits more freedom of movement to relieve fatigue.

Simple matters of cockpit design, with an eye to more comfort, convenience and rounded corners—and less stretching, pushing and barked knuckles.

Mutual Respect Among Pilots

The comradeship of the fighter pilot and the bomber pilot in combat or time of emergency is legend. They have been in and out of many a tight spot together and there is a high degree of mutual respect. The story is told of a fighter pilot who made an emergency landing at a bomber base in England during the war.

It was near the dinner hour and one of the base officers led him directly to the mess hall where the bomber guys were seated. He paused at the head of the room and introduced his guest. As one, the entire room of officers stood and cheered the fighter pilot.

None of that, however, prevents a healthy rivalry and vociferous slurs on either side. Particularly vocal is the fighter pilot's scorn for the flying skill of the bomber or transport pilot, both of whom he feels are pampered with automatic pilots, navigators, radio operators and engineers. It is only rivaled by his indignation over the differing air-base courtesies he feels are paid the two.

The very nature of his job, of doing everything singlehandedly and depending entirely upon himself, tends to make the fighter pilot a rugged individualist. A long, sad and exaggerated tale of a fighter pilot's week-end cross-country has drawn fond and feeling applause from the single-engine lads of several nations.

Saga of a Rugged Week End

"Joe has set himself for a cross-country training flight," the story goes. "He's leaving Saturday morning. His wife's mad because he will be gone over Saturday and Sunday, so he had to take her out Friday. They dine and dance and Saturday morning he's not in any too good shape.

"It's already ten o'clock and hotter than Hades by the time he files his clearance and collects all his gear. He leaves Operations with a B-4 bag in one hand and his parachute over his shoulder. Hanging from him, one way and another, are maps, a Mae West (he's got a few miles of water to cross and the M.W. is regulation), a seat cushion and a crash helmet.

"He looks around hopefully for a ride—but there's never one for the fighter pilot. He foots it clear across the field, hot, sweating, thinking, worrying about his car payments and whether his wife is going to have a baby.

"Out at the plane he kicks the chocks from the wheels, looks the job over, checks the fuel, wipes off the canopy and climbs into the cockpit. There he struggles 10 minutes getting into the Mae West, the parachute and his seat straps. His pants are up to his knees, he's being choked in three places and his shirt is wringing wet.

"He gets himself arranged, starts his engine and calls the tower for take-off instructions. They hold him on the end of the runway so long while three cargo jobs warm up and get off that he nearly has to go back and refuel.

"He gets to his destination that evening, after stopping twice to refuel, hot, hungry and tired. (He skipped lunch—couldn't get any transportation at his refueling points because the pilot and copilot of a B-25 which arrived just ahead of him had taken the only available staff car to the Officers' Club.)

"Joe has a night with some of the boys he fought with in England and starts back the next morning. He hits a couple of weather fronts and a lot of turbulence, gets tossed about and damned near lost twice, but he finally makes it.

"When he gets near his home field, Joe calls Operations, gives the guy his home phone number and asks him to notify his wife he's on the way—please meet him. He lands and they park him at the farthest corner of the field, miles away from the tower, it looks to him. He struggles out of his straps and out of the cockpit, jumps to the ground and looks around. There's not a soul in sight. Nobody knows if he's alive—or cares.

"Parachute over his shoulder, B-4 bag in hand, Mae West, seat cushion, helmet and maps dangling along, Joe struggles, hot, tired, dirty and unhappy, over toward Operations.

"What does he see on the way? A C-47 on cross-country rolls up and is parked 75 yards from the tower. The pilot, Joe muses, took it off and set his course. Then he put it on automatic pilot for three hours. He has a copilot to navigate and help drive, an engineer and maybe a radio operator to help with the chores.

"But what happens? A staff car rolls up for the crew and a jeep for the baggage and off they whisk for the tower, right past Joe as he trudges along, bowed under the weight of parachute, B-4 bag, Mae West, seat cushion, helmet and maps.

"Joe gets to the tower, parks his gear and begins looking around for his wife and his car. He looks and looks—and then the operator breaks the news to him. His wife couldn't come and pick him up—she's busy playing bridge!" THE END

Beached Blonde

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

immediately chorused, "What did we tell you?"

"Hello!" Martin said. The girl had everything he had imagined, and more; more, only because his imagination had clothed her more prudently than the girl had clothed herself. "My name is Martin Dexter and I'm very grateful to you."

"I'm Carola Haven and don't mention it. I guess you can let go of my hand now."

There seemed to be no immediate excuse for retaining possession, so Martin released the soft little hand.

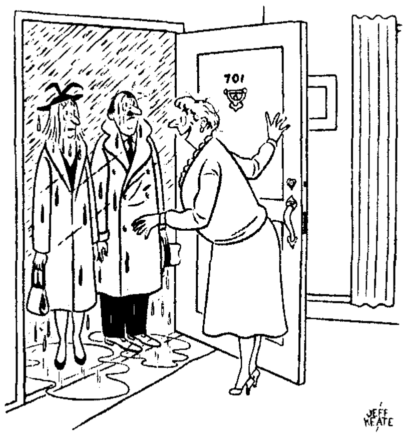
"Thanks again," he said.

"You're welcome," she said. "Well—"

"Well—" Martin said. She was beginning to sidle off when his brain suddenly began working again. With a rush, the facts of his professional life and the purpose of his trip to Florida came back to him. "Carola!"

"Yes, Martin?" She turned back.

"I just wanted to say that you are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen."



"What a coincidence! Floyd was just remarking nobody would be dumb enough to go out on a night like this!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

"With or without your glasses?"

"With."

"Thank you, Martin," she said.

"I don't know why I didn't mention this sooner," he said.

"We just met."

"That's true. And I couldn't have picked a lovelier girl to run into if I had gone the length of the beach, with binoculars."

"You're cute, too, Martin," she said.

"As a matter of fact, I've been looking for a girl just like you."

"I'm glad you found me and not some reasonable facsimile," she said warmly. "It's probably Fate."

"Carola—"

"I like your style, Martin. I like—" She broke off suddenly. "Oh, for Pete's sake!"

"What's wrong?"

"I almost forgot. We can't go on blabbing like this, Martin."

"Why not?"

"I'm engaged."

"Oh."

"It just happened last week, so I'm not used to the idea yet." She sat down glumly and poked a pretty toe in the sand. Martin sat beside her and sighed.

"Oh, well—" he said finally.

"It was a close thing, though," she said.

"Yes, wasn't it?" Martin stared unhappily out to sea, watching the crisp white sails that his glasses brought sharply into focus. The scene looked like a slightly overdone backdrop for a seaside musical. "Have you any acting experience, Carola?"

"What? Oh—no, that's no good," she said. "Paul would never go for that screen-test routine, and anyway, shame on you for suggesting it."

"You don't understand. I'm a director, see, and I'm doing a play about—"

Carola sprang to her feet, her cheeks once more flushed. "Now wait a minute," she said. "Are you telling me that you weren't making a pass at me, you cad?"

Martin rose quickly. "Not exactly," he said. "Not at first, that is. Then later I was, but you're engaged, so I thought at least I'd see about this." This statement seemed to mollify her. She sat down once more and replaced her lovely toe in the groove she had made in the sand.

"Anyway, you shouldn't be making passes at an engaged woman," she said.

"That's right," he said.

She sighed. "What's the other pitch?"

He sat down and said, "I'm doing a seaside-type comedy called Sandy on Broadway when I go back. I came down here to soak up atmosphere, but I hoped against hope that in addition I might find somebody who could play my lead. Somebody who looks wonderful in a bathing suit."

"You want to discover somebody?"

He seized her hand in a rush of affection. "You understand perfectly," he said. "You see, I've been in the directing business for several years now, but I've never discovered anybody. I just use actors. People are beginning to talk."

She nodded understandingly. "'There goes that Martin Dexter who never discovered anybody,' huh?"

"Exactly. Until now, that is. We'll read lines this afternoon. I'm sure you can do it."

"Oh, I can act fine," she said sadly. "Gee—but we're going back to New York this afternoon, and—"

"But you can't!" Martin said. "Carola, you'd be magnificent in this play. You're young, lovely, alluring, charming—"

"Oh, hello, Paul," Carola said.

"Paul?"

"My fiancé," Carola said. "This is Martin Dexter, Paul. A friend."

MARTIN looked up to see a tall, roundish blond young man who had come up beside them. Their hellos had all the warmth of an Acheson-Molotov reunion.

"Paul is the richest young man in some county or other," Carola said. "My mother discovered him."

"Now you know I don't like you talking like that, Carola," Paul said in some annoyance. "Who is this man anyway?"

"We're old—" Martin began.

"He picked me up," Carola said wearily. She scrambled to her feet. "Well, so long, Martin. It was fun, in a way."

"But, Carola, about that other thing—"

"We'll talk about it," she said. "Come, Paul."

Paul held back long enough to glare at Martin and say, "I'd sooner you didn't discuss anything at all with my fiancée, Dexter. Is that clear?"

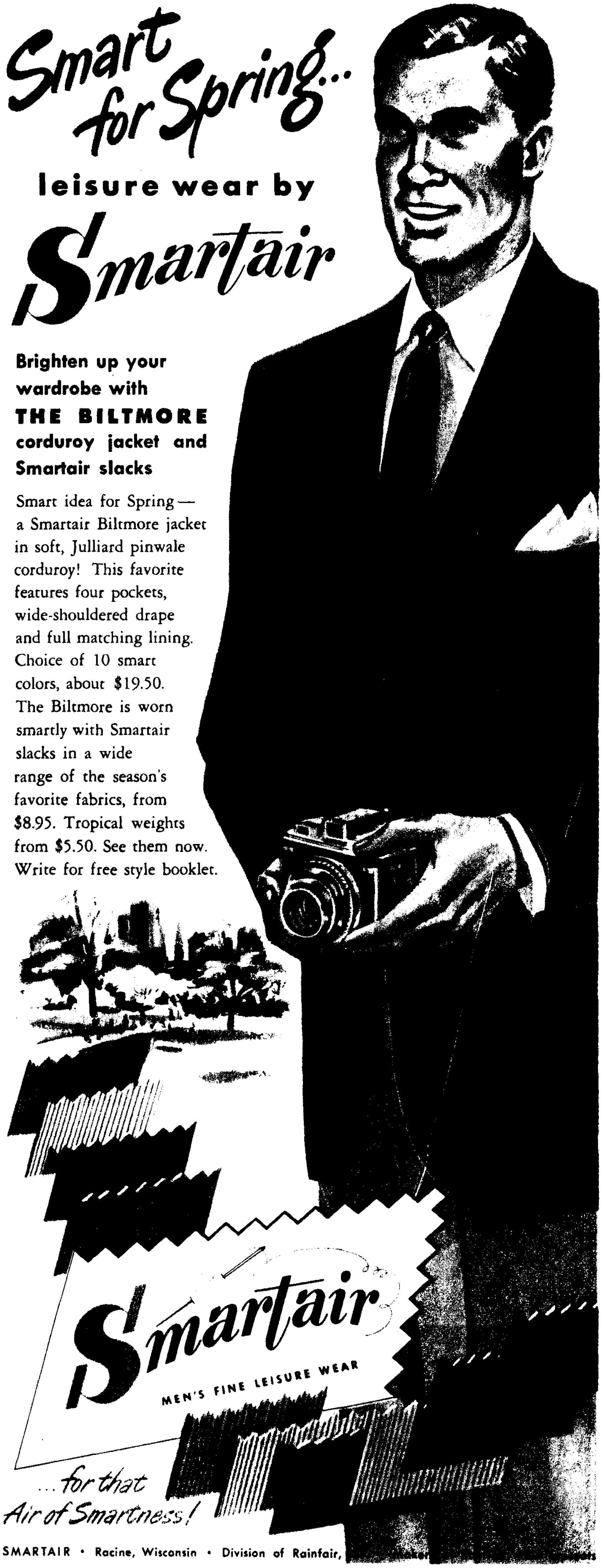
"Perfectly," Martin said. He watched them disappear in the colorful maze of umbrellas and tan bodies. For a while he sat and brooded, playing back in his memory the sounds of their conversation. It was only when he got to her last line that he brightened for a moment.

She had said, "We'll talk about it." That could only mean that she was interested in the play. He leaped to his feet excitedly, then stopped abruptly and clapped a hand to his forehead.

"But I don't know how to get in touch with her!" he said aloud. And he was filled with a sense of total loss as he realized that, for Heaven's sake, he didn't even know what color Carola's eyes were, behind her large dark sunglasses.

An hour later, Martin was packed and on his way to the railroad station. It was an outside chance, he admitted. They might be flying. They might choose another train. It was a chance, though, that he had to take.

As he hustled down to the station, he listened to an inner voice reading through his brief conversation with Carola again. As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a director, he couldn't help changing the reading somewhat as it went along. Under Martin's direction, her lines came through even more warmly than she had spoken them. Listening, Martin was once more almost cheerful.

There can't be any doubt that she is at least fond of me, he thought as he climbed aboard the train. It isn't so much what she said, but the way she said it.

He walked through the train from one end to the other and caught no glimpse of her. This didn't discourage him entirely. There were any number of compartments and drawing rooms she might be in. He settled into his Pullman seat and read through the script of Sandy. His professional self saw Carola in the lead and applauded loudly. She couldn't miss.

He was on his way to the diner when he saw her. She was coming toward him along the narrow aisle that flanked a group of compartments. Even dressed, he thought, she looked wonderful. When she came abreast of him she looked up at him.

Martin's reaction may have been theatrical in its fervor but it was sincere. He looked into her eyes with a vivid sense of shock and delight. Carola's eyes were bluer than the Florida skies and fringed with sweeping blond lashes. And, most dazzling, there was in her eyes a look of mystery, of great distances and warm promise that held him speechless.

All this Martin saw and felt in a brief moment, because that was all the time he had. He stood fascinated as she looked at him, looked away, and continued along the corridor without missing a step. She was past him before he could say a word.

"Carola—?" he said finally, his mind reeling. Behind him, a compartment door opened and closed. He turned to find the corridor empty. She had cut him dead.

"Brushed," he said in a dazed way. "Chilled. Frozen."

It was the last Martin saw of Carola during the trip. Several times he told himself bitterly that was just the way he wanted it. Try as he might, he could get no shred of conviction into his reading.

SEVERAL times during the days that followed, Martin Dexter toyed with the idea of re-enlisting in the Army. He was sure he still had the eye chart memorized, a stratagem that had won him entry into the armed forces some years earlier. It was only because he felt he didn't know enough French to handle the eye chart that he rejected the notion of joining the Foreign Legion.

He went through the motions of holding auditions for the female lead in Sandy, but all the savor had gone out of his work. He sat in his producer's office like a jaded sultan as one gorgeous blonde after another paraded before him dressed in the scantiest beach wear. Not only was his professional interest dormant: never once did any of these lovely creatures in any way rev his idling pulse.

When the ultimate moment for a selection arrived, Martin pulled out a list of names that were all something like Laverne Adam or Chichi Schultz. He held his forefinger over the list and closed his eyes. He was about to make his choice when the telephone rang.

"No more casting," he said into the mouthpiece.

"Oh, gee, Martin," a girl's voice said. "I'm too late, huh?"

"Carola!" His pulse responded nobly.

"I had an awful time locating you." Her voice was, at the very least, friendly. "Are you really a famous director, Martin?"

"Nobody ever heard of a director," Martin said. "Carola, why did you—?"

"I've been thinking about us, Martin. Paul's going to be busy tonight," she said. "I'm not."

"Well—" Martin said. He found that he was slewing violently from extremes of injured pride to equal extremes of joyous excitement. "I suppose there's no harm in talking."

"My idea exactly," she said warmly. "Pick me up at eight." She gave him her address and hung up. . . .

Before they met that evening, Martin searched his soul and, in so far as he was able, Carola's as well. His own inclinations were clear enough, but he took them firmly in hand.

Repugnant as the thought is, he thought, the girl may just be fickle. She has blown hot and cold for no apparent reason and may do so again. He determined to maintain a neutral attitude until he could be more certain of hers.

At eight o'clock he phoned up to her apartment and she came down to join him in his car. She wore tinted .driving goggles whose frames matched her blue ensemble. She looked quite good enough to eat.

Martin said, with a nicely calculated coolness, "Carola, how nice to see you again."

"Gee, Martin," she said, and kissed him warmly. "You still look mighty good."

"Likewise," he said. The kiss had caught him off guard. He slipped the convertible into gear and thought: When she is warm, she is very, very warm . . . but when she is cold, she is frigid. The thought did little to bolster his crumbling resistance. They cruised crosstown and swung down the West Side Highway. Martin looked across the Hudson, and felt wonderful.

Carola said, "One problem is, Paul doesn't approve of the theater."

"If I may speak for my profession," Martin said, "the feeling is mutual."

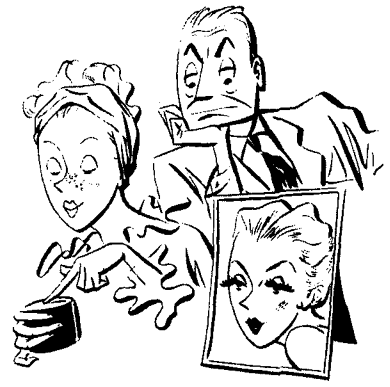
"The other problem is my dependent mother. I wouldn't ask any man to support her and me, too, unless the guy was loaded, like Paul."

"Your attitude does you credit," Martin said, "but those aren't the only problems." He had in mind the train incident.

"Let's park a minute and consider our problems," she said.

Ahead of them, Martin saw a car pull off the highway onto an emergency repair strip and dim its lights. He took the next strip and parked. A big black car behind them, he noticed, pulled up on the strip ahead.

Everybody has problems, he thought, as he switched off the car lights. He took off his glasses and turned to Carola, bracing himself to ask her why she had brushed him on the train. She had taken off her goggles and turned toward him. The mutual turning brought them very close together and somehow the question of the train never came up. Their other problems seemed equally remote.



BRIAN BROWN

FEMALE JANUS

Although I say it with distaste,
I know for sure my wife's two-faced:
The one is Nature's pure creation;
The other takes some preparation.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"Gee, this is practically illegal, Martin," she said after some minutes.

"Yes," Martin said vaguely. "These parking strips are supposed to be only for emergency repairs."

"I mean about me being engaged to Paul," Carola said.

"Oh, yes," he said. "That. I was thinking that you would be my ideal leading lady in more ways than one."

"I like the way you say that," she said with a happy sigh. "It's corny, but nice."

On an inspiration, he said, "How would you like to audition right now?"

"Wait a minute," she said. "Audition for what?"

"The stage role," he said hastily. "I've got a key to the rehearsal hall."

"That sounds like fun," she said. "You had me worried there for a minute."

"I couldn't speak of anything else while you are engaged," Martin said sternly.

"Your attitude does you credit, Martin," she said, and set about rearranging her hair, which had become rather mussed.

MARTIN put on his glasses and started the car. As he swung out into traffic, he felt that his attitude was now once more correct. What had passed between them was hardly evidence that Carola was not fickle. Possibly quite the opposite. Glancing into his rearview mirror, he noticed that the big black car which had left the highway as they did now pulled out behind them.

They must have solved their problems, he thought. He turned off the highway at the first exit. The black car did the same.

There's the theatrical mind for you, he thought. I immediately assume that we're being followed. He turned south. The black car turned south.

"Has Paul got a big black car?" he asked.

"Yes, but I like your jalopy better," she said.

Martin tramped down hard on the gas pedal and zigzagged his way south in some haste. He had lost sight of the black car by the time they pulled up in front of the rehearsal hall in the West Forties. Once inside, he turned on a glaring work light on a small stage cluttered with odd bits of furniture and rehearsal benches.

Martin loosened his necktie. "To work," he said briskly.

"Yes, sir." She glanced quickly through the scene he indicated in the script and announced herself ready.

"If you are that quick a study," Martin said, "you will walk through life with my blessings." He showed her where to stand and took up his position opposite her, script in hand. "This is an indoor scene, so you won't need your driving goggles."

"Oh, yes," she said. She put the goggles on a bench and they began the scene. Martin, in spite of the fact that he knew himself a prejudiced witness, was forced to admit that she was good. She read with a keen appreciation of the humor in the lines and her timing was sharp and sensitive.

"That was the best first reading I have ever heard," Martin said finally.

"The first and the last," Paul said.

"Oh, dear," Carola said. "Here's Paul."

Martin sighed and sat down. "I thought I shook you in Central Park, Paul," he said. "That wasn't a bad entrance, if a little melodramatic."

"I followed you here," Paul said grimly. "So this is why Carola has been talking about going into the theater." He was peeling off his jacket as he spoke. "We'll put an end to that here and now."

"Now, Paul—" Carola said.

"On your feet, Four Eyes," Paul said.

"Now wait a minute, sonny," Martin said.

"Stand up and take your thrashing like a man," Paul said.

"Oh, no!" Martin said. He stood up. "Who writes your dialogue, anyway?" He put his glasses on a bench and turned to face Paul. "I'd never

COMMUNITY LIQUOR STORE
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"You and I both have a stake in my store"

"Ten to one you don't live anywhere near my liquor package store at 255 Battle Avenue, White Plains, New York, or know me—Hudson K. Mason. Maybe you never bought anything from me. Even so, if you can spare a minute or two now, I'd appreciate it.

"They tell me that what I want to say may run in a magazine and be read all over the country. That's okay by me—for whether you're a doctor here in White Plains, a farmer in Kansas, or just a small retailer like me . . . *you* have a stake in my store.

* * *

"In fact, that's what I want to talk with you about . . . the store. After seventeen years as a newspaper circulation manager, I decided when the war was over that I wanted a business of my own. I did a lot of thinking and looking around, and opened here in 1948.

"I haven't done badly since. Nothing big, but I've got a nice trade and we own our house and a car. If we're lucky, my wife and I should be set for life.

"That's what's got me worried. There *are* some people in this country who, if they got *their* way, could end our dream of security. I'm talking about the 'professional drys.'

"These people have mighty strong notions about what you and I should or should not do. If they had their way, you'd never again enjoy an occasional cocktail before dinner. And my store would be closed up for good!

* * *

"Sure, we all thought the American people settled that question back in 1933. But today, it looks like the drys are trying to win with *taxes* what they couldn't win with *votes!*

"What makes me think so? Well, just look at the record. Since Repeal—only 16 years ago—Federal excise taxes on distilled spirits have been increased 718%—from $1.10 a proof gallon to $9.00. And on top of that there are 22 other Federal, state and local taxes.

"Know what that means? It means that when you buy a bottle of blended whiskey costing, say, $3.75, over $2.00 of your money—over *half* of it—goes for taxes!

* * *

"Now don't get me wrong. Liquor *should* be taxed, but not so high that the government is cheated out of millions of dollars in revenue every year by illegal, 'no-tax' whiskey. And I don't think any fair-minded American deliberately wants to give back to the moonshiners and gangsters a legitimate, lawful business that means so much in jobs and payrolls.

"Over a million people are now employed in our industry. If sky-high taxes cause a drastic shrinkage in the sale of legal alcoholic beverages, thousands are going to be looking for jobs. And somebody will have to dig a lot deeper to make up the taxes Uncle Sam and the states now get from legal alcoholic beverages.

"You know as well as I do who that 'somebody' will be. It's going to be Mr. John Q. Public—you and me—wets and drys alike!

"That's why I say—'You and I both have a stake in my store!' "

Hudson K. Mason's message is sponsored by the producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages. As citizens and businessmen, we stand for the following aims in your community:

- *the encouragement of moderation by word and by example.*
- *the licensing of only orderly places of business.*
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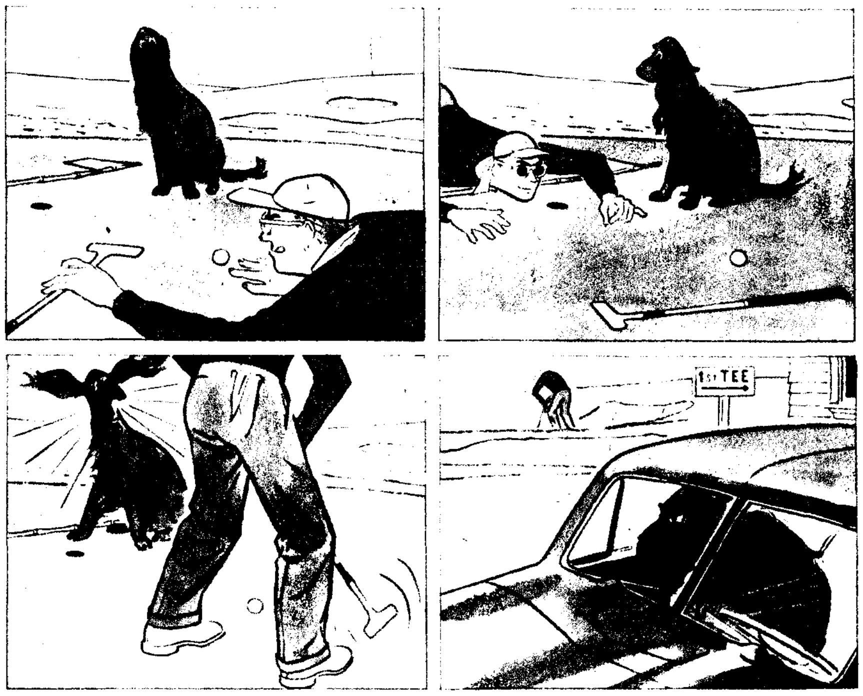


COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

cast you as a fighter, but I could be wrong."

"Stop!" Carola said in some agitation. "Martin, you can't fight without your glasses, can you?"

"I can if I can find him," Martin said. The stage had blurred off sharply when he removed his glasses. He blinked and looked around, locating the fuzzy shape that was Paul with some difficulty. "Let's go."

CAROLA grasped Martin's sleeve nervously. "Wait!" she said. "Before you go into combat, there's something you ought to know. Did you ever hear of an actress named Mary Harvard?"

"Mary Harvard?" The name rang a distant bell in Martin's mind. "I seem to remember—"

"Are you going to fight or do I have to strike you first?" Paul demanded.

"Allons!" Martin said. He stepped toward Paul and stuck out a tentative left jab. It didn't connect. "Not close enough yet," he muttered, and took a decisive step forward. He heard Paul's right cross whistling over his head as he tripped over a rehearsal bench and sprawled full length on the floor.

"Missed me," Martin said as he pulled himself to his feet and drew a bead on Paul's indistinct figure. As he closed again, his foot caught in an unseen light cable. He fell heavily to the deck. Paul's roundhouse right missed by a foot as Martin went down.

"Get up! Get up!" Paul shouted.

"Okay, okay," Martin said testily, pulling himself wearily to his feet. "I'll fix your wagon shortly. Where is it?"

They managed to exchange light blows before Martin went down again, this time with his feet wrapped around a prop bench.

"I don't mind your ducking," Paul said peevishly, "so long as you leave me something to fight with."

"Maybe you'd better come to me this time," Martin said. "I'm getting tired." His head swam dizzily. As Paul approached, he was aware of Carola's indistinct figure coming closer too. She was saying something that he couldn't hear for the ringing in his ears.

"Let me know when you're in range, Paul," Martin said. "I can't afford to waste ammunition." Paul was winding up a right, he could tell, and he heard Carola shout, "Stop it!" She seemed to be brandishing something in her right hand. Martin squinted, got an approximate bead on Paul's advancing figure and shot a right. It never landed. Simultaneously with the launching of the blow, Martin heard a dull thump directly overhead and saw a sudden blinding flash of light. His knees sagged.

She hit me with a club, he thought as he fell. There can be no doubt that she is fickle. The fuzzy lights blinked out. . . .

He awoke to find that he was looking directly into a pair of bright blue eyes which were brimming with tears. "Wake up, Martin," Carola was saying. "It was a mistake. I didn't mean to hit you, honest."

"If that is so," Martin said coldly, "your aim is terrible. How fickle can you get?"

"I'm not fickle at all," she said. "It's what I was telling you, about Mary Harvard."

"Oh, yes," Martin said. He had suddenly remembered. "Wasn't Mary Harvard the actress who walked into the orchestra pit on opening night a few years back?"

"That's right," Carola wailed. "Mary Harvard was my stage name. They wouldn't let me wear my glasses."

"You mean—" Martin said. "That faraway look in your eyes— You mean, on the train, you— And you had your prescription in your sunglasses—"

"Twenty two-hundred," she sniffled. "I meant to bash Paul on the head but I couldn't find my glasses—that is, if I had my glasses I could have found them—I mean. Well, it's too late now, anyway."

"Just a minute," Martin said quietly. A shadow had fallen over his face. Glancing up, he saw a dark shape loom between him and the glaring work light. He scrambled to his feet and said, "Don't move, Paul!"

OUTLINED in light, Paul made a clear target. Martin shuffled over to him carefully. He belted Paul neatly with a left under the heart and clipped him with a solid right to the jaw. The sound of the falling body was followed by silence.

He found his way back to Carola by the sound of her sobbing. "There, there," he said. "You should have told me."

"It doesn't matter now any more," she said disconsolately. "And anyway, if I'd told you, you wouldn't have cast me. And then I couldn't support Mother and I'd have to marry Paul."

"I'll figure that out some evening as we sit around the fireplace in our spectacles, growing old together gracefully and happily," he said, taking her in his arms.

"Gee, Martin," she said. "You mean—"

"You will act in my play if we have to guide you by radar." He kissed her fondly.

Her eyes shone with a far-off, dreamy look. "But are you sure you won't mind having a nearsighted wife, darling?"

"It doesn't matter at close range," Martin murmured happily, "and I intend to stay at close range." THE END

Birthright

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

close to Webb in the darkness; taller, but less bulky.

"Ellis wouldn't take your charity or mine," Clifford said. "He's lived here thirty years, asking nothing, troubling no one, and no one is going to make trouble for him now."

All his resentment at being forced to sell (as he put it to himself), to leave this valley, and all his repressed dislike of this rich man and his blonde as the agents of his removal, got into his voice and pushed at Webb, who responded by growling, "So?"

They were on the brink of violence, and Clifford welcomed it.

The girl's yawn and amused speech was cold water. "If you small boys won't need me to apply bandages, I'll retire. I'm sleepy and it's cold."

After only the faintest hesitation, Webb managed a laugh. "Sorry, Ginny. I'll make a light for you."

As they went indoors together, Clifford's savage thought was: I made him back down. Then he was angry at himself. Selling was his own choice, and buyers with Webb's money were not plentiful, so why quarrel with the man? What was Ellis, that he should jeopardize the sale and his future for the old man's sake? Warn him to be careful, thought Clifford. After that it's up to him.

IN THE morning the two men were a little formal, but not for long. Clifford had planned a trip to Big Bear Creek, and riding through the parklike meadows bordered with pines, the mountains tall before them, all differences were forgotten. There was too much to see: a doe and her fawn in the trail, other deer in the distance, and quail, and a quick glimpse of a coyote pup.

They halted where the water battered its way out of the rocks to the quiet meadowland, and Virginia Hale expertly fitted her rod, to cast over the first great pool at the mouth of the canyon. Webb climbed upstream into the thunderous gorge, and Clifford rode away to inspect some young steers. . . .

When he returned, the girl lay in the shade with a saddle for a pillow, reading Stevenson's Kidnapped.

"Catch anything?" he asked, thinking some brightly modern book should be more to her taste.

"One beauty. I let him go. Harlan will bring back fish for all of us, and he can have the fun." She closed the book. "This was on your bookshelf. I read it the first time on the bank of a creek like this. Our home was in the mountains until I was fifteen." She stopped, and looked at him. "Why do you antagonize Harlan?"

Again her bluntness startled him. "Well—why can't he leave old Ellis alone?"

"That's not it. Is it the thought of leaving here?"

"It's not easy," Clifford admitted. "All this—the creeks and mountains, and even the damn' little pussy willows—has always been part of my life."

"Then why sell?"

"Because I could work for years and not be safe! Any one of a dozen things could break me. If I had a few thousand to put into the place, I'd never sell."

"Money's not so important."

"Not when you have plenty," he said.

The girl met his glare coolly. "I haven't. A little, that I've earned."

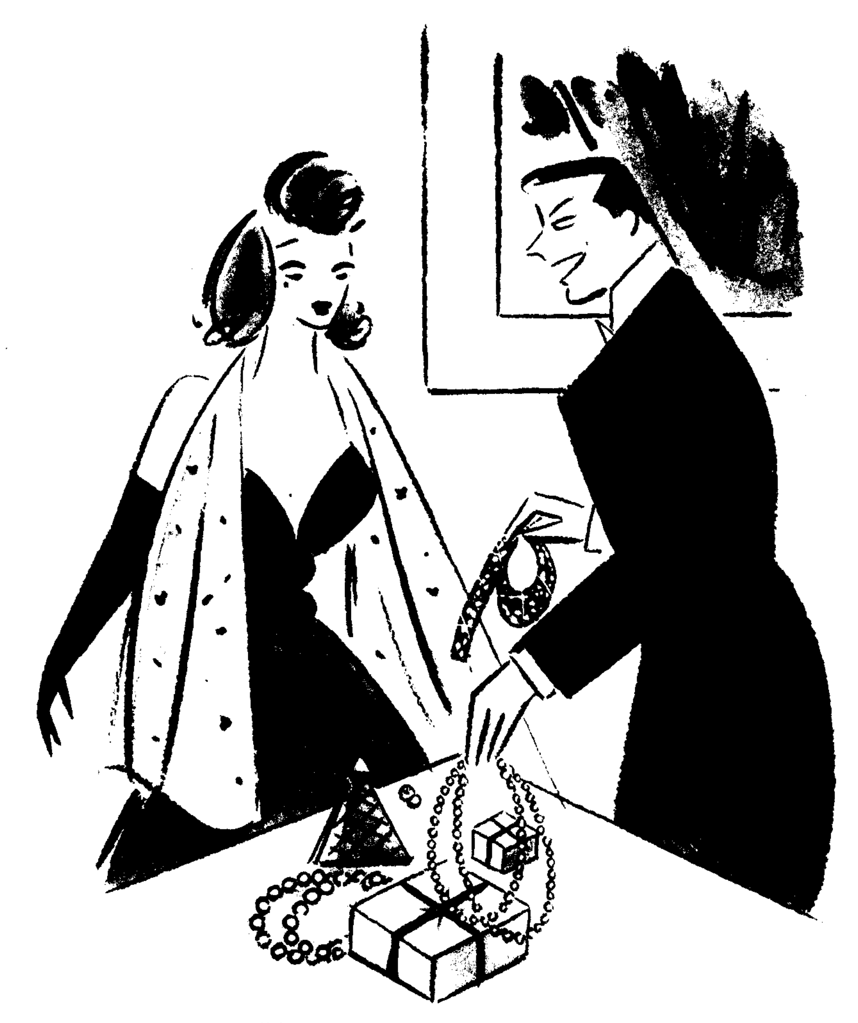
"Oh?" he considered that, and said, "Webb has enough for two, hasn't he?"

Her still face was unruffled. "So that's what you think? If Harlan didn't have a dime, he'd still be the same strong person. He's stronger than you are, and in your place—"

"Bigger, maybe."

"I didn't mean physical strength. You're being stupid."

Clifford controlled an impulse to lay



COLLIER'S

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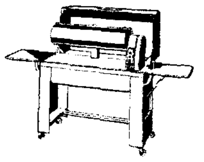

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hands on her to shake and shatter the superior manner. She met his angry eyes imperturbably, sure nothing he might do could touch her.

When she looked away, it was not because he had stared her down.

Harlan Webb was emerging from the gorge. The creel swung heavily, and he came to them grinning, but with a complaint.

"Fishing's almost too good, Bowers."

He laid twenty rainbow trout on the grass, three quarters to a pound each. Virginia admired the bright silver shapes, but there was a stricture in Clifford's voice.

"Five over the limit. What'll we do with them? Feed cats?"

"I took a few on Ginny's license. Can't we give some to—Ellis, wasn't it? I'd like to meet the old boy."

Clifford was about to contrast the over-limit of fish with Ellis' killing to eat, but he caught the girl's glance. She expected him to do just that, so he said nothing.

After their simple lunch, Harlan Webb said, contentedly, "This could be a fine ranch, Bowers. How is it you didn't borrow from the bank?"

"Then if I had bad luck, I'd lose the place."

Virginia spoke abruptly. "That's what happened to our home."

"The circumstances—" began Webb, and then checked himself. "As an investment, I'm sold. The fishing is unbeatable, which leaves these big bucks you talk about."

"You'll see them tomorrow in the Pocket."

The Pocket was a mile-square hole between mountains, with water and browse, inaccessible to cattle and horses. Clifford spoke of huge deer killed there, and Webb's eyes gleamed.

WHEN they rode home in the late afternoon, Webb drove off in his big car with a gift of trout for Ellis. Clifford finished his small chores and came in to prepare supper, but Virginia, in a dishcloth-apron, had started a fire in the wood stove and was rummaging through the cupboard.

"You can cook, too?" Clifford asked ironically, and was at once annoyed with himself. The girl said nothing, and he made an attempt to be pleasantly casual. "You told me Webb was buying the place for you. It's a hard life for a woman."

"Buying it for us, and I know about the life, and it's what I want." She stressed the "I" slightly. "The hunting and fishing are for Harlan. For me, the mountains and—and the damn' little pussy willows."

She smiled at him, and the cool, aloof face was for a moment warm and human.

"You'll get tired of it, even being here only in the summer."

"I'll be here winters, too. Eventually we'll live here. I want my children to have this, too."

Clifford shook his head and, seeing that it irritated her, deliberately added, "You're not the type."

"And what does that silly statement mean?"

The flash of temper gave him pleasure. The shell was not flawless.

"I'm judging by your clothes, your talk of country clubs and parties."

"I make my own clothes. The rest is part of Harlan's life. I share it and I can be good at it. I'm like Harlan; I can be good at anything."

"You are like Harlan," Clifford agreed with her. "You both have pretty large opinions of yourselves."

"Let me tell you something," she cried, pink with anger. "Do you know why you behave in this childish, spiteful manner? You inherited this place, and what have you done with it? Nothing! You're quitting, but you blame anyone but yourself!"

"Oh? It's easy to talk, when you have plenty—"

"If Harlan were in your place—"

"Damn Harlan!"

"Or I were! You started with all this, I started with nothing, but—"

"And damn you!"

The kitchen was suddenly very quiet, and Clifford realized they had been shouting. Virginia, cool and slightly bored again, turned away contemptuously, murmuring, "Sorry. But nothing's so irritating as a grown man acting like a spoiled child."

Clifford caught her arm, pulling her around to face him. The perfectly brushed golden hair spilled over one cheek, and her mouth opened in protest. Conscious of no emotion but fury, he kissed her roughly, and she stood perfectly passive. Astonished, angry—he did not know. He released her.

With one hand she touched her hair into place. The shell appeared intact, and she said coldly, "That also was to be expected." Then her feelings broke through, and she scrubbed her mouth with the back of her hand, blurring her gritted speech.

"The day after Harlan's deer hunt, we'll complete the sale, or get out!"

"Fine," Clifford muttered, sullen but uneasy. Uneasiness won, and he was fumbling for words of apology when he heard Webb's heavy step in the living room, and the big man came in, beaming, to say he and old Ellis had hit it off beautifully.

"I'll make him assistant caretaker or something, as an excuse to give him a little money. He's a proud old—What's wrong with your face, Ginny? Sunburned?"

"Am I flushed?" Her perfect self-control was back, though she did not look at Webb. "From slaving over a hot stove, while you gad about the countryside. You two get out, and let me cook supper."

It was a good meal, with pie and biscuits and a salad. Clifford was too uncomfortable to enjoy it, though Virginia appeared to have forgotten the incident. After supper she refused help with the dishes, and Clifford was glad to escape to the front porch.

Webb, primed with his own Scotch, talked about himself and, inevitably, Virginia.

"Same sort of drive I have," he told Clifford. "She's in half a dozen things—hat shop, stenographic agency, and she has a little place in the hills on the edge of town, where she lives and rents horses and teaches riding. Show-ring stuff—she dislikes it, but she's good at it. At everything."

"I don't doubt it."

"She's had some tough breaks, and doesn't open up to strangers, but it hasn't soured her. I've never seen her really angry."

Clifford thought: I have. But he said, "She'll be the perfect wife."

WEBB shifted to squint at him, as if suspecting sarcasm. "I think so, though after two years I still don't know her the way one knows most people in two days. When her parents were killed in an accident, their home—a really fine stock ranch—was mortgaged to the hilt, and the aunt who took her in liked to point out that every bite she ate was charity, so be grateful. That's the one thing in the world Ginny's afraid of, and it's what makes her independent."

Clifford's eyes were on the little lake below the house, where trout were rising. "So she wants a strong man. With money."

Again Webb looked at him carefully, and in a crisp voice said, "Bowers, I don't know why you—" He checked himself, inhaled slowly, and tried again. "When I met her, I started off on the wrong foot. Well, how many people won't jump at money? I didn't get anywhere until I made her see it would be a partnership, her work and my work. And it will be, that's a fact."

The girl came out of the house. "What's a fact?"

"That you're a jewel."

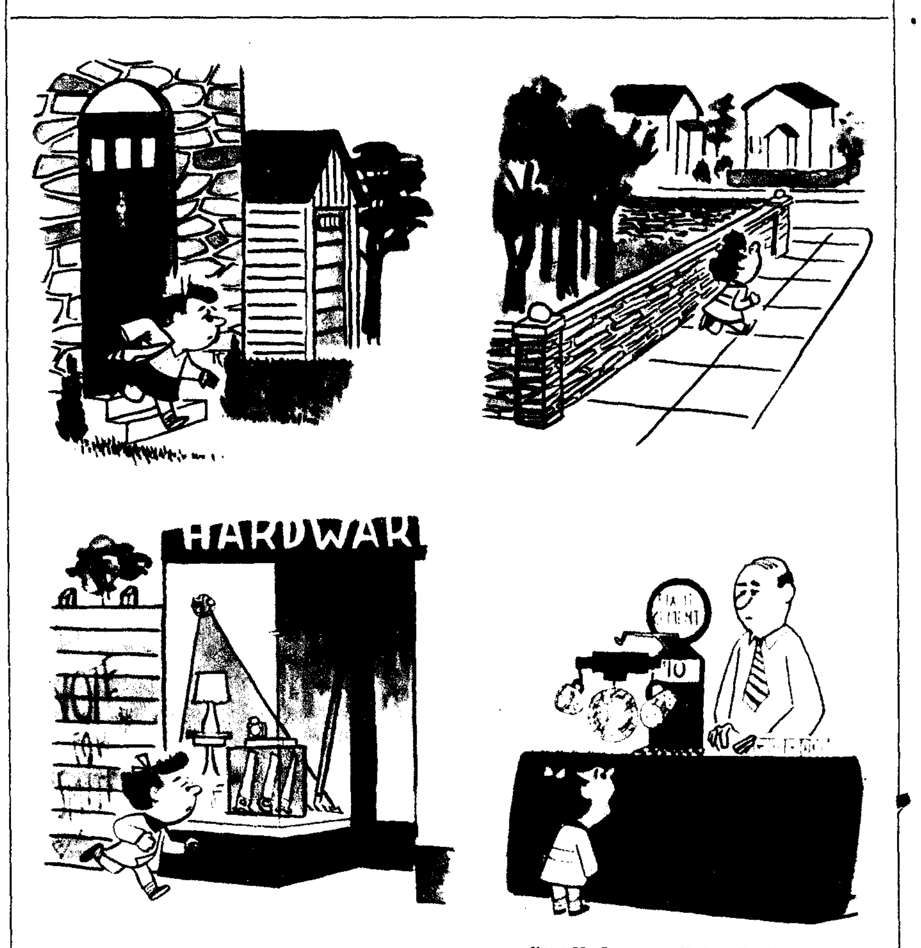
"And Mr. Bowers agreed. The first rule of salesmanship. Come for a walk, Harlan?" . . .

Left alone on the porch, Clifford thought that she wasn't forgiving or forgetting, but she wouldn't tell Webb. Did she like the place so well, or was she merely determined to get whatever she wanted?

Watching her, as she walked beside the tiny lake holding Webb's arm, he grew gloomy and bitter. A few days, and they could say, "This is ours," and he would leave. That was what money could do for you.

Webb and Virginia turned back, and he

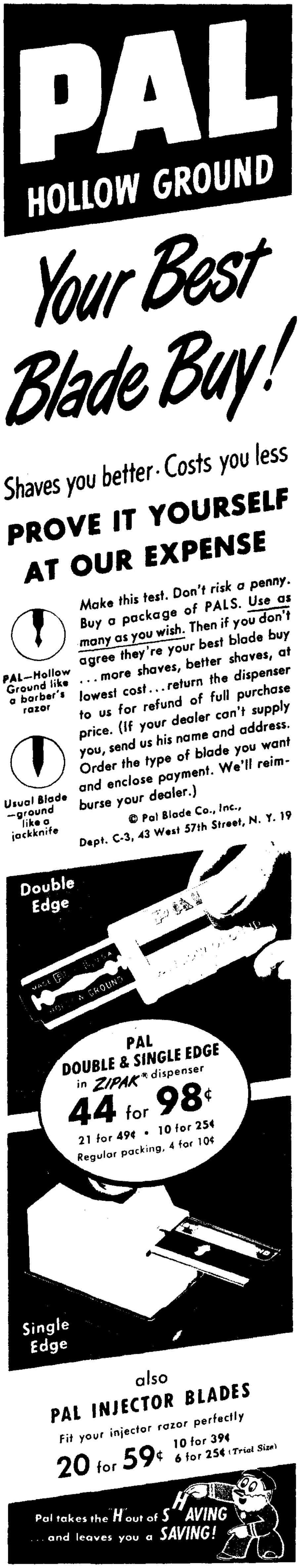
SISTER



"Will that stuff dry before my mother gets home?"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN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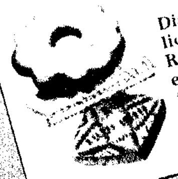

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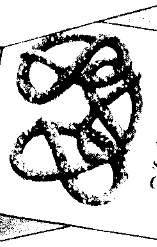

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quickly went into the house and to bed, though not to sleep. . . .

In the morning Carr arrived; the hunters would be away overnight. Carr was a lean, tough, mountain product, wise in his way and scornful of all other ways. When Virginia, in breeches and boots, came from the house, he squinted and sucked on his quid of tobacco. As he turned his head to spit, the sorrel humped his back to meet the girl's weight, but she rode him down casually. Instead of spitting, Carr looked her over again.

The three of them, with two pack horses, rode single file up and up through the pines to timber line, along a ridge that overlooked the world, to a rocky saddle between peaks, on the edge of the Pocket.

Walled on all sides by gray rock, the place itself was green, with a tiny lake gleaming in the center. Clifford cared for the horses and began setting up camp, while Harlan Webb walked to the rim and used his binoculars on the Pocket.

Virginia made herself useful, and Clifford watched her furtively. At last she caught his eye and straightened from the camp fire, saying nothing, but obviously waiting for him to speak.

"I'm sorry about last night," he said. "It's not my usual way of behaving."

"It's forgotten. We both lost our tempers."

"We were both yelling, that's sure."

She considered that, in her cool way. "It was what you said about me not fitting into this life here."

"I was wrong there, too."

She merely nodded. Two hundred yards away on the rim, Webb shouted unintelligibly, gesturing to indicate huge antlers.

"But you look one way and act another," Clifford explained. "Kind of complicated."

"I'm simple. Harlan and I are alike there, too. *We* know what we want."

"What do you want?"

"My home here. My children to have all I had. And for all of us, as much security as people can have."

"Money!"

She flashed at him. "You can't buy the security I mean. Oh, I like money! Don't you? The security is a man who knows what's valuable, and will fight to keep it."

"And what does he get out of it?"

"He gets what he wants," the girl told him levelly, but he could see the anger growing in her again. He did not draw back.

"Sounds good, especially the security. So I'm buying a small place that's stocked and operating, that I can run with little or no help. And I'll have money in the bank. That's my security."

"This is yours! Even the pussy willows wouldn't be the same."

"You can't eat pussy willows in hard times."

"You'll learn! You're not a man to take root twice, and you'll—" She stopped, looking at him oddly, as if trying to find something new, and murmured, "Or perhaps you are."

She turned to Webb, who was hurrying from the rim. He wanted Virginia to see the Pocket through his binoculars.

CLIFFORD went on with the camp work, irritation smoldering in him. Selling was common sense, and money was better than wishes. *She* should know that. And why argue with him? If she and Webb didn't want the place, let them get out. But they did—she did—and that was the silly part of it.

For the rest of the day, and sitting around the campfire after dark, he was silent, almost sullen. He was mentally arguing with Virginia Hale, who talked gaily with Webb.

The girl was to stay in camp while the two men hunted, and in the morning's first light they started down. For a third of the way it was plain going, but the trail ended at a rocky palisade—a line of cliffs that had to be descended like a ladder. It was hard traveling over broken rock.

When at last they rested and smoked on the floor of the Pocket, Webb looked back at the steep wall and said, "I dread that climb out. I hope it's worth it."

"I don't come down often. The ranch keeps me busy, and I've stopped itching to kill the world's biggest buck. Here's where he'd be, though."

"You could make a trail with dynamite."

"You could. I can't afford it. And it shouldn't be too easy."

Webb stood up. "Let's go. I want to see if this is as good as you say."

WEBB would have shot the second buck they saw, but Clifford promised him a better. While the big man yet hesitated, a deer trotted onto a knoll three hundred yards away. Studying it through binoculars, Webb's face pinkened with excitement, and he muttered, "My God, what a rack!"

He took his time without delaying too long, and at the *ka-rom* of the rifle, the buck leaped desperately out of sight. Webb groaned.

Clifford assured him, "Right on it. He didn't jump twice."

They found the big animal on its side, killed cleanly. Webb gloated over the enormous, balanced antlers, while from his packsack Clifford brought cloth, wire, and a light hatch.

Bending over the deer, he said, "Big as a yearling. Two or three trips to get him out."

Webb laughed. "I'm not that hungry. Take the head and leave the rest."

"Can't waste meat. We have plenty of time."

Webb was half amused, half annoyed. "Pack this monster up? We can kill a buck for meat near the ranch. I've another coming, besides Ginny's tags."

Using his knife, Clifford said, "If you waste meat, hunting's a sin. Use it, like old Ellis, and it's not."

"Don't be stubborn, Bowers! Making that climb once will be a stiff morning's work." Clifford said nothing, and Webb tried again. "I'm tagging the buck. That should clear your conscience."

After a long moment, with no response from Clifford, he shrugged and set to work removing head and cape.

Finished, he wiped his hands and said

ZIUQ

If you don't care to try to guess the questions that prompted the answers below, all you have to do is see opposite page

Answers

1. **"Fifty-four forty or fight!"**
2. **"Who dat?"**
3. **25,000, roughly.**
4. **Bismarck, Napoleon, Prince Albert.**
5. **(1) Ash, (2) Maple, (3) Pine.**
6. **"For any one particle in a gravitational field it is possible to replace the effect of the field by a mathematical transformation of axes."**
7. **Mother of Pearl.**
8. **Very few.**
9. **Page 36, seed catalogue.**
10. **One if by land; two if by sea.**

—CARL H. WINSTON

ZIUQ

(Answers on opposite page)

Questions

1. What did the night-club waiter say to the man who wouldn't pay his bill of $54.40?
2. "Who dat?"
3. How many tough guys were handled by Chicago cops in 1949, and how were they handled?
4. Name a herring, a pastry and a full-dress coat.
5. (1) What does a lump of coal become? (2) Name a sirup. (3) What does a Navy wife do when her husband's at sea?
6. Give a sentence containing the word "axes."
7. Whom do you have to see before you go on a date with Pearl?
8. How many make a million?
9. Where does broccoli grow best?
10. How many hours does it take to get to Coney Island from New York?

briskly, "I'll pack this, you take the rifles. Let's go."

"We can take more, the first trip."

"If you aren't coming, I'll start."

Clifford stabbed his skinning knife into the earth and stood up. "You'll pack your share. No meat, no horns."

Webb answered by slinging his rifle over one shoulder and stooping for the trophy. Clifford moved swiftly to add the weight of his hand to it, and for a long moment they stood tensely face to face. Webb spoke in a thickening voice.

"You want to sell this place to me, or not?"

"Not," Clifford said. "Not to you or anyone."

AS THOUGH the words were a charm, all his anger and discontent vanished, and when Webb dropped his rifle and hat, Clifford stepped back, saying, "I won't fight you. I haven't anything against you—now. I just realized how right Virginia—"

Webb hit him. The blow woke Clifford's fighting temper, and he rushed confidently, but the big man blocked him with professional skill. His left hand stayed in Clifford's face; it was like being poked with a pole. The right came out of nowhere, and Clifford was astonished to find himself on hands and knees.

He looked up at Webb, who was panting, and drew his legs under him, sure his toughness could beat down Webb's skill. Then he asked himself aloud, "What's the point?"

Turning his back on Webb, he went again to the deer. Webb hesitated, glowering, then picked up rifle and trophy. His voice was bitter.

"We'll be gone before you get back to the ranch. I'll leave a check for our board and room. And entertainment."

Clifford could smile at him. Left alone, he worked absently, asking himself why he had ever dreamed of leaving this country. The finest small ranch in the world wouldn't be this, wouldn't be home. Security? What could be more solid than these mountains? Work? What else was a man for? And if by his own efforts he made it a fine ranch, he would have built something to be proud of. If he failed, it wouldn't be because he had quit when the going was hard.

Pausing in his work, he asked himself if he had broken off the fight because *that* going was hard No—he had merely stopped resenting Webb. The big fellow was all right, and Virginia was better than all right.

There was a sense of loss in the thought of not seeing her again, and he hoped she would understand what he had done; that he had not broken off the sale in spite or anger. Perhaps she would; she had that sort of insight. Regretfully, he wished for the chance to tell her he had changed his mind about her, too, and tell her she was actually responsible for the sale falling through. That might even please her.

TWO hours later he climbed out of the Pocket with the first load, sweating and straining. At the foot of the rocky palisade he dropped his burden, thinking to go on to camp for rope and one of the horses.

The rope appeared before his eyes, and Virginia's clear voice called down, "Tie on."

Clifford stared up at her and, without words, made the rope fast and climbed the rock. A horse waited on the trail, and Virginia offered a canteen. Clifford drank thirstily, but neither spoke until he had hauled up the pack.

Then he asked, "What are you doing here? Where's Webb?"

"Gone," she said casually "But I thought you might need help."

"Oh." He added, "I didn't want to fight him."

Virginia studied his bruised face, showing neither sympathy nor curiosity. "Harlan said you'd changed your mind about selling the ranch," she informed him, "and I wondered why. He told me about the fight."

"That wasn't the reason."

"He wouldn't go back to help you, so I said I'd stay. He didn't like that, but I had to know if— I thought it was only right. He'll be gone with the car, so you'll have to take me to the railroad."

"Take you anywhere you want to go," Clifford said, which wasn't what he meant at all, and he added, "I wanted to tell you I'd learned what was worth fighting for and what wasn't. All the way up, I was thinking of excuses to go after you and tell you—"

She was listening without any expression he could read, and he shied off from what he had been about to say, to mumble, "It was pretty fine of you to stay, though I'm sorry you quarreled."

"It's all right. Harlan never would have felt about all this the way . . ."

She let the sentence die in air, and Clifford finished it for her. "The way you do." Her face still wasn't telling him anything, just waiting, but he went on desperately. "Maybe you just stayed to help, but maybe—remember how you yelled at me? Maybe you were mixed up, like I was about selling, making a choice with your head and not your heart."

"It didn't matter until a few days ago," she said quietly. "Then it couldn't have mattered—not if you were willing to give up all this so easily."

He could see her face opening, the defenses going down, and as if in warning cried, "Virginia—Virginia! There could be hard times, bad times! You'd risk all that again?"

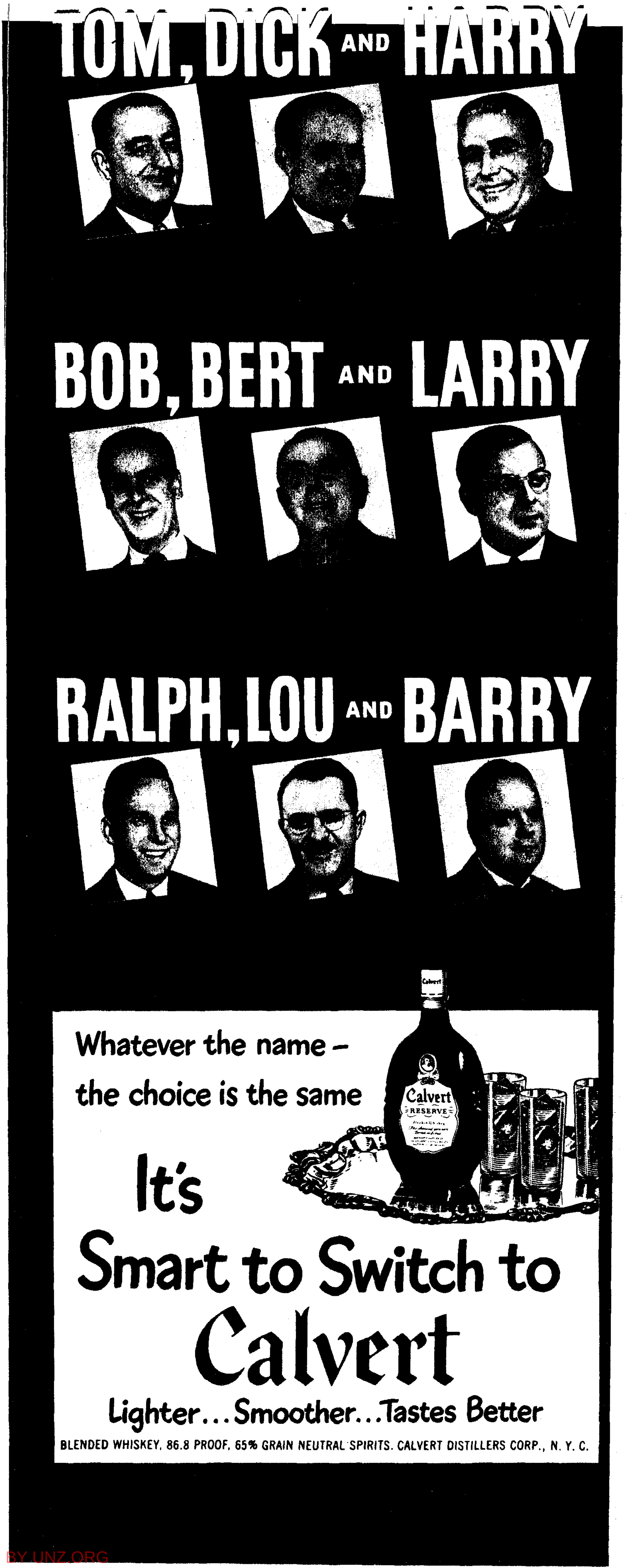
"There's no risk—not for what I want. We want."

Clifford, seeing her face open and unguarded, was all at once conscious of his dusty, sweaty, bloody condition, and could say no more, could only stare at her.

Her serenity broke, and she cried out, "What do I have to do? Put my arms around you?"

It was a long while before he went down into the Pocket again, and dark before they broke camp, but there was a moon to light them home.

THE END



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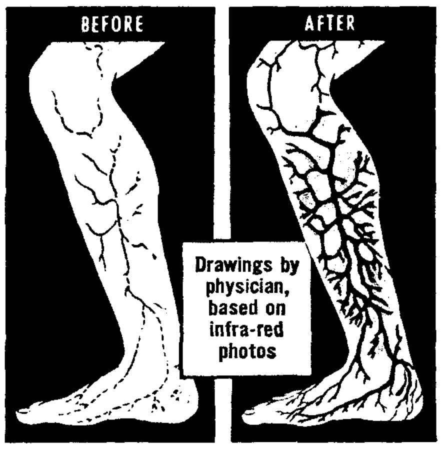

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What Makes Alex Go

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

scouted curio shops, auctions and pawnshops for rare timepieces; at night he tinkered with them. He bought old water clocks, musical clocks, three-train clocks, German traveling table clocks, lamp clocks and calendar clocks. In two weeks he had lavished $19,000 on his new diversion.

Months later, Lewyt invited the doctor who had inspired his hobby to his home and spent two hours showing him how to give a pendulum what clockmakers call "grasshopper movement," an action which is designed to avoid friction.

"Good Lord!" remarked the doctor. "I'll have to prescribe a new hobby to tear you away from this one."

Alex Milton Lewyt was born New Year's Eve, 1908, in New York City's Washington Heights district. His father, Arthur Lewyt, was a bluff, warmhearted Viennese who came to the United States in 1880 and achieved his principal ambition—to become an American citizen.

Arthur Lewyt was a mild-mannered gentleman with a knack for contriving metallic brain teasers like gun-and-hunter toy puzzles and those interlocking nails which appear to be impossible to separate. Lewyt senior's products were so popular he rented space in a basement to manufacture his metal geegaws in quantity. At six, while visiting a friend of his father's, Alex got a little box of minerals as a gift. In time, a collection of rocks from many countries filled the Lewyt hallway.

Alex's schooling was irregular. When he tried, he got high marks, especially in math and chemistry. But a good deal of the time he played hooky to hawk assorted gimmicks of his own creation. These included skin rings for the garment trade, clothes hangers and metal holders for harmonicas.

Designs Bow Tie for Corpses

No challenge daunted the boy inventor's fevered brain. Once when a merchant specializing in undertakers' supplies—shrouds, false shirt fronts for corpses, etc.—told the youth that arranging a well-knotted tie around a dead man's neck was an arduous job, young Alex devised a bow tie which could be clipped onto a collar in presto time. Undertakers ordered 50,000 of these jiffy bow ties from the youth on a one-half-cent royalty basis.

In his sophomore year, the principal called his attention to a record of 50 per cent absences from class and proposed that he eschew truancy or make it 100 per cent. Alex took the hint and went to work in his father's shop. "I sometimes wonder," he often says, "what would have happened to me if I'd got beyond the second year in high school." Actually, he spent the evenings of his youth drinking local fountains of learning dry: Pratt Institute, New York University, Polytechnic Institute. Between practice by day and theory by night, he developed into a mechanical engineer with a knack for the nontechnical approach.

When Alex was sixteen, business was so good his father decided to celebrate. Leaving his son in complete charge of the shop, he sailed abroad on a belated visit to the old country. The day after he left, the factory foreman, considering himself indispensable, demanded that the boy boss give him a raise or else. Alex fired him. When his father returned and inquired as to the whereabouts of his foreman, Alex reported: "He asked me for a raise, so I fired him. Now, can *I* have a raise?"

Alex didn't get his raise right then, but when Lewyt, Sr., died in 1935, he left his son a comfortable inheritance. Alex established the business in bigger quarters in Brooklyn, manufacturing parts on a contract basis for companies like Sperry, International Business Machines Corporation, Radio Corporation of America and Western Electric.

In 1939, Lewyt was doing $1,000,000 worth of business a year. War contracts pushed his gross up to $13,000,000. Everything was grist for his mill: radar antennas; 10,000-watt transmitters for the Signal Corps; electronic I.Q. machines for the Navy. Today Lewyt has a backlog of $31,000,000 in government orders alone, and his six floors turn out about everything: popcorn vending machines, casings for jet-propelled missiles and, of course, vacuum cleaners.

Lewyt has what Walter Daily, his right-hand man, has aptly termed the "proximity fuse" type of mind; it explodes into action whenever it nears an insoluble problem.

For example, during the war Lewyt was summoned to Washington, where Navy brass showed him a mock-up of a new secret weapon. It was a monocular used to receive infra-red signals invisible to the naked eye. This device would have a high tactical value, for it could be used in the South Pacific where radio contact was infeasible due to the secrecy necessary for all invasions.

The device, demanding high precision manufacture, contained a complex Schmidt optical system of lenses and mirrors. It was further complicated by a specially coated button charged by radium which would transmit infra-red signals.

"Mr. Lewyt," said the admiral in charge of the project, "it took Company X two years to deliver an optical device similar to this one. This gadget is a lot tougher, but you're going to build us 300 of them in 90 days."

Lewyt swallowed. "Why pick on me? I know nothing about optics except that I've been wearing glasses since I was a kid."

The admiral smiled. "Son, you have pulled rabbits out of a hat for the Navy in the past. This is the big game. Go out and win your Navy E."

Back in Brooklyn, Lewyt called a conference with his staff and announced that they would meet the Navy deadline. His chief engineer wasn't so optimistic. "Alex," he confided, "problems that would stump Houdini we can lick—and have. But this project is real Wizard of Oz stuff. Our employees aren't trained to handle radium. Those lenses and mirrors have to be assembled at special temperatures."

"Bang!" exploded the proximity fuse in Lewyt's noggin and before the smoke had cleared his plant looked as though a small blockbuster had hit it. Walls were smashed through, floors were ripped out. A special die-stamping machine to pound out lead-lined shields which would protect the workers from radioactivity was installed. Huge air-conditioned chambers were built. Floors and ceilings were insulated to guard against vibrations.

Exactly 90 days later, when Lewyt threw a luncheon for his staff to celebrate the successful completion of the task, the pessimistic engineer drank a toast to his boss. "You're not the Wizard of Oz," he said. "You're Alex in Wonderland."

Everything Must Be in Place

Lewyt's passion for industry is supplemented by a passion for tidiness, which extends to details as small as the boutonniere that is always in his lapel. His quintuplex apartment is fastidiously neat. His valet has to be meticulous about keeping familiar things in familiar places: cigarettes, cough drops, bric-a-brac, sharpened pencils. He likes his ash trays kept so neat that at parties a servant cleans them up almost before a guest can crunch a cigarette out.

Lewyt has one quality which he shares with many another rich man about town: a yen for eye-catching luxuries with which to fascinate his lady friends. There is a 14-carat gold key in the door of his study, and a telephone in every one of the 14 rooms of his home. He has a radiotelephone in each of his two cars, and will call the operator for the weather merely to demonstrate how they work. He has even installed a telephone in his private elevator. It may be the only elevator in the world from which one may make outgoing calls.

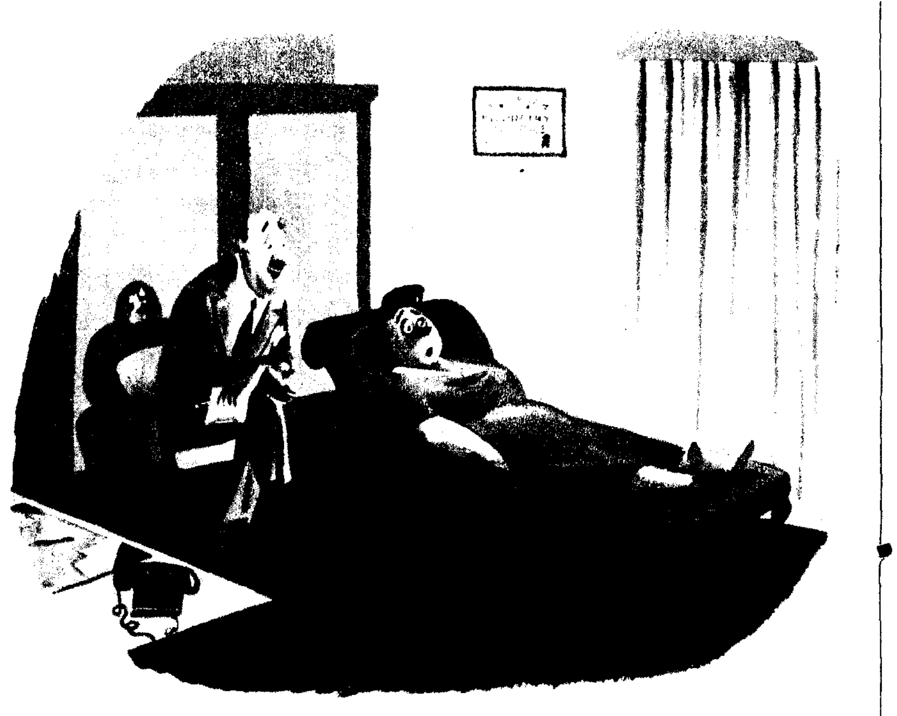
Although considered one of the most eligible catches in Manhattan, bachelor Lewyt is chained to his vacuum cleaner. He doesn't complain. "It's like being handcuffed to Betty Grable," he smiles. Recently, out for an evening with a glamor girl, he table-sketched an improvement for his cleaner on the dinner menu.

"Must you always live in a vacuum?" the young lady pouted.

"Okay," said Lewyt, "let's go to a movie." As fate would have it, the picture showed Basil Rathbone in the role of a detective posing as a vacuum cleaner salesman in order to suction up important evidence littering the floor of the killer's apartment.

"Look. It's my cleaner!" burst out Lewyt. The young lady got up and left. And to this day she refuses to believe that it was coincidence.

THE END



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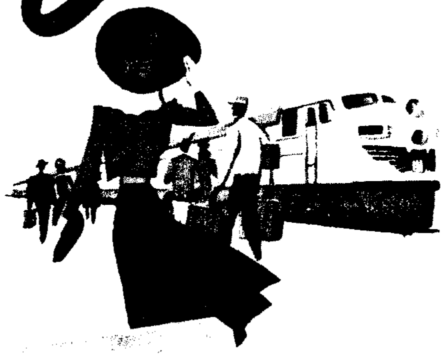

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Why I Was Fired

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Operations, but without waiting for my comment he added, "I've had worse situations than this confront me, but I'm sure if we work together we can overcome this one."

He asked me to make a statement about the Bogan letter. He drastically revised my draft.

The "situation" to which Mr. Matthews referred was not my endorsement, but the whole issue confronting the Navy Department of interpretation of the unification law and adjustment to the Navy's concept of its assigned role in the national defense structure; the impending Congressional inquiry by the House Armed Services Committee, and evidences such as Captain Crommelin's actions that some officers in all the services were more impetuous than Mr. Matthews could tolerate in his scheme of compromise.

I told him I agreed with him that the committee's inquiry had best be postponed until the second session of Congress to begin in January, so there would be time for a studied and orderly presentation of the Navy's response to the agenda dictated by the committee.

The agenda included examination of the performance characteristics of the B-36; examination of the roles and missions of the Air Force and Navy in order to determine whether cancellation of the Navy's flush-deck carrier was sound; determination of whether the Air Force was concentrating on strategic bombing to the injury of tactical aviation; consideration of Joint Chiefs of Staff procedures to determine whether two services were passing on the weapons of the third; and the effectiveness of strategic bombing. The committee wanted the Navy's opinions on these things, and they were bound to be embarrassing, particularly to the Air Force.

Secretary Matthews told me he thought Admiral Price had been responsible for a leak to the press concerning a conference we had held on the subject of the hearings, and felt I should remove him as Vice-Chief of Naval Operations. "I wish you would give some thought to taking Admiral Sherman as your Vice-CNO," he remarked.

Needed Time for Decision

I said that if Admiral Price were to be replaced, I would have to give some thought to whom I wanted in the job. As a matter of fact, Admiral Price had vigorously denied the charge, and I am sure he did not talk to the press on the subject.

As I was leaving his office, Secretary Matthews said genially, "I don't like all this formality of titles between us. I wish you'd call me Frank and I'll call you Louis."

That, to the best of my recollection, was the October 4th meeting which Mr. Matthews described in his letter to the President as having been "a conference I had with Admiral Denfeld (in which) I frankly stated to him that I feared his usefulness as Chief of Naval Operations had terminated." If he made any such statement it was not clear to me.

Secretary Matthews himself was the first witness at the hearings and was much disturbed at press comment on his testimony. One newspaper recounted that when the Secretary said he knew of no reason to suppose that officers were being blocked from giving critical views of policy, "ironic and bitter laughter swept through the crowded room," some coming from men with stripes on their sleeves. Another said that a high naval officer told him privately, "Symington backs *his* team all the way." (Mr. Symington is the Secretary of the Air Force.)

I had agreed with Secretary Matthews that much of the Navy testimony, and especially Admiral Radford's opening statement, should be heard in executive session. But, as in the question of deferring the hearings until January, we were overruled, and after listening to Admiral Radford's statement behind closed doors, the committee decided that it should be presented publicly.

Admiral Radford's statement was very critical of the B-36, and was bound to reopen that controversy. But it must be understood that the Navy did not initiate the B-36 investigation, and that the topics covered in the hearings and even the identity of the chief witnesses were dictated by the House Armed Services Committee, headed by Representative Vinson.

It fell to me to sum up the testimony of Admiral Radford and the other naval and Marine witnesses. I couldn't do much about it until the testimony had been taken, and this occupied six days. I worked two nights until 2:30 A.M., and on the day I was to appear I did not finish my statement until eleven o'clock, two hours before I was to take the stand. As Secretary Matthews was already on Capitol Hill, I had no chance to go over it with him. Apparently he was greatly nettled at not seeing my remarks in advance.

The next day Secretary Matthews told me he had been "stunned" by my testimony. Doubtless he would have liked me to dissociate my views from those of the men in charge of naval aviation, and other naval officers, and to submerge what he knew from my expressions were my true opinions.

If President Truman had called me over to the White House and said that apparently I couldn't get along with the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of Defense, and therefore he'd appreciate it if I would resign, I would of course have had no recourse but to do so. I don't know whether I would have retired or taken another Navy job.

Fully half a dozen times, in briefing Secretary Matthews on the Navy's difficulties with the Air Force and the Army, I told him I would not remain as CNO of a Navy whittled down to impotence. Each time he assured me he would not himself be content to remain as Secretary of a Navy that could not do the job it would have to undertake in an emergency. The Navy *is* being whittled down below what I believe to be the danger point for a stand-by force. I will elaborate the point in a future article.

When I was ousted, Secretary Matthews told me I might have until the end of my leave to decide whether I would accept another Navy post or retire. Before I left Washington, he asked me to decide about the European assignment (as commander in chief of naval forces in the eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean) by December 1st. I said I would try to do so, but later told him I would be in Washington for a Gridiron Club dinner on December 10th, and he said that date would be early enough. In an interview at his office I declined the job, and told him why. The Secretary asked me to put it in writing, as he wanted it known that the decision was mine, not his.

In my letter, written December 14th from my home in Massachusetts, I reminded him that in his October 27th letter to the President requesting my removal he gave, among other reasons, the opinion that I was not loyal to my superiors and did not have the "respect for authority" that should exist "between various official ranks." The assignment to London involves continual relationships with the Allies and their armed services.

It was conceivable, I said, that other nations, having read of the public accusation, might not have the respect for, and confidence in me which the holder of the post should enjoy. Furthermore, my views on combined strategy might cause embarrassment. Inasmuch as the Secretary's letter to the President, and news of the London offer, had been made public, I suggested he release my letter, too, and it was done.

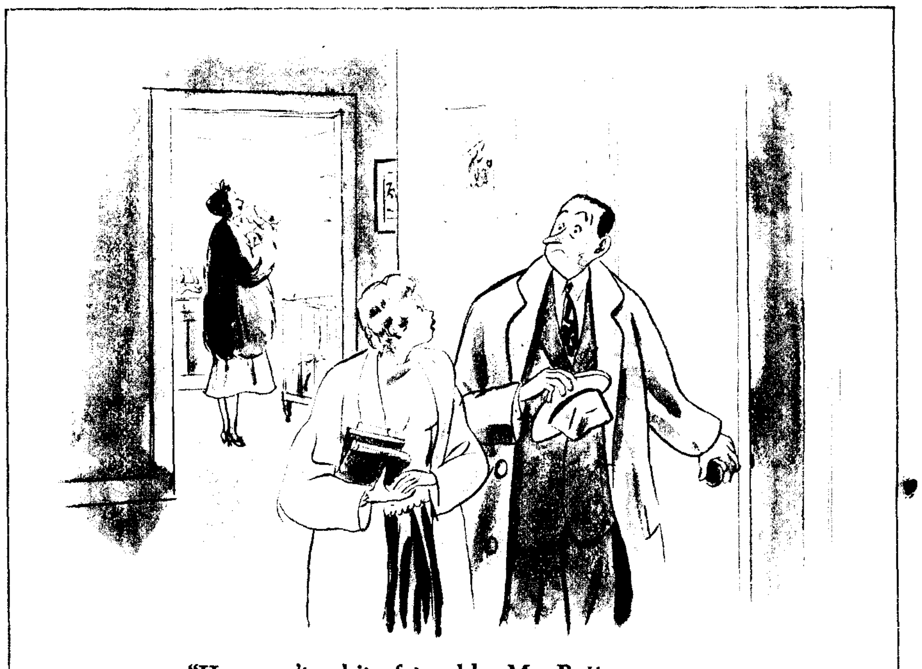
One Reason Wasn't Stated

I had another reason which I did not put in my letter. The events since my testimony had led me to believe that if I did take the London post I would not get wholehearted backing from the Pentagon.

The further decision, as to whether I should take another Navy assignment where the embarrassments I cited would not exist, or should retire, was no easy one to make. I received volumes of advice from my friends, and it was divided. I received thousands of letters and telegrams from all ranks in the Navy and reserves. The general tenor of these was, "Don't let them get you down. Stay in the Navy and fight for what you think is right."

After much thought, I decided that the interests of the Navy and the country would best be served if I retired. To the extent regulations permit, retirement would leave me free to express to the American people, through articles such as these, and in other ways, the alarm I felt at the conduct of our national defense. Accordingly, at the end of my leave in January, I notified the Navy of my decision.

I have been urged to run for Congress or for the governorship of Massachusetts, but I have no thought of doing so. The last thing I want to do is become a political issue. After all, I tell people, I am a Navy man, and that will always be my interest. Our national defense should be a nonparti-



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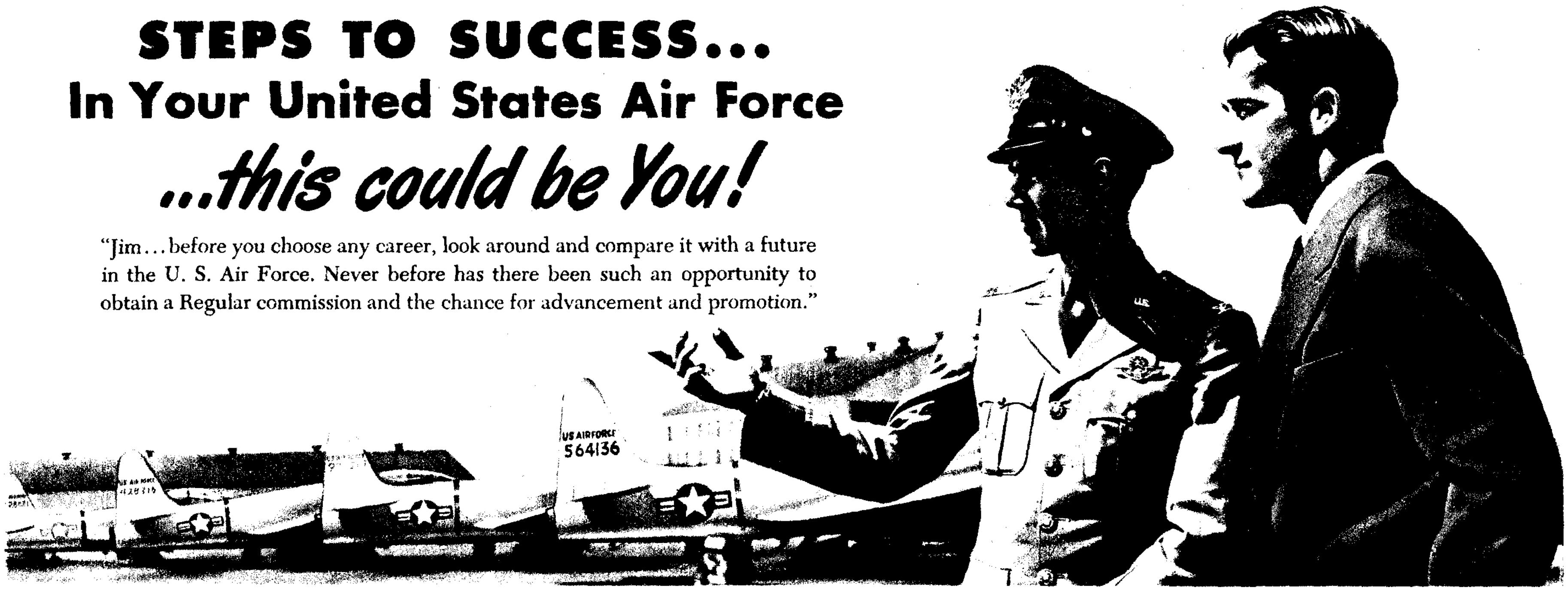

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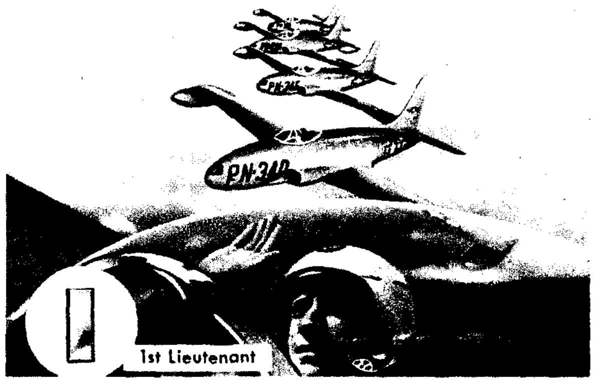

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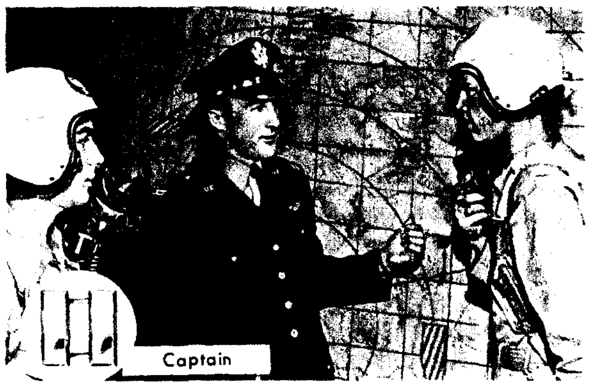

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"... Before long, you'll find yourself moving up the ladder to even more responsibility . . . with better pay! You'll like your job as squadron operations officer . . . discussing engineering, maintenance, personnel and other management problems with your staff, working out the answers!"

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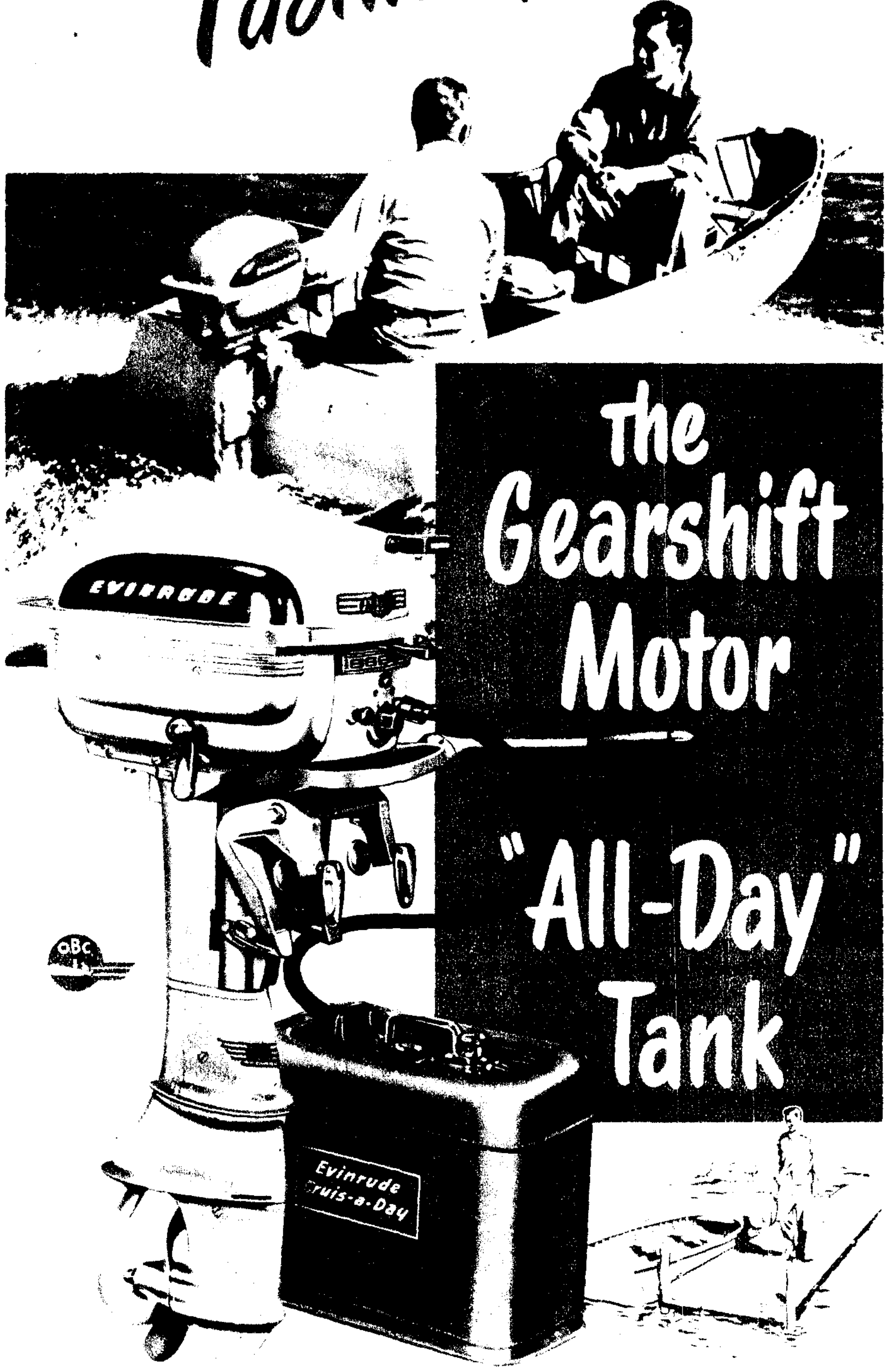

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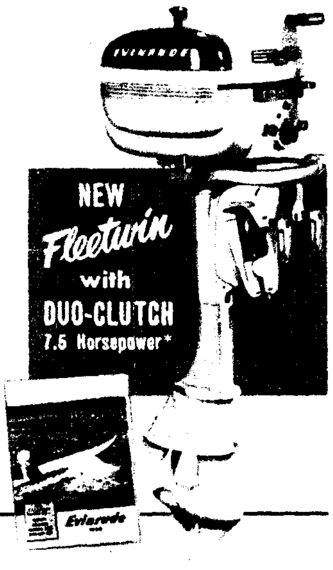

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san issue. It has been dragged too far into politics already.

There is not the slightest doubt that the reason for my removal was my testimony before the committee on October 13th—not what had occurred by October 4th. What was it that so shocked the Secretaries? These are some of the things I said then, and still believe:

I am for unification, and in my definition unification contemplates basically a co-ordination of effort.

It does not mean merger, absorption or elimination. Furthermore, it should not mean that two services can control a third.

Intent of Laws Nullified

The intent of Congress has been defeated in various ways. While there is a law saying that there shall be naval aviation and a Marine Corps, in the councils of the Defense Department the opposite view has often been evident. Regardless of laws intended to preserve naval aviation and the Marine Corps, if the funds to sustain them are choked off or the composition of the Navy is determined by a two-to-one vote regardless of funds available, then naval aviation and the Marines will be out of business as surely as if there were no law.

The Army and Air Force have often disapproved the Navy's proposals on naval aviation and the Marines.

The roles and missions of the Army, Navy and Air Force were basically fixed in the National Security (Unification) Act, and defined by conferences of the Joint Chiefs at Key West and Newport. But the continuing efforts to make basic changes in them through roundabout means have jeopardized efficient planning and administration.

I think the public is confused over the whole interservice controversy. Piecemeal and day-to-day reporting of the hearings, and the biased remarks of a few commentators, have spread the impression that a rebellious Navy, or rebellious elements within the Navy, inspired the whole procedure in an attempt to undermine unification and deny "civilian control" of the armed forces.

The Navy has always been responsive to civilian control. The heads of the divisions (called bureaus) are under secretarial, not CNO, authority. The CNO acts only as co-ordinator. The Navy's budget officer always reports to the Undersecretary. The Assistant Secretary has control over materials and matériel. The Assistant Secretary of Air has ultimate responsibility for procurement of aircraft and all that pertains to aviation except its actual employment.

The Navy has not been fighting unification. Indeed, the Navy invented it, first as a mode of self-operation on the sea, under the sea, on the land and in the air, and, later, in the Eberstadt Plan of 1945, as a triservice framework in opposition to the Army's merger plan.

The Navy opposed the original merger schemes, fearing that if they were not properly worked out, the Navy would be left in a minor role. We felt strongly that every country which had moved in that direction had neglected the proper use of its navy in war, and had been defeated.

General staff operation in Germany and Japan made notoriously poor use of their naval forces. Even Bonaparte's neglect of his navy resulted in the loss of the Napoleonic Wars.

In World War II the Joint Chiefs of Staff had functioned successfully, and had won the biggest contest in history. We did not see any reason to adopt our defeated enemies' philosophy of organization.

The late James Forrestal, when he was Secretary of the Navy, called me in during the winter of 1946-47 and asked my opinion as to whether the Navy should go along with unification. I said the country had been sold on it as the thing to have, and that I thought we could adopt it if the interests of the individual services were properly protected in the law.

In the bill as passed, Congress stated its intent "to provide three military departments for the operation and administration of the Army, the Navy (including naval aviation and the United States Marine Corps), and the Air Force, with their assigned combat and service components; to provide for their authoritative co-ordination and unified direction under civilian control *but not to merge them.*" (Italics added.)

When it became known that he was to be the first Secretary of Defense, Mr. Forrestal wrote me: "I have no illusions about what I am stepping into but I will do my best and rely on the help I know I will get from such people as yourself." He was concerned over reports of the attitude of naval aviators. I wrote him on August 3d: "I have talked with all the senior naval aviators in the Pacific and many of the younger ones, and I can assure you that they are all behind the unification legislation one hundred per cent. They consider that naval aviation's future is well protected in the legislation just enacted, and they have no intention of leaving the Navy or transferring to the Air Force."

No one can say that as a member of the Joint Chiefs, and as head of the military side of the Navy, I did not do my level best to make unification work.

What the Navy Advocates

These are the proposals which I made to the House Armed Services Committee on behalf of the Navy, and which I still urge:

First: Expedite the report of the Weapons Systems Evaluation Group to determine the military worth of the B-36. Its conclusions should be given to Congress and the people in so far as security will permit.

Second: Literally support the National Security Act and the Key West Agreement on roles and missions of the armed forces.

Third: Support the principle that each service within budgetary limitations be permitted to design and develop its own weapons. (When it comes to procurement in quantity, the needs of the entire military establishment will have to be considered. In other words, here is where the other services can legitimately cast their votes.)

Fourth: Admit the Navy to full partnership. Provide it with adequate and appropriate representation in key positions within the Defense Department.

Fifth: Limit the scope of activities of the Joint Chiefs to those specifically mentioned in the National Security Act.

Sixth: Give the views of a particular service predominant weight in determining the forces needed by that service to fulfill its missions. The Navy's forces—the types and numbers of ships and planes, and the numbers of officers and men needed to man them—have too often been determined by the Army and Air Force.

Real unification of military services will never be achieved so long as the Defense Department pursues its present administrative policy, Admiral Denfeld says in next week's article, the second of three. He tells of the only carrier the Air Force ever sank

Next Week

THE ALL-AMERICA in COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Callie and the Starving Silvas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"You will come in?" With a fine Latin gesture she indicated the open kitchen door behind the sagging screen.

Callie hung back a moment uneasily. "Maybe that butter and lettuce had better be put in out of the sun," she said.

But Mrs. Silva appeared not to hear this as she ushered her callers through the dark raftered kitchen and into the whitewashed bedroom beyond. With a feeling of slight uneasiness, Callie took one of the straight wooden chairs and drew Edie onto her lap. Mrs. Silva sat on the other holding the baby. Silently, the five little Silvas padded in and with a few nervous giggles drew a trundle bed from under the iron bedstead in the corner and perched along it like sparrows on a fence rail.

Green shades shut out the light from the window, but Callie noted that the bare floor was scrubbed clean. A crucifix hung over the bed and stiff family portraits on the wall gave Callie the feeling that eyes were staring at her from all directions. At the foot of the bed stood a small tin trunk bound with strips of wood.

"Only three room in this house—no parlor," Mrs. Silva said with a touch of disdain, "but someday we have fine house with many room."

"That will be nice for your big family," Callie said brightly; she wished that the poor thing wouldn't try to put on such airs. "How old are the children?"

"Manuel, eight," Mrs. Silva said, "Mary, she seven; Joe, he six; my Rosie, five, my Katie, three, and my baby Johnnie, one year old."

Runner-Up

My wife is very kind to me,
She seldom pulls a fast one.
She has the last word—yes, but she
Gives *me* the next-to-last one!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

"How nice," Callie said. "I think big families are lovely."

"How many you have?" Mrs. Silva asked.

"Just this one—Edie," Callie admitted.

Mrs. Silva clicked her tongue incredulously and there was a look of almost triumphant pity on her face as she said, "Too bad—no brother, no sister." From the trundle bed ten wide brown eyes stared at Edie with solemn curiosity.

IT WAS Edie herself who broke the uncomfortable silence by asking, "Are any of you kids going to school next term?"

Manuel ducked his head and scuffed his bare feet on the floor. "If we get some shoes by that time," he muttered.

Mrs. Silva stiffened and flushed. "All the time I buy shoes—shoes—they no wear," she said defiantly.

Edie said quickly, "I wouldn't wear shoes either if Mama didn't make me."

The little Silvas stared gravely at Edie's shoes; Callie felt sorry for them, and yet somehow wanted to shake them.

Then Mary slipped off the trundle bed, sidled to her mother's side and whispered something in Portuguese. Mrs. Silva nodded. "The trunk, Manuel!" she ordered. Manuel pulled the little tin trunk over in front of her and the children sat up with an air of suppressed excitement. They were like an audience waiting for the curtain to rise, and even Callie and Edie felt the air of excitement.

"These are thing I bring from the old country," Mrs. Silva said as she lifted the lid.

Callie saw a pink silk shawl folded on the top, gay with embroidery and fringe. Mrs. Silva shook it out against the faded pink of her print dress and the baby grabbed for the bright flowers. "I wear this in the old country," she said. "All the time there I dance."

"It's beautiful," Callie murmured. She couldn't imagine wearing it herself.

Next came a small brown image of the infant Jesus dressed in a scant white slip; the children giggled as their mother lifted the edge of the garment to show a neat white diaper. Then Mrs. Silva handed Callie a small soft package wrapped in white tissue paper. "Look," she said.

FEELING awkward and strange, Callie folded back the paper; she didn't quite understand what all this meant. Then with genuine admiration she exclaimed, "How lovely!" She was holding an exquisite white silk handkerchief, richly embroidered and edged with fine handmade lace. She pored over the pattern with real interest. "You made it?" she asked.

Mrs. Silva said proudly, "My great-grandmother make. When I make wedding I carry—my mother carry—my grandmother carry."

"How nice!" Callie said warmly. "Someday your daughters will carry it. I wish I had something like that for Edie."

They were shown a white prayer book with a gold clasp that Mrs. Silva had carried when she was confirmed, a red plush album filled with family portraits, a cameo pin and a pair of pink satin dancing slippers. Then, as the children silently watched, Mrs. Silva put a tiny white pasteboard box into Edie's hand. "Open," she said. Nestling inside between layers of pink cotton wool was a child's gold ring set with a small red stone centered in a gold heart.

Entranced, Edie held it between her fingers, turning it in the dim light so that the facets of the stone sent out ruby darts. She said breathlessly, "It's the most beautiful ring I've ever seen!" She couldn't help wondering why her mother and father felt sorry for the Silvas.

It was a short visit and when they left, Callie noted that the box of vegetables was still wilting in the sun and the butter was a shapeless, oozing mass. When the buggy was out of earshot of the house, she sputtered, "Well, of all the funny people! Did she say one word of thanks for those nice things, Edie?"

"I didn't hear her say one, Mama."

"And putting on such airs about the big house she's going to have and the shoes she buys her children! I don't think they have ever had shoes on their feet."

"Maybe she didn't like having you give her things, Mama."

"Then it's a silly attitude for her to take," Callie said. "I just want to be neighborly."

"Mrs. Klein doesn't mind when you give her dill pickles," Edie said, "and Mrs. Kelley says she likes your currant jelly."

"Who wouldn't like my currant jelly?" Callie relieved her feelings by giving Kit a smart slap with the reins. She drove in silence for a moment and then said thoughtfully, "There's no reason, though, why those children should suffer for their mother's attitude—poor little barefooted things! The Kleins have eight children and lots of money—they must have some shoes they've outgrown."

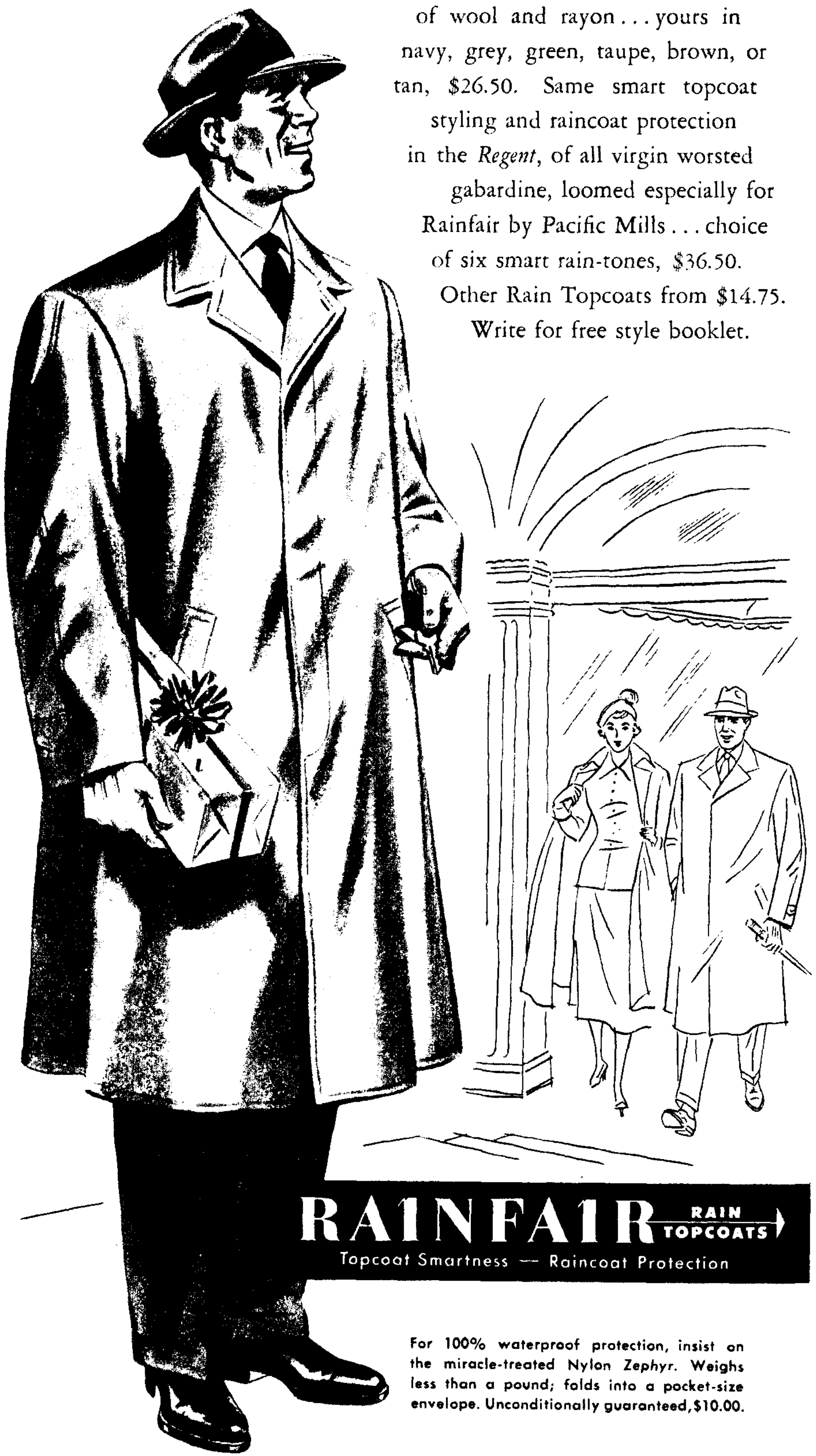
Edie said candidly, "I don't think Mrs. Silva will like it if you give her shoes."

"Then she can lump it!" Callie said.

At the supper table Callie gave Fred an account of the visit. "It's the barest little place imaginable," she said, "but what airs she puts on."

Edie said, "They have some beautiful things, Papa, in a little tin trunk."

"And never a word of thanks for the



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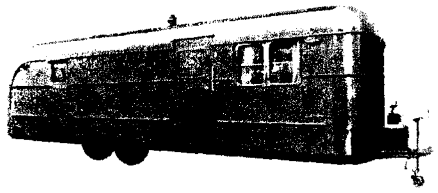
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lovely vegetables," Callie continued. "Just let them wilt in the sun. The butter was practically running out of the box to meet us."

Fred said, "I know you won't take it, Callie, but my advice is to let Mrs. Silva alone."

The Grants had a bumper crop of tomatoes that year. Callie canned until her jars were filled, then made chili sauce and catsup and still they had tomatoes to give to the pigs. Every time a pailful of the ripe red beauties was carried to the pen, she mourned, "And to think of those six little Silvas without fresh vegetables! It makes me sick."

ONE morning at the breakfast table Fred announced that he was loaning Joe Silva a cultivator. "I've got some fence patching to do at that end of the pasture," he said, "so I'll drop it off."

"Hmp!" Callie said. "I'm surprised a Silva would accept the loan of anything."

"Shucks," Fred said, "that monkey business is just between you and the missus. Joe and I understand each other."

"If they'll take a cultivator maybe they'll take a lug of tomatoes," Callie suggested brightly.

"Now, Callie—"

"Go on, Fred! Think of those poor little children. You can just unload 'em along with the cultivator."

"I'd rather not," Fred said, but there was no withstanding Callie when she had her mind set on a thing; the lug went into the wagon and along with it a large lumpy package that Callie suddenly and mysteriously produced.

"Now, what's that?" Fred demanded.

"Just a few little things Mrs. Klein sent down for the children," Callie said.

"Mrs. Silva won't thank you."

"I don't want thanks," Callie said. "Just drop it off and say nothing."

"Was that—shoes?" Edie asked as Fred drove away.

Callie's only answer was, "Curiosity killed the cat, Edie."...

Fred took a lunch with him that day and didn't return until suppertime. He washed at the sink on the back porch and much as she hated to show her curiosity, Callie could hardly wait to learn the results of his visit. Very deliberately he came in, took his place at the table and helped himself to the potato salad. Callie could contain herself no longer. "Well?" she said.

"Well what?" Fred said taking a slice of headcheese.

"Did you leave the tomatoes?"

"Yes."

"Did she thank you?"

"No."

Callie waited a moment while Fred ate in silence. Then she said, "You are the most provoking man! What happened?"

"She invited me in," Fred said.

Edie asked breathlessly, "Did she open the little tin trunk?"

"That's right," Fred said. "She showed me a gold watch that had belonged to Joe's grandfather and the necktie Joe wore on their wedding day—quite a necktie, too. Then she told me Joe would plant a whole acre of tomatoes in the spring."

"The spring's a long way off."

"I told her she'd be doing us a real favor if she used the tomatoes, that we had so many we were giving them to the pigs."

"What did she say to that?"

"Said maybe their pig would like some too. When I drove off she was sending the oldest kid down to the pen with a pailful."

Callie sank into her chair. "Well, I never! Those lovely tomatoes! I could almost cry. Did—did she open the package?"

"Didn't pay any attention to it that I could see," Fred said. "It was lying there under the oak tree when I left."...

Kit's colt and the seventh little Silva arrived simultaneously. Fred brought the news one evening. "It's a boy," he said, "and Grandma Stoker's taking charge."

"Those poor people!" Callie said with spontaneous warmth, "having to put up with Grandma Stoker's cooking."

"Will we go to see the new baby, Mama?" Edie asked eagerly. She and her mother always paid their respects to new babies and, unless she was shooed out of the room, she gathered many interesting bits of obstetrical information from Grandma Stoker.

"Of course we'll go," Callie said. "As the nearest neighbor it's my plain duty to get over there whether she wants me or not, the poor young thing."

"Don't know how you'll go," Fred said. "Kit won't let you harness her until that pesky little colt is weaned."

"Botheration!" Callie said. "I never thought of that."

"Wait until Sunday and I'll drive you over in the spring wagon."

"That's five days off," Callie fretted. "I hate to let it go so long."

"We could walk, Mama," Edie said.

"Be good for your figure, Callie," Fred said, eying his wife's curves.

"Two miles through the sand! No, thank you," Callie answered tartly.

"Let me go alone then, Mama," Edie said. "I like to walk."

"That would look kind of funny," Callie answered. "I guess we'll just have to wait."

But the next morning as she went about her work, the thought kept coming to her: Why not send Edie over with a few little things to show our good intentions? Everybody gives gifts when new babies arrive—even Mrs. Silva couldn't object to that.

After Fred left for the fields Callie said to Edie, "I'd just love to send Mrs. Silva a fried chicken."

Edie looked thoughtful, "She might feed it to the pig, Mama."

"Pish!" Callie said. "She can't be that queer. Those young Plymouth Rock roosters are just right. Think you could catch one for me, Edie?"

"I'll try, Mama."

Callie's warm heart flooded with forgiveness for all Mrs. Silva's past snubs; she moved the teakettle to the front of the stove. "Get me a few sticks of good dry wood, Edie," she said. "I've got to have some boiling water to scald that bird."

That afternoon she packed the fried chicken with two glasses of her best currant jelly and some gingerbread cupcakes into an empty lard pail and gave Edie last-minute instructions. "I don't want you to stay any longer than just hello-good-by. Grandma Stoker talks too much and, besides, it gets dark early in the canyon."

She watched Edie turn the corner of the barn and then went back to her work of pickling watermelon rinds. It was then two o'clock and it wasn't until she heard the mantel clock in the parlor strike five that she began to have a vague feeling of alarm. Edie had been gone for three hours. Allowing an hour each way for the walk, that was still much too long. She told herself the child might have stopped on the way to watch beside a gopher's hole or climb the oaks to look at the wood doves' nests. Being a solitary youngster, Edie was a great one to interest herself in the ways of the small live creatures about her.

Half an hour passed and Callie's fears grew. She walked out past the barn and scanned the road through the pasture. No sign of Edie. She knew that in the canyon the shadows were already stretching out long and dark.

When Fred came in from the fields she met him at the back door. "You've got to hitch the bays to the spring wagon," she said, "and look for Edie."

"What's that?" Fred said.

"I sent her over to the Silvas with some fried chicken and a few little things—that was at two o'clock—and she isn't home yet. I'm worried sick."

"Oh, shucks," Fred said, "the kid very likely got to playing and forgot the time."

"No, I told her to turn around and come right back," Callie said. "And as for playing, those little Silvas aren't the least bit friendly. Most likely they ran and hid at the sight of her."

"I think you're getting all het up about nothing," Fred said, but he started back to the barn with Callie following. It was already dark enough inside so that he took the lantern from where it hung near the door and lighted it.

AS HE started to lift the harness from the pegs on the wall, Callie exclaimed suddenly, "Look, Fred—Edie's shoes!" Tucked into the corner near the door were Edie's dusty little shoes, with her stockings neatly rolled and placed inside.

"I'll be darned," Fred said. "The kid went barefoot."

"Poor little thing!" Callie almost sobbed. "She's very likely limping home with bruises and stickers in her toes. Hurry up, Fred, get the horses hitched!"

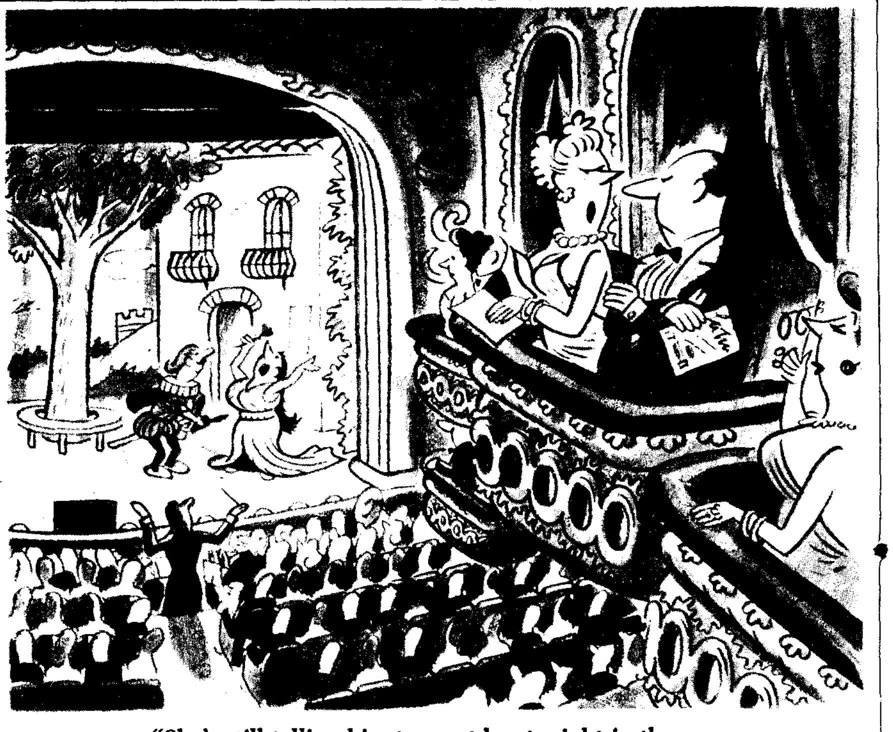
"Hitch nothing! Here's your poor little lost kid," Fred said as Edie stepped into the outer circle of lantern light. She stared at them owlishly, holding the lard pail.

"Land sakes!" Callie shrilled, staring first at Edie and then at the shoes in her hand. "Where did you get those shoes you have on?" For Edie was not barefooted.

"Oh, those," Edie said, surveying her feet. "Manuel gave them to me because my feet hurt. I think they're some that you sent them from Mrs. Klein, Mama."

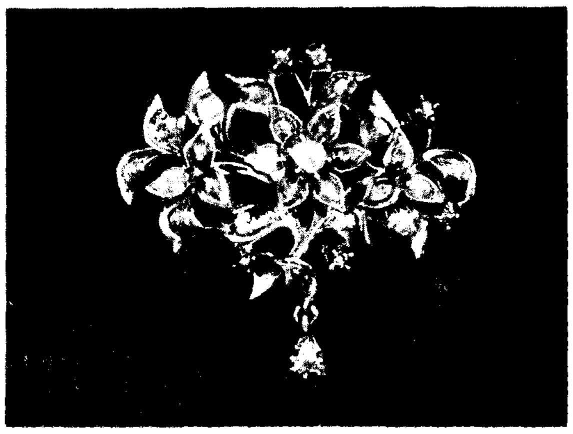
"Bread on the waters, Callie," Fred said.

"Come on to the house," Callie said

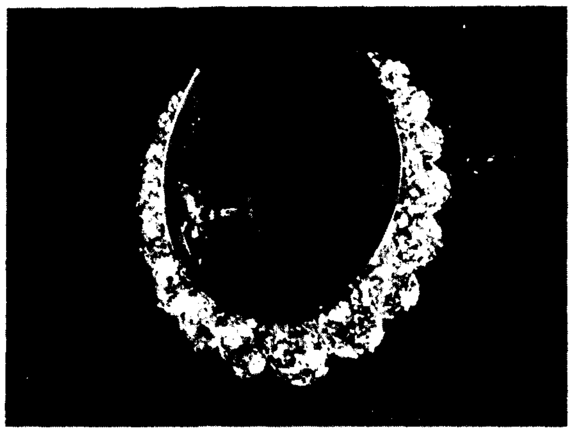


COLLIER'S "She's still telling him to meet her tonight in the garden. Why don't you just listen to the music?" DAVE GERARD

What few of us know about diamonds

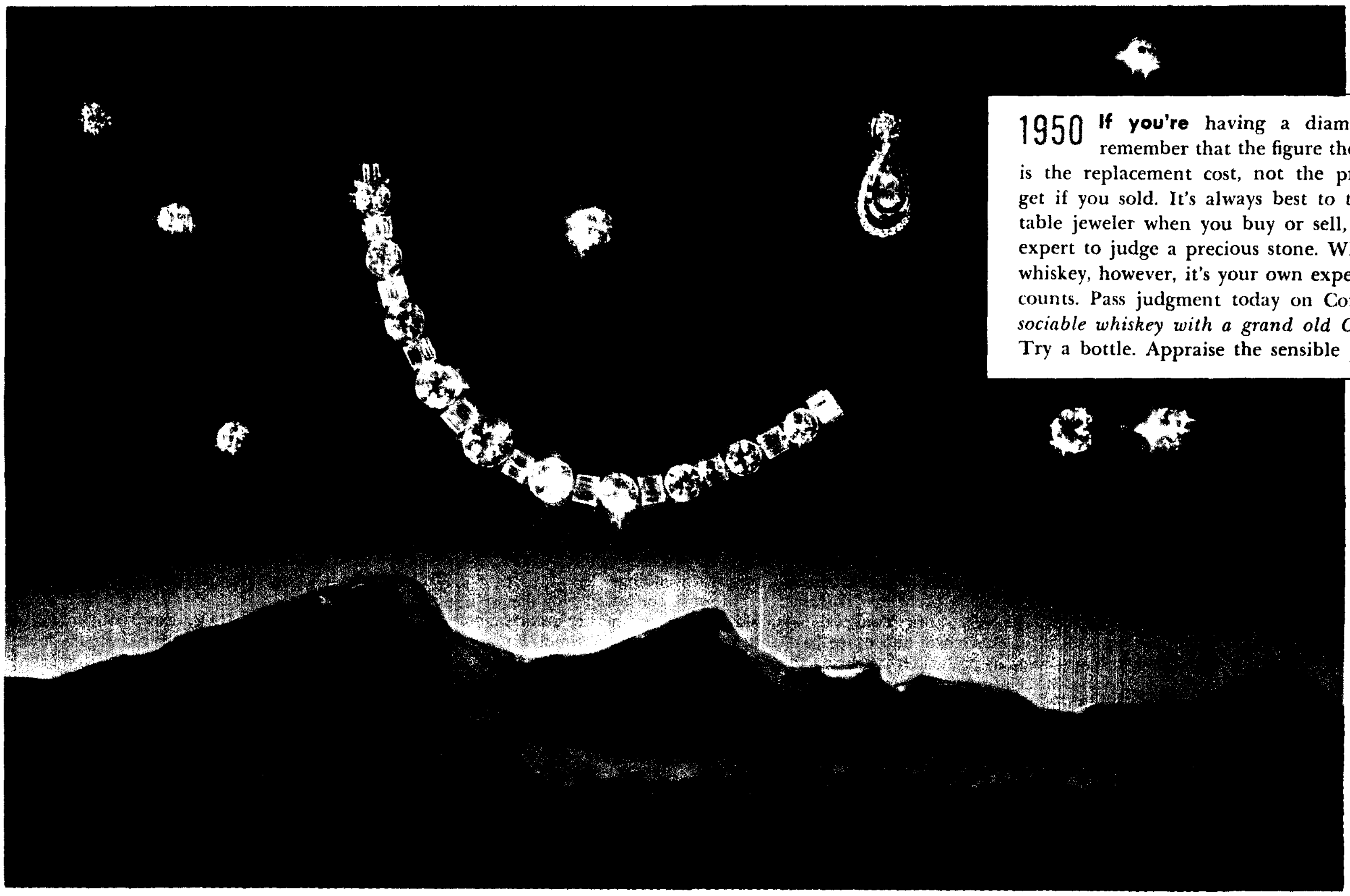


1859 **Styles in** diamonds change. Back when the name Corby's first came to Canada, diamonds were sometimes not cut, but simply polished, as shown above. Blue-white diamonds are considered the most valuable, but only 1 diamond in 500 has a blue tint. (ANTIQUE JEWELS . . . MARCUS COLLECTION)



1900 **The "brilliant"** cut, with 58 reflecting facets, was high style in diamonds when the name Corby's was in its 42nd year of renown in Canada. Still popular today, the "brilliant" should have two-thirds of its depth below the widest part for maximum fire and brilliance.

1934 **The oblong** cut was fashionable during the name Corby's 76th year in Canada. This also has 58 facets, but they're arranged to show the internal structure of the gem. Almost all gems have flaws, but they are classed "flawless" if they can be magnified 10 times with no flaw visible.



1950 **If you're** having a diamond appraised, remember that the figure the jeweler quotes is the replacement cost, not the price you would get if you sold. It's always best to trust in a reputable jeweler when you buy or sell, for it takes an expert to judge a precious stone. When it comes to whiskey, however, it's your own expert opinion that counts. Pass judgment today on Corby's, the *light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* Try a bottle. Appraise the sensible price, too.

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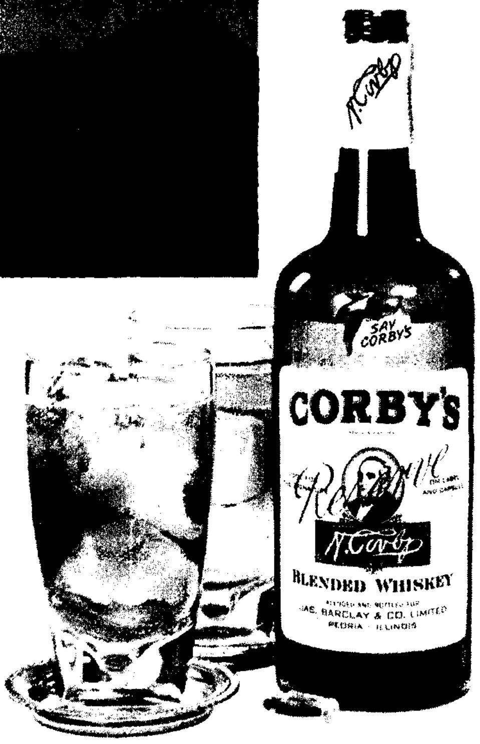

crossly. "The supper's getting cold. Land sakes, child, I don't know when you've had me so worried." . . .

Later, in the kitchen, she asked, "Whatever possessed you to go barefooted, Edie?"

"I thought they might like me better," Edie said.

"Did they?" Fred asked.

"Oh, much."

"There's a tip for you, Callie," Fred said. "The next time you call on the Silvas, go barefooted."

"Pish," Callie said. "What made you stay so late, Edie?"

"Grandma Stoker asked me to. She said I'd be doing her a favor if I'd play with the kids and keep 'em off the barn roof."

"And how are Mrs. Silva and the new baby?"

"The baby's fine. I took one little peek at him, Mama. He was wrapped in a pink blanket and he's terribly red. Grandma Stoker says Mrs. Silva had a hard time with him because he weighed nine and a half pounds and now she has afterpains."

"That Grandma Stoker hasn't got the sense she was born with," Callie said.

Fred asked, "Did they feed your mother's fried chicken to the pig?"

"Oh, no," Edie said. "When I went in to get the pail everything that Mama sent was on the table and Grandma Stoker said what lovely chicken it was and Mrs. Silva was going to have some for her supper."

Callie's face lighted with relief and pleasure. "I'm glad to hear that," she said. "Maybe that woman is getting some sense at last. Fred, I think I'll send her over a load of our winter squashes—otherwise they'll go to the pigs. Give me the pail, Edie, and sit down to your supper." She took the pail and started to the pantry, then suddenly she stopped and shook it, "Why, there's something in here, Edie," she said, pulling off the lid.

"All they gave me was the shoes," Edie declared.

Callie removed three small white packages from the pail and Fred sat up alert in his chair. "What's all this?" he asked.

"I don't know," Callie said and her face had something of the same panicky expression Mrs. Silva's had had when she saw the box of vegetables.

Slowly, she unwrapped a package; it was a man's necktie of crimson satin, magnificently shot with gold.

"I—I guess that's a present for you, Fred," she faltered.

"Godalmighty!" Fred said. "Joe's wedding necktie. Callie, you drove that woman too far."

Hardly breathing for excitement, Edie reached for the smallest package. "Mama," she said, "I know what it is—the little ring with the red stone!"

Dazedly, Callie watched the child as she slipped the ring onto her finger, then, fearfully, she unwrapped the last package. It was the exquisite silk handkerchief that Mrs. Silva had carried as a bride.

"Oh, Fred," she moaned, "what can I do?"

"You can feed the squashes to the pigs," Fred said. THE END

One Hundred Years of Happy Marriage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the veteran actor, Otto Kruger—was married to actor Jay Gayn Rescher. Rather than repeat the marriage vows, the young couple insisted on memorizing and reciting them in dramatic style. After some hesitation Dr. Ray agreed. Halfway through the ceremony, his fears were confirmed. The nervous groom blew his lines. However, with the assurance of a veteran performer, Dr. Ray calmly prompted the young actor through the rest of the ceremony.

Down the years, an impressive number of celebrities, stage and otherwise, have taken their vows at the Little Church. Irene Castle, Ann Harding, James Montgomery Flagg, Rollin Kirby, Stephen Leacock and Lincoln Ellsworth are among them. Some years back, Dr. Ray performed the marriage of a close personal friend, the astrologer Evangeline Adams—after she had taken great pains to make sure that the stars were right for the ceremony.

Famous public figures of all faiths, and some with no faith in particular, have arranged for funerals there. At his own request, Broadway producer Daniel Frohman was laid to rest, with a rabbi and a priest assisting Dr. Ray in an interfaith ceremony. In September of 1929, a crowd of 10,000 pushed and elbowed its way onto the church's tiny plot of ground in order to witness the funeral of Miller Huggins, manager of the New York Yankees.

Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and other baseball idols served as pallbearers. During the services, the Gargantuan but sentimental Bambino broke down and cried like a child.

A Typical O. Henry Touch

O. Henry used the Little Church as a setting for several of his short stories. Fittingly, his own funeral there in 1910 was marked by one of those odd little twists which so often characterized his fiction. As the hearse drove up, the rector sighted a wedding party approaching from the opposite direction. Suddenly realizing that the marriage and funeral had been scheduled for the same hour, he hastily dispatched a church attendant to head off the wedding party. While the bride, unknowing, chatted gaily with her guests in a tearoom down the street, O. Henry's last rites were said at an altar prepared for a wedding.

Such occasional missed cues are understandable in view of the tremendous demand for Little Church services. During the peak months of June, August and September, brides nearly trample one another's trains in the steady rush to the altar. On such days Dr. Ray often performs ceremonies at the rate of three and four an hour—with time out for only a quick lunch. A few years back the Little Church established some sort of record for whirlwind matrimony by speeding 43 couples into wedded bliss during one 10-hour day.

Only once in his 27 years at the Little Church—during which more than 50,000 weddings have been performed—has the pace got the best of Dr. Ray. One hectic day, after officiating in quick succession at an early Communion, a funeral service and a christening, the rector found a smiling couple waiting at the altar. Drawing a deep breath, he plunged into the ceremony with "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent . . ." Stopped short by the puzzled stare on the faces of the bride and groom, Dr. Ray paused and began again, "I am the resurrection . . ." Clearing his throat, he set himself for a running start and blurted, "I baptize thee . . ." Then he came to a full stop. After attempting to hold Communion, bury and baptize, the harried rector finally succeeded in marrying one of the most confused couples ever to set foot in the Little Church.

Dr. Ray has learned to be prepared for almost anything. At one wedding the bride yawned so widely that she dislocated her jaw. After solicitously rushing her to a doctor, the groom came back and called off the ceremony. He wasn't going to marry any woman, he snorted, who was bored by her own wedding.

In one confusing double wedding, an elderly woman and her granddaughter were married at the same time. Each was given away by the same woman—daughter of one bride, mother of the other.

And then there was the bridegroom who insisted on having as his "best man" a great Dane with a wreath of flowers around his neck. Dr. Ray persuaded him to leave the dog outside. But midway through the ceremony the huge animal broke loose, bounded down the aisle and, with wreath cocked jauntily over one eye, stationed himself solemnly in the position of best man.

Despite all precautions, Dr. Ray finds that rings "have a fiendish way of getting lost." More than once, with the organ booming out the wedding march and the bride halfway down the aisle, the church secretary has discovered a panicky best man in the anteroom, slapping frantically at his pockets. In such emergencies, the secretary has been trained to haul out a pair of shears and carefully snip the inside lining of the best man's morning coat. Nine times out of ten, the missing band drops out. One cautious groom arrived with an itemized list of all the essentials and no marriage license. Under careful grilling, he remembered tucking it away for safekeeping in the refrigerator of his new apartment.

But the great majority of newlyweds fail to leave any such distinctive impression. They are, for the most part, earnest young couples who insist that they wouldn't "feel married" unless they are joined in the Little Church Around the Corner. Costing from $15 up, ceremonies range from makeshift affairs, in which the church secretary and an attendant fill in as witnesses, to elaborately staged productions with organ, choir, bridesmaids, ushers, large assemblages of family and friends, and frequently an additional clergyman.

One Drink Was Too Many

Real understanding between husband and wife, Dr. Ray believes, is the key to success in marriage. In some cases this begins right at the altar. During one ceremony, the groom suddenly collapsed at the altar—apparently dead drunk. In the struggle to revive him with aromatic spirits, the best man made a nervous confession. Although he knew that a war injury had made the groom oversensitive to liquor, the best man had nevertheless insisted on giving him a prewedding bracer. When the groom came to, he started a fumbling apology. The bride cut him off. Even though her guests had all stalked out of the church, she brushed the whole incident aside and went through with the ceremony—while a red-faced best man held a supporting arm under the unsteady groom.

In many cases, Dr. Ray's job does not end at the altar. Hundreds of couples come back each year to seek his advice on marital problems or simply to keep him posted on the progress of their marriage. "If men and women began their business careers with as little training and preparation as they start married life," he says, "they wouldn't stand a chance of success. Yet, blundering through seems to be the accepted technique for marriage."

Dr. Ray's formula for a happy marriage: *Be friends.* "How often," he asks, "can you spot a married couple in a restaurant because they are not speaking—not because they are angry with each other, but simply because they are bored. They have nothing to talk about." He points out that when a marriage breaks up and the husband remarries, he often picks a good companion who does not have half the oomph of his ex-wife. The rector recalls one case in which a man married an unattractive second wife for companionship and asked his beautiful first wife to continue being his mistress!

On their wedding day, however, Dr. Ray does not believe in giving young couples long-winded advice on marriage. Usually, his parting speech is a terse, nine-word affair.

"Now," he tells them with a smile, "don't both get mad at the same time!" THE END

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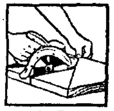

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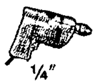

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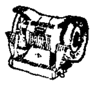

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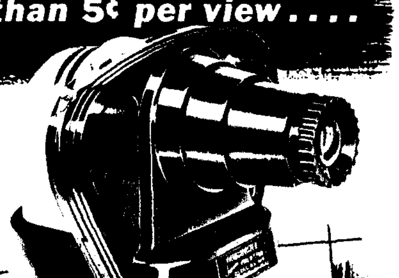

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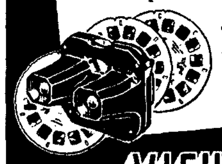

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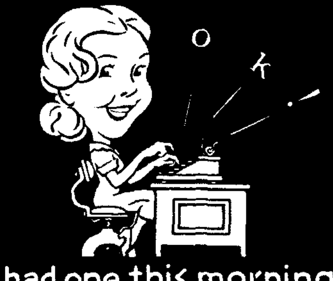

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The Prisoner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

suspicion. But still—" He broke off, pressing both hands against his brow.

"It is very hard, no doubt, for the señor to believe." Free of the Consul's scrutiny, Garcia, beneath his impassive stillness, seemed to quiver with demonic mirth. "I hesitate to inflict pain upon the señor. Yet if it should come to a question of proof . . ."

Harrington Brande raised his head, and Garcia held out to him a creased sheet of paper. "I found it, señor, in the garden."

Mechanically, the Consul accepted the paper.

Oh, dearest José, how I love to be with you, every minute of my time . . .

He read the sheet through, read all the tender messages which had passed so playfully between José and his son. He felt blank and dazed, with a hollow sickness in his stomach, but then came a surge of stark and suffocating anger.

A low exclamation from Garcia penetrated the haze which swirled about Harrington Brande.

"They have returned, señor." The butler pointed through the window. "Look, there—in the garden."

There was a pause. Without moving the Consul answered, "Thank you, Garcia. That will be all for the present. I shall see my son at once."

He remained seated for some minutes after the man had gone; then, stiffly, he got to his feet. He went slowly downstairs. Then, as he reached the hall, the front door swung open and in a burst of sunshine Nicholas ran into the house.

He saw his father and, with a stifled cry, drew up short. All the brightness went out of his eyes. It made no difference that he came forward quickly with a smile of welcome. The Consul had observed upon his son's face that first flicker of fear. "Good morning, Nicholas," he said in a dead voice.

"Good morning, Father."

"Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, Father."

"You are more fortunate than I. Perhaps, if you have nothing better to do, you will bear with me while I have mine."

HE LED the way into the dining room and took his place at the table on which Garcia presently placed the familiar tray of coffee, fruit and rolls. The Consul had not asked his son to sit down, and the boy stood facing him like a prisoner at the bar. Garcia withdrew noiselessly.

"When I arrived this morning," the Consul began, "I had hoped that you would be on hand to greet me."

"But, Father—I didn't know you were coming back so early."

"Obviously not." Brande's lips were twisted by a bitter spasm. "But that apart—where have you been?"

"With José."

"You spent last night at his house?"

"Yes, Father."

"You had given me your word not to speak to him."

"I didn't, at the beginning, Father. Then I only spoke a little. But I had to. I felt so lonely—and so frightened."

"Frightened of what, might I ask?"

Nicholas stole a timid glance toward the pantry door. In an extremely low voice he answered, "Of Garcia, Father."

"What! How can you tell me such a lie?"

"I'm not lying, Father. He did frighten me, only Magdalena asked me not to tell you why. That's the true reason I went home with José, Father."

"I do not believe you," Brande answered, sternly. "You are deliberately making up this absurd story for the sole purpose of deceiving me."

"No, no, Father. I beg you to believe me." Tears welling from behind his smarting eyeballs, trickled down Nicholas' nose and cheek. "Garcia was frightful. He had the knife. He chopped the head off my little fish. I thought he was going to kill me too. Oh, can't you see it, Father? He's not what he pretends to be. He's bad and wicked. He's not a good man like you and José."

"Are you out of your wits?" Brande cried hoarsely. "Someone has put you up to this, to slander Garcia. Garcia is above reproach, a thoroughly reliable person, unutterably superior to this—this gutter lout of yours."

"No, no, Father. José is nice."

The Consul had to grip the arms of the chair to hold himself in check. "So your friend is nice." He seemed to gasp for breath. "You like him?"

"Yes, Father."

"You may even love him?"

The little boy nodded through his tears. "Aren't we supposed to love everyone?"

The Consul drew back as though a viper had stung him.

"Don't prevaricate with me, sir. Tell me at once—where did he take you last night?"

"To his home."

"I see."

"It's terribly nice, Father. It has a view of the mountains, and butterflies and hummingbirds on the walls. José collected them. And we had the best stew I ever—"

He broke off, silenced by the look on his father's face. He did not understand that in his childish effort to explain, he had fanned the flames of the Consul's anger to an even whiter heat. He began to cry again.

"It is pleasing to your father to learn the degree of intimacy which has been achieved between his son and this rabble." The voice tightened. "Go on, sir. What else took place?"

"We played *estallido*, Father," Nicholas continued. "A game of cards—"

"Who played?"

"José and Pedro, and me, with Paquita, Juana, Luisa, Elena and Bianca. No, Maria didn't play. She was putting fresh linen on the bed."

The erect figure in the chair grew suddenly more rigid.

"On whose bed?"

"José's and mine."

A terrible silence followed. Nicholas began to tremble.

"What have I done, Father?"

The Consul rose, plucking at his stiff, immaculate collar. Then, his head averted, he spoke in a strangled voice.

"Leave me. Go upstairs to your room. I shall see you later."

FOR many moments after his son had crept out of the room Brande remained bowed, in wild, chaotic thought. At last he made a decision. Yes—that was the best, the only course. No matter how great a man's capabilities might be, there were certain situations in which he must seek expert help.

Heavily, the Consul crossed the hall into the salon, seated himself at the escritoire in the embrasure, and took up his pen.

To Professor Eugene Halevy, 219b Rue des Capucines, Paris, France. Leave everything and come here immediately. Harrington Brande.

Within four hours a telegram from Paris was delivered at the *Casa Breza*.

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A man entered the office of the tax collector at Hamilton, Ontario, and protested the amount of his assessment by tearing off his shirt and trampling it underfoot.	**A woman in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, returned her tax refund of $4.53 with this note: "I feel I owe it to the city."**
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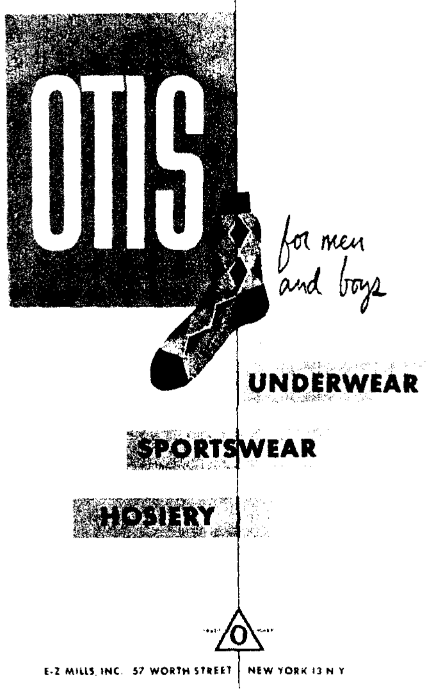
The Collector of Internal Revenue at Newark received a return with a 50-cent Confederate note attached as income tax payment.	**The Treasury at Washington got an $18,000 check from a man who had received a tax-exempt gift, but wanted "to give something to the government, anyhow."**
The Collector of Internal Revenue at Cincinnati received a return accompanied by a set of false teeth and this note: "I won't need these. I haven't enough money left to eat on."	**The Collector of Internal Revenue at Chicago received a return with a check for the taxpayer's entire income of the year—$3,400.**

—W. E. FARBSTEIN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cise and almost priestly, with small but penetrating eyes set deep in a narrow head and a trimmed imperial on his small chin, descended from the coach and clasped Harrington Brande's fingers between his small, soft hands.

"My poor friend!" Absorbing with one adroit glance the Consul's dark and fretful gloom, his manner seemed to say: I am here now, I forbid all further worry.

They entered the car and drove off. A fine rain was falling, veiling the lines of the harbor, obscuring a gray and motionless sea.

"I had your letter." Halevy made the remark, gazing straight ahead. "But now—your situation has deteriorated?"

"It is infinitely worse," Brande said tensely. He was about to proceed when Halevy, with an authoritative pressure on his knee, restrained him.

"Not now, my friend. We have plenty of time. Relax. I am at your disposal for as long as may be necessary." . . .

Dinner for two, served at eight o'clock, was near enough to perfection to cause the professor—who, despite his clerical air, had no aversion to the good things of the table—to compliment the Consul upon his cook. At intervals, as he ate his crawfish espagnole, he directed toward his host a glance of hooded inquiry. Although he was fully aware of the intensity of Brande's suffering, he was resolved to hurry nothing, to carry out, unruffled, his technique of delayed observation, to remain, as always, master of the situation.

Eugene Halevy, son of a Brest ship's chandler, had come to Paris, a raw and undergrown lad, some forty years before, to study medicine. About that time the fame of Charcot had reached its height and among the crowd attracted by that brightness was young Halevy. He attended the great man's lectures, haunted his wards in the Salpêtrière and, being chosen—at random—to assist once or twice during the celebrated mass hysteria demonstrations, decided he must specialize in psychiatry.

Beyond a certain provincial sharpness, which gave him an aptitude for picking up the phrases and mannerisms of his chief, Halevy had no talent for this type of work. But aided by a modest inheritance from his father he went to Vienna, attended a few lectures by Jung, barely enough to pick up a smattering of theory and memorize an impressive vocabulary, took a course at Heidelberg, and spent a couple of months in the great mental asylum of Mecklenburg.

WHEN Halevy returned to Paris he was admitted, on the strength of this "experience"—and a persuasive manner by means of which he succeeded in glossing over the inadequacy of his qualifications—to the staff of the Institut Nevrologique, a small clinic in Passy.

He began to deliver lectures, of a semipopular nature, at the Academy of Mental Hygiene. Gradually he acquired a limited clientele, including the usual following of female neurotics and *malades imaginaires.* His manner, as might be expected, had improved. His eyes were keener, his hands more adroit; he affected a frock coat and high black stock which gave him the look of a clerical savant. Master of hocus-pocus, this charlatan flourished, day by day, on the anxieties and pitiful sorrows of his victims. He learned to be cruel, to extort secrets with a single word, to utter paradoxes and predictions with an unscrupulous solemnity, to deceive—and profit.

One summer, during a brief vacation at Knocke, his visit had come to the notice of Harrington Brande. The Consul, afflicted with his periodic melancholia, had consulted the Parisian "psychiatrist." Immediately, an affinity developed between these two mediocrities, so different in temperament, so similar in type. Many times thereafter Brande sought out his new physician, who alone seemed to bring him benefit. From the long séances in the Rue des Capucines a tenacious friendship grew, between the dignified, frustrated official and the little false priest who heard, "scientifically," his closest secrets, and was, thereafter, in growing ascendancy, his master.

When dinner was over the two men went into the salon. Halevy, aware that his friend could not be restrained longer, made with his head a motion of assent, significant, almost magisterial.

Immediately, the Consul's tight lips parted and his testimony broke forth. Without appearing to watch him, the professor missed nothing of Brande's emotion. When, in conclusion, Brande handed him the scribbled sheet of paper, the gleam in his gaze was masked immediately.

WHILE the Consul sat wiping his damp forehead, Halevy methodically read the document twice. Then, his lips pursed, he began to nod his head.

"My good friend," he said at last, in a grave tone, "I will not deny that I view this unfortunate affair in a serious light. Were I less attached to you, I might dismiss it lightly. Had I a slighter regard for your intelligence, I should perhaps withhold from you certain of the darker implications."

The Consul started, but before he could interrupt, Halevy mercilessly went on.

"Innocence, my friend—what *is* it? We psychiatrists can afford to smile at that preposterous word, the sentimental trade-mark of an obsolete faith. Do we not every day uncover new evidence of human vileness? Are we not all the servants of our bodies, victims of our desires? Why, even the first involuntary acts of infants, their clinging and clasping, the sensual ferocity with which they seize the maternal breast—" He broke off with a shrug. "As for the period which your son is now approaching, ah, there, indeed, we are faced with darker forces. It is indeed unfortunate that this imprudent association with an older youth should have arisen."

The Consul groaned, his hands so tightly clenched the nails cut into his palms. "You do not believe that Nicholas has suffered serious harm?"

"I do indeed fear that damage has been done," Halevy answered. "How much or how little it is my place to discover."

"To discover?"

"Certainly. I shall be obliged to submit your son to analysis."

"But, surely—" Brande protested. "The child is so young, so upset at this moment, his sensibilities so delicate—"

Halevy fixed the Consul with a cold glance. "Do you doubt my professional skill?"

"No, no, dear friend. Only—but if you think it necessary—"

"Imperative. How else but by probing the subconscious can we discover what took place during those nocturnal hours?"

"Stop, Halevy. *Stop!*"

"Come, come, my friend," said Halevy with a kind of patronizing brutality. "We ourselves are no longer children."

"No. No . . . Nevertheless, you know the state of my own health, what I have already suffered through my disastrous marriage, the pressures of my official position, the prolonged creative effort of my literary work—and above all this, the overpowering love which I bear toward my son."

"I assure you I shall be as gentle as I can."

"I trust you implicitly, dear friend," Brande said. "It is the brazen, shameless audacity of this fellow which—"

"You have not dismissed him?" Halevy inquired quickly.

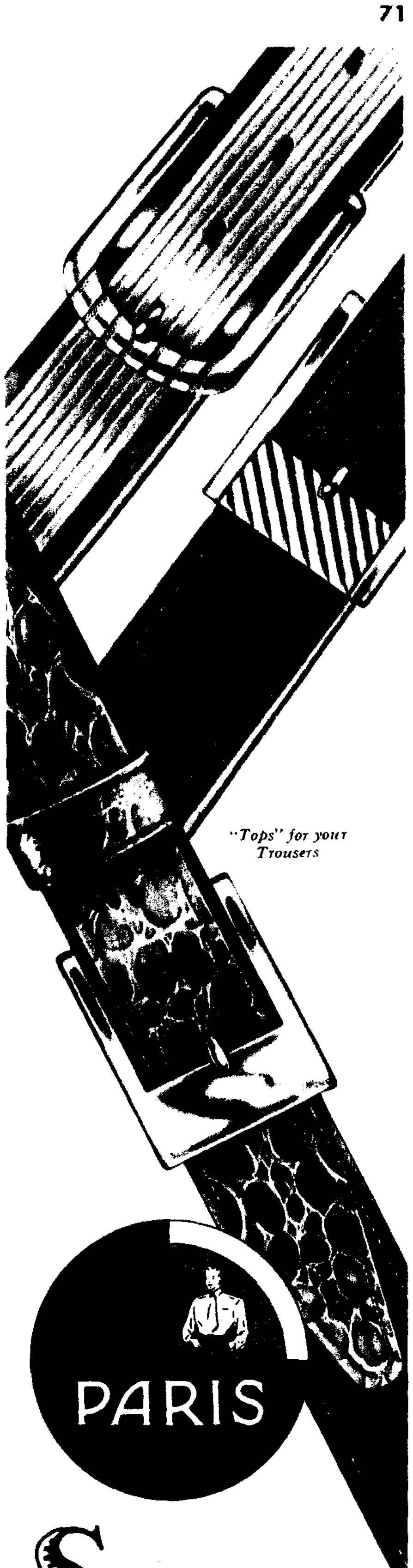
The Consul shook his head.

"Good," said the professor approvingly, moistening his lips. "We shall certainly subject him to a fairly strenuous examination. It may also be necessary for me to interrogate your indoor servants. You have no objections?"

"None. They are an excellent couple. It is this other—this José."

As he, again, pronounced that name, the rage and hatred in his heart overcame him. Leaning forward, he brought his fist down on the frail arm of the chair and cried, "He must be punished!"

The professor smiled the tired smile of one who knows the abject secrets of man-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"Without a doubt, my friend. He will be punished."

Next morning, the skies were bright. To Nicholas, gazing wistfully into the garden from his bedroom window, the balmy air seemed to hold the promise of better things. Perhaps today he might be released from his confinement. Now that Professor Halevy had come to visit, surely his father's mood would soften.

Nicholas had had his breakfast from his usual tray and, dressed in shirt and trousers, was watching intently for the signal that José would make from behind the tool shed, the wave of the arm which, during these two days of enforced separation, had been the only means of communication between them. That reassuring gesture was enough to bring comfort to the boy. Whatever happened to him—more attacks of illness, the dreadful fulfillment of Garcia's threats, even his father's anger—nothing mattered if José remained his friend.

IT WAS now almost ten o'clock. José had begun to move toward the shed, where he would be screened from the lower windows of the house. Nicholas' pulse was quickening in anticipation when he heard footsteps in the passage outside, and almost at once the door opened to admit his father and Professor Halevy. He spun round, defensively, his startled blush making him look guilty.

"Good morning, my child." Halevy nodded amiably.

"Good morning, sir," Nicholas answered. "Good morning, Father."

A pause followed, which the boy, glancing sharply from one to the other, felt as oddly ominous.

The Consul cleared his throat, and spoke in a constrained voice. "Nicholas, I have asked Professor Halevy to look you over and to reassure me on the state of your health." He glanced at Halevy. "You do not wish me to remain, I imagine."

"We shall manage excellently ourselves," responded the professor briskly, and, as Brande left the room, he turned to Nicholas with a sly air of collusion. "There are some things we don't want even Father to know, eh, my boy? Now if you will just stretch out on your bed, we shall get along without the slightest trouble."

Nicholas stared back at the professor with surprise. Accustomed though he was to the medical ritual periodically performed upon his frail body, the boy sensed in the strange archness of the physician's manner a new and more disturbing method.

Halevy closed both the shutters, exclaiming: "That sunlight is most trying to the eyes. There! Isn't that much more comfortable?"

In the dimness the professor slipped back, seated himself at the head of the bed, and placed his hand lightly on the boy's forehead.

"We've known each other a long time, Nicholas." He spoke quite gaily. "I'm sure you look upon me as a friend, rather than a physician. You're not at all afraid of me?"

Since an answer seemed to be expected of him, Nicholas mumbled, "No."

"Good. I want you to feel, above all, that you can talk to me freely, just as you would to another boy. Incidentally"—above the gray imperial the psychiatrist's yellow teeth were bared in that same conspirator's smile—"you are growing into a big boy yourself, which must make quite a difference to your ideas, your thoughts about life. It's these thoughts I'd like to hear about. And you needn't hesitate to tell me anything, the most shocking thing in the world. Now what, for example, are you thinking about now?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, come, my dear chap," jested the professor, but softly. "Nature abhors a vacuum. I'm sure that clever little head of yours is not completely empty. In fact, it's a Pandora's box, out of which you and I are going to bring the most remarkable things. Just imagine you are lifting the lid of that box. What is it you see at this moment, what is it that you feel?"

"I feel your fingers on my forehead. They're like cotton wool," Nicholas replied, slowly, rather awkwardly. "And I see the bars of light on the ceiling. They come from the shutters."

"Excellent. Go on."

"About what?"

"Anything you wish," Halevy prompted. "Tell me the train of your thoughts. After the shutters . . ."

"Well, I don't know," Nicholas said doubtfully. "They sort of give me the impression I'm in a prison. It's so dark, you see, and these bars slanting all over the place make me want to get out."

"And if you were out, what would you do?" Halevy asked.

"Go fishing," replied Nicholas without the slightest hesitation.

"Fishing," echoed the psychiatrist, in the tone of one whom nothing amazed.

"Yes, that is what I'd do. I'd get on that old bus and drive right up into the mountains." A dreamy smile passed over the boy's face. "Then I'd go down to the green valley and sit in the sun on the mill dam. I'd bait my line and fish there in the pool all day long."

"You'd go alone, of course?" murmured the professor, attentively.

"Of course not." The boy's remote smile deepened; he spoke without embarrassment. "José would come with me. He's the one who showed me how to do it."

"To do what?"

"To fish, naturally. He's a wonderful fisherman. And the best *pelota* player in San Jorge."

"You are fond of José?" the psychiatrist asked.

"Oh, yes," cried the boy. "José is my friend."

THERE was a silence. The professor's fingers continued their measured rhythm on Nicholas' forehead. The murmurous voice resumed:

"When your father was away, you went to this river with José. And when the fishing was over, what did you do?"

"I had my siesta."

"With José?"

"Oh, yes. José lay beside me on the grass. It was so nice there, so warm in the sun."

"Of course," agreed this devil's confessor, with a secret grimace. "I understand. I am not shocked, my child. Do not be frightened by what you tell me."

"But why should I be frightened?" Nicholas answered immediately. "I haven't done anything wrong."

The professor exclaimed, with momentary irritation, "Surely you did wrong to disobey your father."

"I didn't really mean to disobey him. It was because of Garcia."

"Ah!" said Halevy. "We will return to that in a moment. But meanwhile . . . you admit you are fond of José."

"I can't help my feelings," Nicholas said seriously.

"No one is blaming you, my child." The psychiatrist's manner altered, became soothing again, as though once more he felt himself on safe and familiar ground. "I know you like José to be near you, to touch you. You would, for instance, rather it was he beside you now, stroking your hair—"

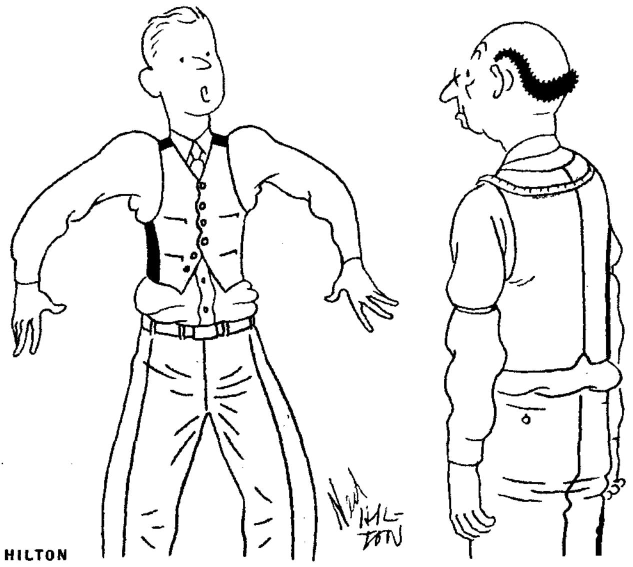
"Oh, much rather!" Nicholas exclaimed. Then he blushed suddenly for his rudeness.

But the professor, delighted by that sign of shame, took no offense. He wanted only to turn this childish confusion to his own advantage. "And because you wished him to be near you, to touch you . . . That is why you went home with him?"

Nicholas moved uncomfortably, as though he wished he might look his hidden questioner in the face. This great dim room and the soft, persistent massage of his temples conspired to produce in him a drowsiness in which complete acquiescence to these puzzling questions seemed the easiest

JOT IT DOWN

By MILFORD CONN


NED HILTON

"I bawled out the tailor"

THE company for which I've worked for a long time is about to move to new quarters, so I've been cleaning out my desk and going through the drawers in a big desklike table in my office and dipping into bulging Manila envelopes on shelves—envelopes in which important papers have found sanctuary these many years.

Jot it down, that's my motto. To admiring friends who wonder how I get so much work done I reply that, once I write myself a reminder, the matter in hand is as good as done. It's the only way. You make a note, you read it the next morning and you do something about it.

Of course, no one is infallible. That explains a note I've just found under an old aspirin bottle in one of my desk drawers. The note reads, "Mail to Aunt Mabel," and to it is attached an "Admit Two" pass for a movie . . . Let's see . . . Yes, it's too bad. That was back in 1945. It was a good picture, but I doubt it's still running. Might as well throw away the pass and make a note to apologize to Aunt Mabel.

And what's this? Oh, yes, a clipping telling about the marriage of Lucille Lorman. "Send to Phoebe" is written across it. Well, Lucille has had two kids since I scribbled that reminder. Might as well throw it away. Phoebe probably knows about the kids. Yet, if I send her the clipping, she'll know they were born in wedlock . . . I'll think it over.

Well, here's another clipping. What in the world did I ever save this for? It's a news item about a factory where the soap-and-water squad has increased its efficiency by mopping floors to music . . . Oh, I see. Here's a note reminding me to write a humorous piece called "Moperetta," to be sung by the Flooradora Sextet. Never realized I was so funny. The clipping is only two years old. Might still be worth doing.

Let's see, what's next? . . . "Return $5 borrowed from K.N.W." . . . That explains something. Old K.N.W. has snubbed me since 1946. And a good thing too. Oh, Debt, where is thy sting?

Must make a note to borrow a fin from C.V.L. and not repay it. Could stand an estrangement there too.

And what does *this* grimy bit of paper say? . . . "Have tailor let out vest of gray flannel suit." Good heavens! I remember bawling out the tailor! "It's as tight as it was before you fixed it," I told him. "You never sent it to me," he pleaded. "Don't contradict me," I answered. "I distinctly remember jotting it down. . ."

Now here's one that's *really* silly . . . "Next time you hear someone overstate the future of the atom call him a fissionary." Gosh, have I been spending my time like that? Hope the boss never finds out.

Now why did I save *this* particular newspaper front page? . . . Oh, I recall. It's torn from an edition published the day after the last Presidential election. "Send it to L.V.K.," it says. Now it all comes back to me. L.V.K. is partial to a well-known pollster. Attached to this front page is a chit in my handwriting saying:

Said Dr. Gallup,
Hal-lup, hal-lup!

Think I'll send it to L.V.K. anyway. A man can have too many friends.

Here's a soiled envelope on which I wrote, "Straighten out." Inside the envelope is a letter from an old pal. It starts, "I never would have had the crust to ask you to get us tickets for a smash hit like Oklahoma! You volunteered to get them yourself. I'll admit the trip from Toledo to New York isn't what it was in the days of the covered wagon, but it's still quite a journey. To think that you would let us travel this distance . . ." etc.

I don't understand it. After all, I *had* jotted it down . . . I'll have to straighten that out someday . . . Right after we move.

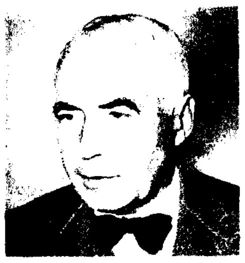
THE END

"Let's see. What's this?"

Louella Parsons
Sunday 9:15 pm*
(*Woodbury*)

Martin Agronsky
Monday-Saturday 8:00 am*

Robert Montgomery
Thursday 9:45 pm*
(*Lee Hats*)



Elmer Davis
Monday-Friday 7:15 pm*

Edwin C. Hill
Monday-Friday 7:00 pm*
(*Miles Laboratories*)

Walter Kiernan
Monday-Friday 3:25 pm*
(*Philip Morris*)

Jimmie Fidler
Sunday 10:00 pm*
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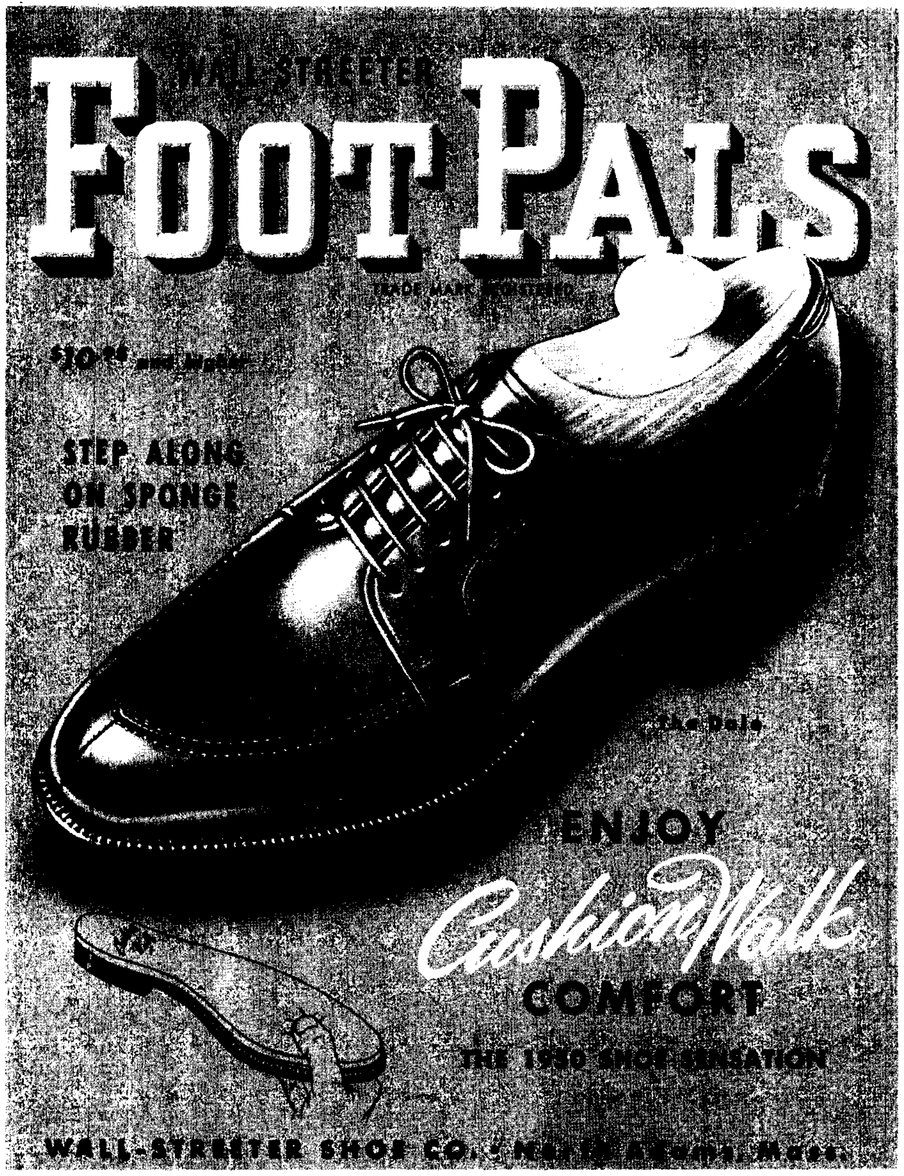

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course. Yet something within his fragile, childish spirit forced him to resist.

"I do like José very much."

"You mean you love him," insinuated the professor gently.

"Well, yes, I love him." Nicholas' flush deepened. "But it was because of Garcia that I went home with him."

Halevy laughed shortly—how well he knew the value of that brief explosion of derision which so often rent those veils of simulation which all his sympathy had failed to pierce. "Garcia—always Garcia! I don't believe a word of it."

"It doesn't matter whether you believe me or not," Nicholas answered proudly.

A WAVE of animosity swept over the professor. This childish resistance was exasperating to a man of his experience. Not for an instant did he believe that Nicholas spoke the truth. In his universe, normality had no place. Well, he had dealt with delinquent children before, and cracked their armor in the end. He could attack this stubbornness with a dozen subtle tricks.

"My dear child. You misunderstand me. I am not thinking in terms of right and wrong. So why should you defend yourself? I am on your side. What is called wickedness is no more than instinct, the legacy of a million years of primeval existence. Perhaps these big words confuse you, and that's the last thing we want. You must simply realize that what you have done is only human. The danger lies in hiding it. If only you will lay it bare before me, then it becomes nothing. We can laugh at it together."

"Laugh at what?" asked Nicholas.

"This, for instance," murmured Halevy, casually producing the sheet of messages.

Nicholas stiffened; then his body gradually grew limp and he turned his eyes away.

"Oh, it's nothing," murmured the psychiatrist quickly, with a pacifying gesture. "But when you wrote like this, why pretend? You must have said much nicer things to José when you were alone with him—when you went to his home, for instance—and when you were together during the night."

"We didn't say anything." Nicholas spoke dully, with averted head.

"But, my dear child," whispered Halevy, bringing his cheek close to the boy's pillow. "You were there, just the two of you together, in the darkness . . ."

A shiver passed over the child, as though vaguely he were conscious of some unknown yet monstrous evil looming out of the shadows, pressing down upon him with irresistible insistence, striking fear and repulsion into his heart. He clenched his hands involuntarily and sat up defiantly on the bed. He faced the professor directly.

"I don't know what you want me to say. But I'm not going to say it. I've told you I only went with José because Garcia scared me. You can ask Magdalena. She'll tell you. I wanted my father to ask her before."

The professor smiled coldly. He got to his feet, as though accepting a challenge. "Very well. We shall ask Magdalena."

The professor pulled the tasseled cord twice. After a few minutes of straining silence, the heavy, sluggish footsteps of the cook sounded on the stairs. She entered the room.

"Magdalena," said the professor. "It has been suggested that during the recent absence of your master, certain irregularities occurred in the household. In the first place, did Garcia remain in Barcelona on Saturday night?"

The woman, planted heavily by the doorway, stared stolidly at the professor. "No," she said. "Garcia was here." Nicholas was shocked. Stupefied and stammering, he entreated, "But Magdalena—"

"Be quiet." Halevy returned back to the cook. "In the second place, did Garcia indulge in a drunken orgy on Sunday night?"

"No, señor. Garcia does not drink."

"So he did not strike you, or frighten Nicholas in any way?"

She shook her head. "Garcia is a good man. It is well known. He never struck me in his life."

"Oh, Magdalena," Nicholas burst out in a heartbreaking tone. "You know he hit you. You were crying. It was horrible. And he had the knife—" He broke off, overcome by a panic which seemed to rise sickeningly from his stomach.

"That will be all, Magdalena," Halevy said.

Throughout the interview, the cook's eyes had remained fixed dully on the professor, but now they flickered toward Nicholas. Abruptly, she swung round and shuffled out.

With a cry of anguish, Nicholas collapsed on the pillow, overwhelmed by this betrayal. "Oh, José," he whispered brokenly to himself. "Where are you, José?"

Professor Halevy took one step forward, then halted. Several times he caressed his tufted chin, his narrow head cocked to one side, like a ferret ready to attack. No, he thought finally, not a word more. A little solitude, a few more tears, and the last resistance will vanish. Quietly, amid the sound of muffled sobbing, he tiptoed from the room.

Beginning Next Week

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An unexplained death at a little inn in the Swiss mountains led Rob Trenton into a rough-and-tumble chase in which both his life and his reputation were at stake. He was suspected of smuggling drugs into the United States—and, even worse, he was in love with the beautiful Linda Carroll who was also under suspicion

A new kind of thriller by the master of mystery

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

HARRINGTON BRANDE paid only a cursory visit to the consulate that morning, remaining there in a state of mounting tension for about an hour before returning to have luncheon with his house guest. Now the meal was over, the professor had made his report, and the two men sat in the dining room, where coffee had been served to them.

"Then there is no doubt remaining in your mind," the Consul said.

"None whatever." The professor swallowed his coffee with every appearance of satisfaction. "That transference of the guilt complex is quite typical—and his breakdown, when he was confronted with Magdalena."

"I hope it was not too severe a trial for my son."

"My dear friend, what are a few childish tears, a temporary heartache, against the major issue at stake?"

"He is not suffering now?"

"Probably he is sound asleep. In any case, you must not go near him. Solitude, opportunity for reflection—these are essential to my treatment. These abnormal tendencies must be torn out by the roots."

The Consul compressed his napkin into a hard, tight ball. Not looking at Halevy, he said, "And José?"

"I questioned him at length this morning. A plausible rascal. I know how you feel about him, but what can we do? You cannot take proceedings against him without inflicting enormous damage on Nicholas and yourself. The publicity alone— It's unthinkable."

"Something must be done." Brande spoke the words in a tone of menace.

"Then be patient. If you give a fellow of that type enough rope he's sure to hang himself. Why, Garcia let out, quite by accident, when I talked with him before lunch, that lately he's missed several small sums of money from his room. He didn't say it in so many words, but I was sharp enough to see that he suspects José is the thief."

"What!" the Consul exclaimed. "Money stolen from Garcia? This must be seen to at once."

He reached out and rang the small silver bell which stood before him on the table. The butler appeared, buttoning his white mess jacket.

"I am sorry to disturb you at your meal," the Consul said, "but a matter of extreme importance has just been brought to my notice. Is it true that you have recently lost certain sums of money?"

"Lost, señor?" Garcia permitted himself the liberty of a slight shrug. "One does not lose money from a locked drawer in one's room."

"Ah! Then the money was stolen."

"Undoubtedly, señor. The lock was skillfully picked."

The Consul drew a deep, quick breath.

"You take it very calmly, my good man."

Again Garcia shrugged.

"It was not a fortune, señor. Altogether, perhaps thirty or forty pesos were stolen. Nevertheless—" He paused, his eyes, inscrutable in that impassive mask, bent unblinkingly upon the Consul's face. "Nevertheless, señor, I am not calm."

"Why not?"

"Because, señor," Garcia answered deliberately, "I fear that some things of greater value have been stolen. I did not care to speak first; it is not my place. Nor do I desire to make trouble for another. But since you, yourself, raise the subject, I simply ask you, señor: What has become of the articles you keep in the little box on your dressing table?"

The Consul's voice came queerly:

"You mean my evening studs—my cuff links?"

"And your small flat watch with diamonds, the sapphire dress buttons, the signet ring—all your choice possessions," Garcia said gravely.

WITH sudden decision, the Consul rose to his feet, led the others upstairs, and entered his bedroom. The round morocco leather box stood in the center of the dressing table. Without hesitation Brande threw back the lid. The box was empty.

"My God!" he gasped.

"Rather careless of you, not to lock it," Halevy murmured, behind him.

Brande spun around. "I trust my people. Never before—all my jewelry—the sentimental value—irreplaceable! Garcia, who has done this?"

The butler's lip curled slightly. He did not answer, but his gaze, traveling imperceptibly beyond the Consul, directed itself through the open window and came to rest upon the garden.

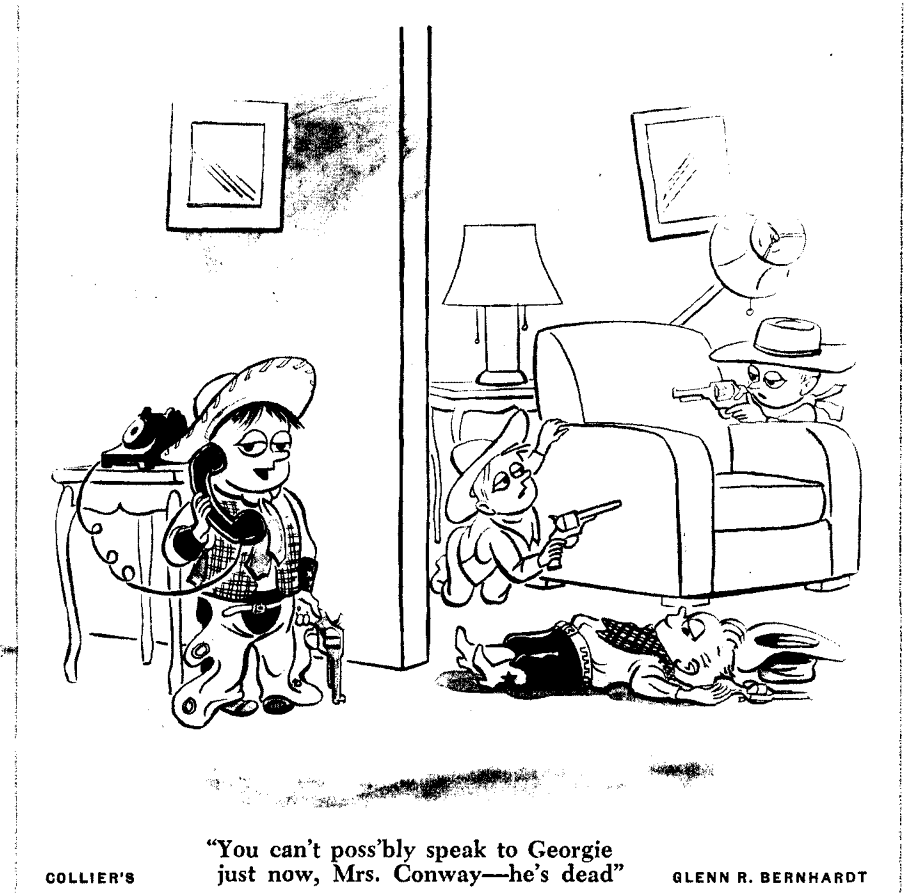
"Yes," cried Brande, with a strange lifting of his voice, a note almost of exaltation. "Remain here, Garcia. Will you come with me, Halevy? I should be glad of your support."

Accompanied by his friend, the Consul left the house and strode down the gravel path toward the tool shed. José was not there. Brande was about to swing out toward the shrubbery when he saw the gardener's jacket hanging from the rusted nail behind the door. A stifled exclamation broke from the Consul's lips. Always he prided himself upon his punctilious sense of honor. But now, borne forward by this passion of anger and resentment, he stepped without hesitation to the door and began to search the pockets of the coat. Suddenly, with a cry of triumph, he brought out, yellow and glittering, a pair of heavy cuff links.

"Mine!" Brande declared. "Unquestionably mine. And don't you see?" In his excitement, he clutched Halevy's arm.

The professor, with an air of justification, inclined his head and murmured, "Did I not tell you? Only, for your own sake, you must be calm."

"I refuse to be calm!" Brande exclaimed wildly. "After all I have endured from him; at last he has been delivered up to



COLLIER'S — "You can't poss'bly speak to Georgie just now, Mrs. Conway—he's dead" — GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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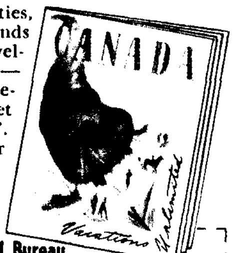

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me." He raised his voice and shouted, "José! Come here—immediately!" An instant later, José ran to the little shed and pulled off his linen cap. "You wanted me, señor?"

"I do want you," Brande said thickly. He exposed the cuff links in his quivering palm. "Where did you get these?"

José looked at the yellow disks. "I do not understand you, señor. I have never seen these things before."

"Then explain how they got into your jacket."

"Impossible, señor. They were never there."

"They were there." The power which he now possessed of throwing back José's own words sent the blood mounting higher in the Consul's head. "I found them in your pocket a moment ago."

"No, señor." The words came halting and confused.

"Professor Halevy can swear to it."

José had turned quite white. As though fascinated, he stared at the glittering links. "Someone must have put them there," he muttered at last.

A faint ironic snicker, instantly suppressed, escaped from the professor's lips. "The classic answer," he murmured to his friend.

But the Consul did not hear. The singing in his ears grew louder. He felt again that hot flame within his chest. He said slowly, as though savoring each word, "I am going to summon the *guardia*. Meantime you will come with us to the house. It is useless for you to try to escape."

José was paler than ever, deeply serious, with a strange distress in his eyes. "I shall not run away, señor. The *guardia* is my friend. He knows I am not a thief."

LESS than half an hour later, a sergeant of the civil *guardia*, young and well set up in his dark green uniform, arrived at the front door.

"I regret troubling you, Sergeant," the Consul began, directly. "But it appears I have a thief in my employ."

He had now fully recovered his self-possession, and he outlined the facts succinctly—a damning case. But when José's name was mentioned, the *guardia* lost for a moment his look of calm alertness. And when Brande concluded, he stood, studying his boots, in puzzled indecision.

"It sounds extremely bad, señor," he said at length. "Yet are you sure there is no mistake? I know this José Santero. He is perhaps a trifle wild, but a thief—?"

The Consul drew himself up, his expression turning stern and official. "Do you propose to allow your personal feelings to interfere with your duty?"

"No, no, señor," the sergeant answered hastily. "Let us see him at once." . . .

For Nicholas it was like sunshine after rain to be allowed to dress and come downstairs, to have breakfast in the dining room with his father and Professor Halevy. And although he was conscious of something hidden, a sense of conspiracy between them, they were kind to him. The professor spoke to him in a smiling, friendly fashion, as though the inquisition of the day before had never occurred. His father, from behind the pages of L'Echo de Paris, bent one or two covert glances toward him, which, although still aloof, held a hint of reconciliation. And when the meal was over, the Consul declared, with only a pretense of stiffness, "You may wish to go into the garden this morning. You have been rather confined lately." He turned to Halevy.

"I shall not go to the office until noon. If it does not altogether bore you, perhaps you might run through the final section of my manuscript."

"Delighted, my friend," Halevy replied, patting his lips delicately with his napkin.

They stood up. Nicholas moved quietly to the front door.

How good it was to be outside again, to be free after the miseries of his detention! He sniffed the fresh, salty breeze. It would never do, of course, to rush at once to José. With his hands by his sides, he strolled very slowly and inconspicuously down the herbaceous border. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Professor Halevy emerge from the villa, carrying a plaid rug and the precious bundle of the Malebranche manuscript. When the psychiatrist had settled himself comfortably in a long chair by the arbor, Nicholas edged off toward the cobbled stable yard, where he heard the sound of wood chopping.

But it was Garcia who was cutting wood. In a flurry of disappointment and alarm, the boy scurried round the gable of the coach house toward the new rockery. José was not here. Hastening his steps, Nicholas passed beyond the oleanders, through the old jacaranda patch, then back by the empty tool shed and the catalpa tree and finally drew up, disconsolately, beside the arbor.

The professor, balancing the heavy pile of manuscript, seemed too engrossed to be disturbed. But after some hesitation, Nicholas ventured to approach.

"Excuse me, sir. Have you seen the large watering can?"

"No," said the professor, agreeably. "Have you?"

"I haven't," Nicholas answered. "And all the petunias want watering, very badly."

"Do they? Then perhaps you will find it."

"I don't know where it has been put. And even if I did, it's too heavy for me to lift."

"Then you had better dismiss it from *your mind.*"

"But the petunias—someone should attend to them."

"I dare say they will survive."

There was a pause. Nicholas gazed about him dismally. The professor's eyes were now fixed upon the priceless manuscript. Without raising his head, he said, "Dear child, I suggest you continue your stroll. I propose to have a conversation with you this evening. Meantime, I should be glad not to be disturbed."

The boy moved off. As the hatchet strokes still rang out, he decided he might reach the back premises unobserved. Despite her unbelievable behavior on the day before, he believed that Magdalena was still his friend.

Yes, there she was, seated on the step of the open kitchen door, plucking a chicken that lay across her knees. From her abrupt, violent movements, he knew she was in a bad humor. After a moment, in a low, coaxing voice, he said, "Magdalena, where is José?"

She gave her head an angry shake. "Go away. I don't know anything. I do not wish to know anything." Her voice rose suddenly. "Do you hear me? Go away."

NICHOLAS went away. He passed some time by the pool below the new rockery. Then he went through the faded mimosa hedge, and came out at the cliff wall. Here he seated himself and stared out at the empty bay. José would turn up in the afternoon, he told himself. Probably he had been sent somewhere on an errand.

A whiff of cigarette smoke made him turn his head. Garcia had come down from the stable yard, noiseless in his felt slippers, and was now standing beside him, a burning stub between his yellow fingers.

"The sea," he remarked. "Is it not superb?"

Nicholas perceived that Garcia was in a mood of unusual contentment, suffused, it seemed, by some strange, unnatural felicity. The man's long slanting eyes were drowsy and his pin-point pupils sparkled as he inhaled deeply from the cigarette.

"It is good to get away from people—mediocre, ridiculous people. I love the sea. I have sailed the oceans of the world. I have been becalmed in the blazing Sargasso. Weeds, weeds, green weeds clinging under the surface scum clinging like the tentacles of—"

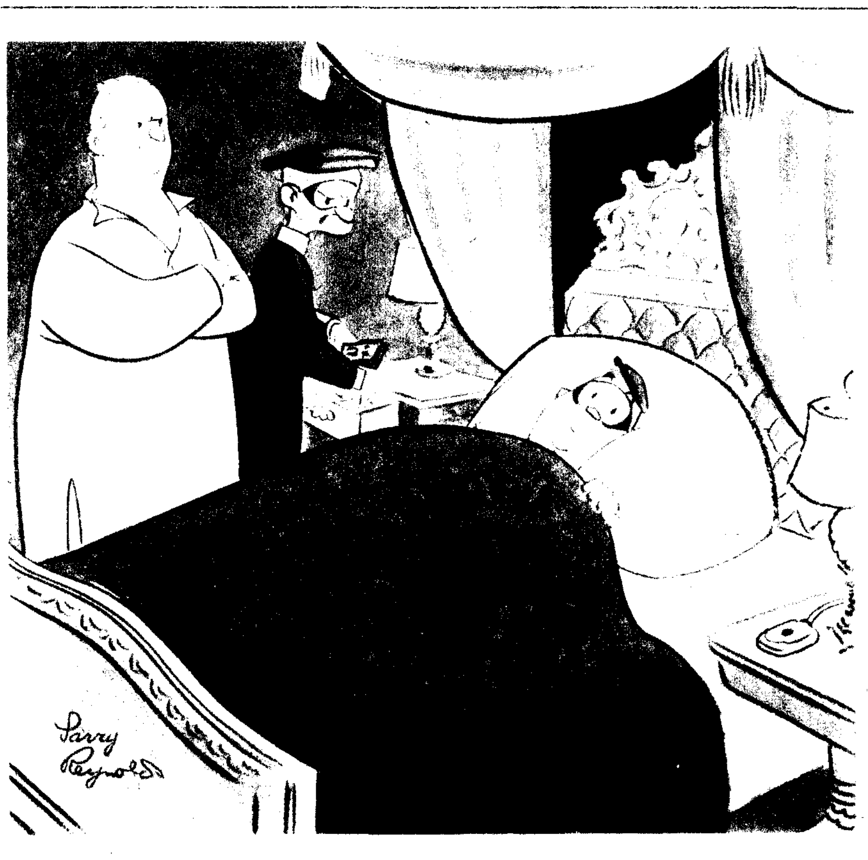
"I thought you were a soldier," Nicholas said in a quavering tone.

"Bah! I have been everything. A sailor too. Many things. You do not believe me?" He slipped an arm from his open shirt and with a violent gesture exposed his back, the smooth bare skin all seamed with whitish scars. "Now you can see where I was flogged—flogged till the blood ran like a red river. They could not make me yield. When they brought bread and water, I sat like a king on his throne, in my cell."

"Cell?" gasped Nicholas. "Were you in prison?"

Garcia, suddenly motionless, stared at

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "Awright, Butch, now that you know how an electric blanket feels, let th' man get back in his bed" LARRY REYNOLDS

Nicholas. "Do not meddle with my affairs," he said. Then he burst into a fit of laughter. "Prison—do you think it would be nice in prison?"

"No!"

"Do you know the Spanish prisons, where the damp trickles down the walls and the rats run over you at night? Where the stinking darkness is enough to shrivel up your heart. And the wall, the high wall, where men stand with rifles. Don't let yourself be trapped in there, little master. Be smart, like me, and stay outside."

"I will, I will," Nicholas said. "No one would want to go to such a place."

"Ho, ho!" Garcia, laughed. "Of course no one wants to go. But sometimes you are made to go. The *guardia* comes, clicks on the handcuffs, and drags you away." He paused, and added softly. "Like he did yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"You did not know?" Garcia, no longer laughing, fixed upon the boy his ironic and inhuman gaze. "José was taken yesterday to the *cuartel*, for stealing from your father."

"No—no," Nicholas whispered.

"It is true," Garcia declared in a sinister voice. "He is in prison. Five years they will give him, at the least. Your José is a thief." His voice rose. "Don't get in Garcia's way! It is not wise!"

He stood a moment, his head thrown back. He darted a furtive glance toward Nicholas, then turned and went away.

Nicholas remained motionless, abandoned to despair. Now he could understand his father's indulgence, the professor's arch amiability, Garcia's exalted mood. José in prison—a thief. Oh, no, never would they make him believe it. Small and useless though he might be, at least he would never lose faith in his friend.

Two men were coming slowly down the lane toward the villa. They were old, both dressed in black with dusty boots, hobbling along like a pair of aged, bedraggled crows. The taller carried a black umbrella and wore a long soutane, and Nicholas made out that he was a priest. Suddenly the little boy jumped up. He saw now that the second old man was Pedro. Instinctively, he started to run and broke through the shrubbery in time to meet the two visitors in the drive.

"Pedro," he panted. "How are you? How is José? What are you doing here?"

The old man gave a sorrowful shrug. "We are calling upon your father."

"But why, Pedro? Oh, tell me, where is José?"

THE priest had walked on slowly. Pedro glanced toward him, and answered hurriedly, "It is not wise that I talk to you, Nicco. It compromises our position. Things are extremely bad. But I pray God they may be better." He added in a hasty undertone, "Here, take this. Do not say a word."

He thrust a paper into the boy's hand. In a minute he had rejoined his companion and was advancing toward the door.

Nicholas darted back into the bushes. With pounding heart, he opened the paper.

Dear Nicco,

I hope this may reach you. They have shut me up in the cuartel. Is it not a joke? I can't say I am crazy about this place. But it makes little difference. I shall soon be out and we shall laugh together at whoever has made this great mistake. Should you have the opportunity, please water the new plants. Also keep away from Garcia. Be of good cheer, amigo. We shall yet go fishing again. I think it better if you destroy this note.

Your friend,
José.

Nicholas read the letter three times, then tore it into little pieces. Peering through the bushes, he saw, with a twinge of pain, that Pedro and the priest had not been admitted to the house. Instead, Garcia had kept them standing at the door, and now the Consul, frowning coldly, had appeared to interview them on the portico.

Nicholas crept on his hands and knees through the shrubbery until he was near enough to hear.

"We are sorry to intrude upon you, señor," Pedro was saying humbly. "We know that your time is occupied by affairs of the highest importance—"

"I am, indeed, extremely busy," the Consul snapped.

"Nevertheless, the matter upon which we venture to approach you is of much importance to us. I myself am a poor and ignorant man. Father Limaza has been kind enough to promise that he will speak for me."

"Please come to the point."

"It is José, señor—my grandson. You are aware that he is in serious trouble."

The Consul moved impatiently. "The matter is out of my hands. Why don't you go to the police?"

"Poor people have little influence with the police, señor. But if you, with your high position, were to speak one word—"

"I have no desire to interfere with the course of justice. Your grandson must suffer the consequences of his own act."

"But señor—his act," Pedro stammered. "That is just what we cannot understand."

FATHER LIMAZA spoke at last: "José is a good boy, señor. I can assure you of that, and I have known him all his life."

Nicholas could just see the spare, bowed figure of José's champion. Then his heart sank. The old priest, draped in his rusty soutane, spotted in front with food stains, clutching the ridiculous umbrella, seemed a sorry advocate indeed.

"It was I who baptized him, señor, gave him his first Communion—"

These words, uttered by such a scarecrow, infuriated the Consul. "Most touching," he sneered. "You seem to have prepared him admirably for a life of crime."

"Of course, we are all sinners." The old priest took not the least offense. "Yet I cannot conceive that José is a thief."

"Then my jewelry has simply vanished into thin air?"

"It is not impossible, señor."

"What a pity the cuff links remained in his pocket."

"But José maintains he did not place them there."

"He'll find it difficult to convince the judge."

"No doubt, señor. But we are not his judges." Father Limaza paused, and then added, "I do not believe that José is guilty. But even if he had done this bad and stupid thing, would it not be an act of charity to forgive him?"

"Do you take me for a fool?" Brande answered. "The articles he stole from me are extremely valuable. Am I to let myself be robbed of them without a word?"

"Naturally, señor, your loss would be great. But would not the loss of a human soul be greater still? I have told you I know José. If he is sent to prison—he who loves the freedom of the open air—I will not answer for what might come to him, in his bitterness."

"That is no concern of mine."

"And again, señor," persisted the old priest in a gentle tone, "there are others to consider. You are aware that José supports his sisters, and my good friend Pedro—"

"Then your good friend Pedro must now work for himself," the Consul interrupted. "If his purpose in coming here was to perpetuate himself in idleness I must tell you it has failed."

There was a long pause. Pedro, with bowed head mumbled to his companion, "What is the use? Let us go."

Father Limaza drew himself up. "I ask you, señor, for the last time, to be generous. In the name of God, withdraw your charge against José. If you do not, I fear that grave evil will come of it."

"I refuse," the Consul answered curtly.

And Nicholas, cowering in the bushes, sank down in the dank earth, fighting to stifle his sobs.

(To be concluded next week)

"But How Can EDUCATED People Be Catholics"

Some "intellectuals" reject the Catholic belief in Christ.

Jesus, they say, was a mere man — not God. Some of them acknowledge that he was a great teacher and rank him with Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and Moses. A few even claim that no such Person as Jesus Christ ever lived, and that the entire structure called Christianity is founded upon a myth.

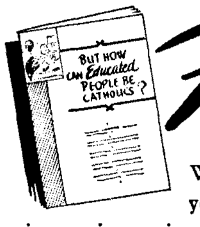
While refusing to believe the Scriptures to be of divine origin, some of these educated people embrace Christianity because they feel that its moral laws are good for society.

"The service of the Christian religion," declared one of these doubters, "and my own faith in essential Christianity, would not be diminished one iota if it should in some way be discovered that no such individual as Jesus ever lived." They are, in other words, willing to accept Christ's religion — but not Christ Himself.

It is ridiculous, of course, to suggest that the Catholic religion is the religion of the ignorant. For millions of educated people . . . and many of the world's most distinguished scholars, philosophers and scientists . . . have been devout Catholics. But discounting this fact, there is abundant evidence to support the Catholic teaching concerning Jesus.

It is to be found in the Four Gospels, in which the real Jesus is revealed to us. "But," argue some educated unbelievers, "you are assuming that the Four Gospels are an authentic recording of the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. We refuse to believe this."

The "intellectuals" are, of course, being anything but intellectual in taking this position. For there is more abundant proof of the genuineness of the Gospels than there is to support other historical records which scholars accept without question. References to and quotations from the Four Gospels date back as far as the first century of the Christian era . . . and are found in writings contemporary with the Apostles and the first Christians.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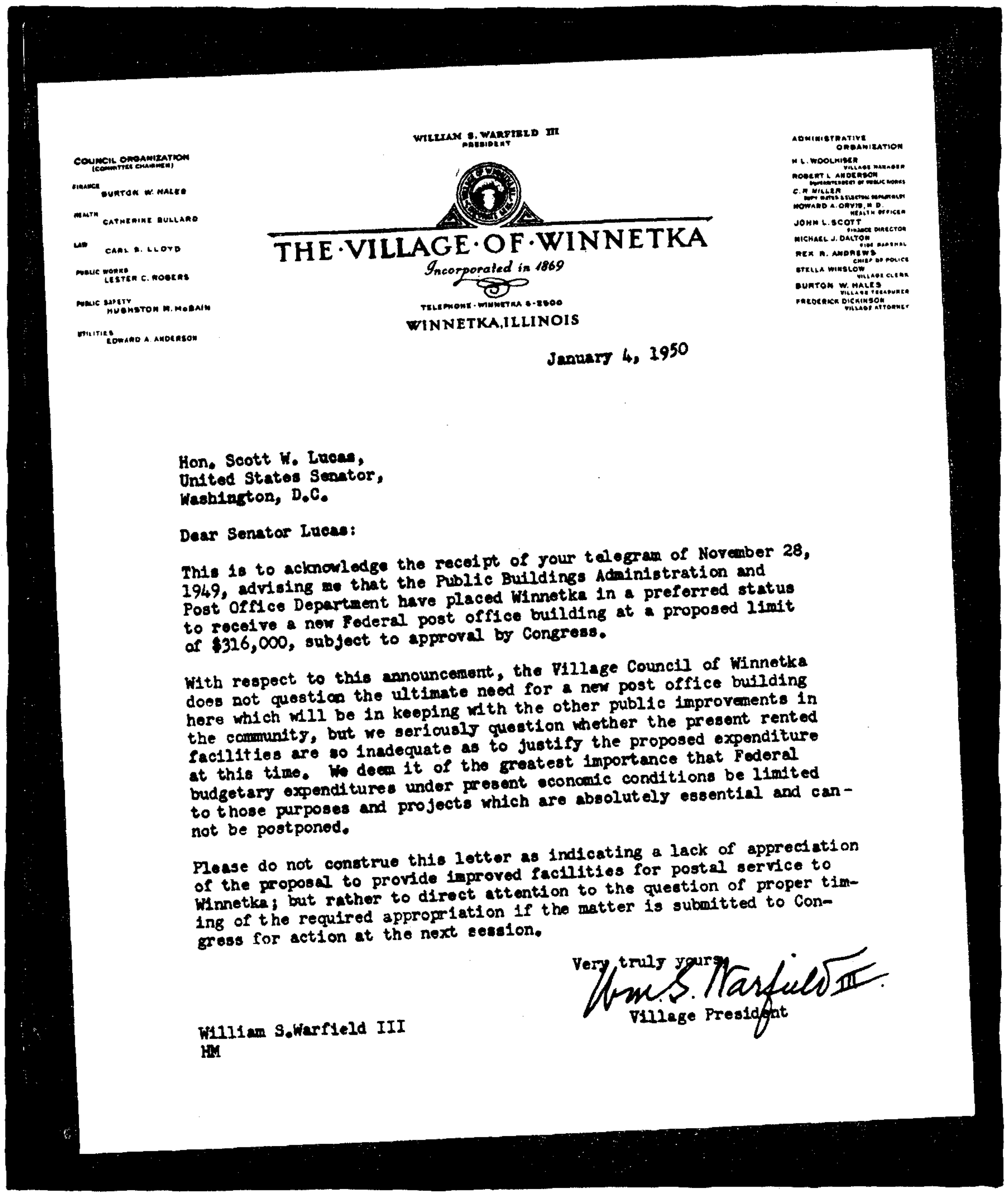

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January 4, 1950

Hon. Scott W. Lucas,
United States Senator,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Senator Lucas:

This is to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of November 28, 1949, advising me that the Public Buildings Administration and Post Office Department have placed Winnetka in a preferred status to receive a new Federal post office building at a proposed limit of $316,000, subject to approval by Congress.

With respect to this announcement, the Village Council of Winnetka does not question the ultimate need for a new post office building here which will be in keeping with the other public improvements in the community, but we seriously question whether the present rented facilities are so inadequate as to justify the proposed expenditure at this time. We deem it of the greatest importance that Federal budgetary expenditures under present economic conditions be limited to those purposes and projects which are absolutely essential and cannot be postponed.

Please do not construe this letter as indicating a lack of appreciation of the proposal to provide improved facilities for postal service to Winnetka; but rather to direct attention to the question of proper timing of the required appropriation if the matter is submitted to Congress for action at the next session.

Very truly yours,
Wm. S. Warfield III
Village President

William S.Warfield III
HM

WINNETKA SHOWS THE WAY

WHILE CONGRESS was still considering the low-cost housing bill we noted editorially (July 23, 1949) that the lawmakers had voted $40,000,000 for a high-cost, nonhousing building program. That was just a first installment to pay for plans and acquire sites for a new post office or other federal building in each of the country's 400-odd Congressional districts.

The project seems to be coming along nicely. For the village council of Winnetka, Illinois, got a telegram some time ago from their senior senator, Scott W. Lucas, which brought the glad news that Winnetka was on the "preferred status" list for a new post office. A few weeks later the president of the Winnetka council wrote to Senator Lucas. We have reproduced the letter above, not only because we admire its sentiments but also because we think it is an illuminating footnote to Big Grab at Washington, by Illinois' other senator, Paul H. Douglas, which appeared in our February 11th issue.

The Winnetka council's gentle bite at the hand that was trying to feed it is an encouraging contradiction of some of the statements in Senator Douglas' article. The senator rightly ascribed much government extravagance to the fact that pressure groups and pressure individuals are all-out champions of economy except where their own interests are involved, and that the home folks are never reluctant to accept those boons and benefits which their elected representatives in Washington are able to bestow.

In turn, the elected representatives—though Mr. Douglas didn't say this in so many words—love to play Lady Bountiful for the communities in their bailiwicks. They can strive to win friends and influence voters at no expense except to the public purse.

We believe that Winnetka has set an example that other communities ought to follow. For as long as constituents promise congressmen support in return for favors, most congressmen will try to oblige. And when a lot of them are trying at once, you get logrolling, which is always wasteful and which today is almost criminally reckless.

Before the big post-office project gets any bigger, we wish that the communities which are slated for the architectural jack pot could hear from their congressmen to this effect: "I can get that new building for you. But do you honestly think you need it?"

And we'd like to see those communities examine the offer as sensibly as Winnetka did, and ask themselves if maybe their local needs can't wait until such emergency outlays as Marshall Plan aid are ended and the national budget is a little less out of balance.

The communities as well as Congress must resist political temptation. Perhaps they'll have to be the ones to lead the way, for Congress doesn't seem anxious to make the first move. But if the communities would take this responsibility, we believe the Big Grab at Washington would be noticeably lessened.

The Times Catch Up With Dr. Wood

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL on Family Relations saw some movies during its annual convention this year. They were five shorts which supplement a college textbook on marriage by Dr. Henry Bowman, who heads the Home and Family Division of Stephens College. The fact that the council, which is made up of some of the country's top educators, was looking at these films reminded us that it wasn't so long ago that a good many schoolmen were ridiculing the same marriage course on which the films are based.

It also reminded us of a story concerning Stephens' president emeritus, Dr. James Madison Wood, who developed the college's marriage course and a lot of other revolutionary ideas in women's education. Dr. Wood's revolution started soon after he went to Stephens in 1912 to take over a junior college which had 52 students and showed definite symptoms of *rigor mortis*.

In the process of wielding his new academic broom he visited the presidents of all the leading women's colleges and asked them how and why they planned their courses. All of them replied that they patterned their curricula after that of Yale. So Dr. Wood went to Yale and asked the late Dr. James Rowland Angell on what he based his curriculum.

Dr. Angell chuckled and said to him, "Yale was set up two centuries ago for the training of Congregational ministers—and we haven't changed our curriculum since then." Whereupon Dr. Wood went back to Columbia, Missouri, and proceeded to upset the applecart of traditionalism.

The applecart remained upset during his 35 years at Stephens. His fresh, progressive ideas first shocked, then intrigued, and finally convinced many of his colleagues. As a result the aim of most women's colleges today is to develop the student's capabilities as wife or mother or businesswoman—or all three—rather than to train everyone for the ministry.

The textbook of Dr. Bowman's once-scorned marriage course is now used by more than 150 colleges and universities. And the study of its supplemental films by the Council of Family Relations moved us to publish this unabashed and admiring plug for James Madison Wood and to note with pleasure that, although he is now seventy-four and officially retired, he is still going along at his customary three-alarm gait, as full of energy and ideas as ever.

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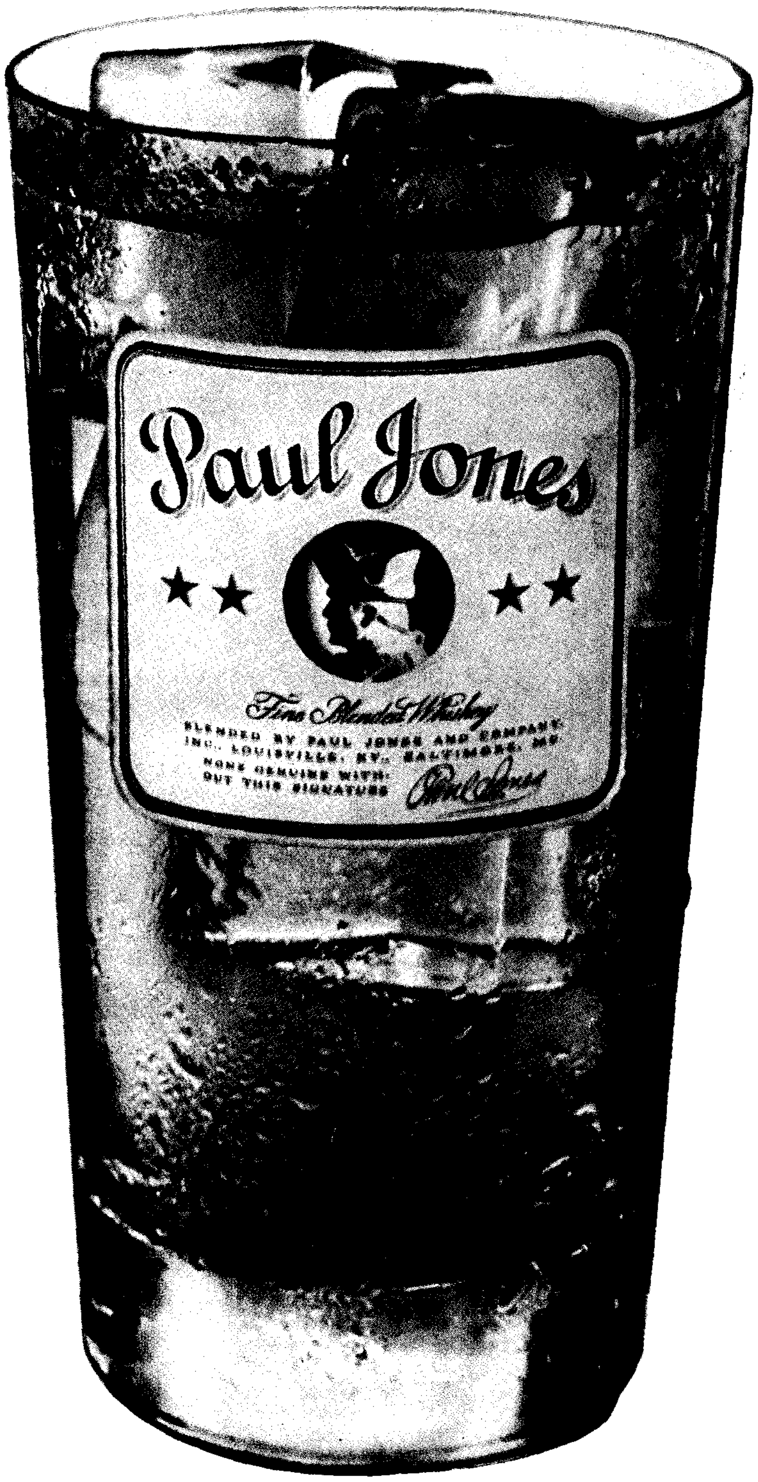
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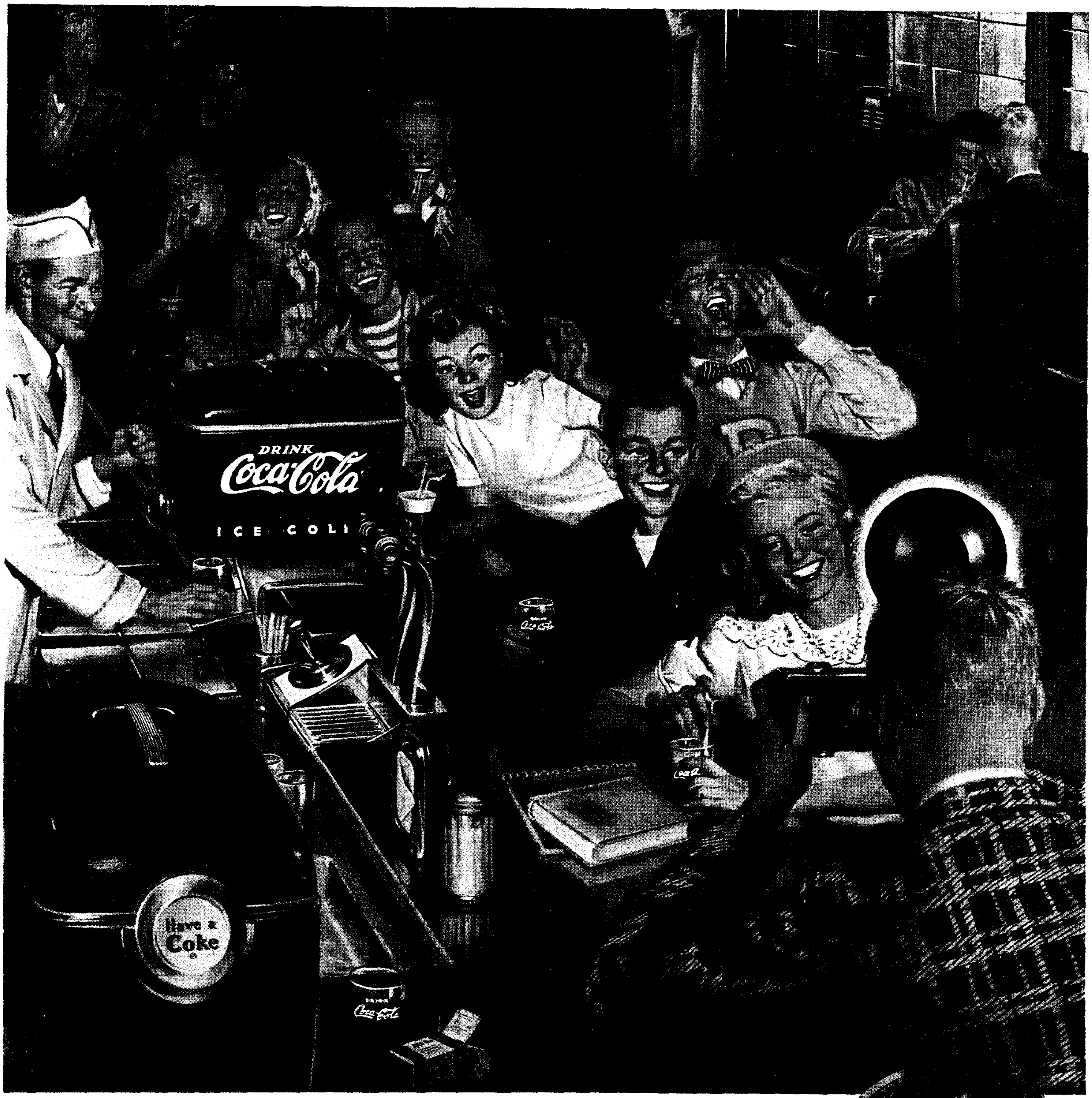
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